Feb. 7, 1948

# THE NEW YORKER

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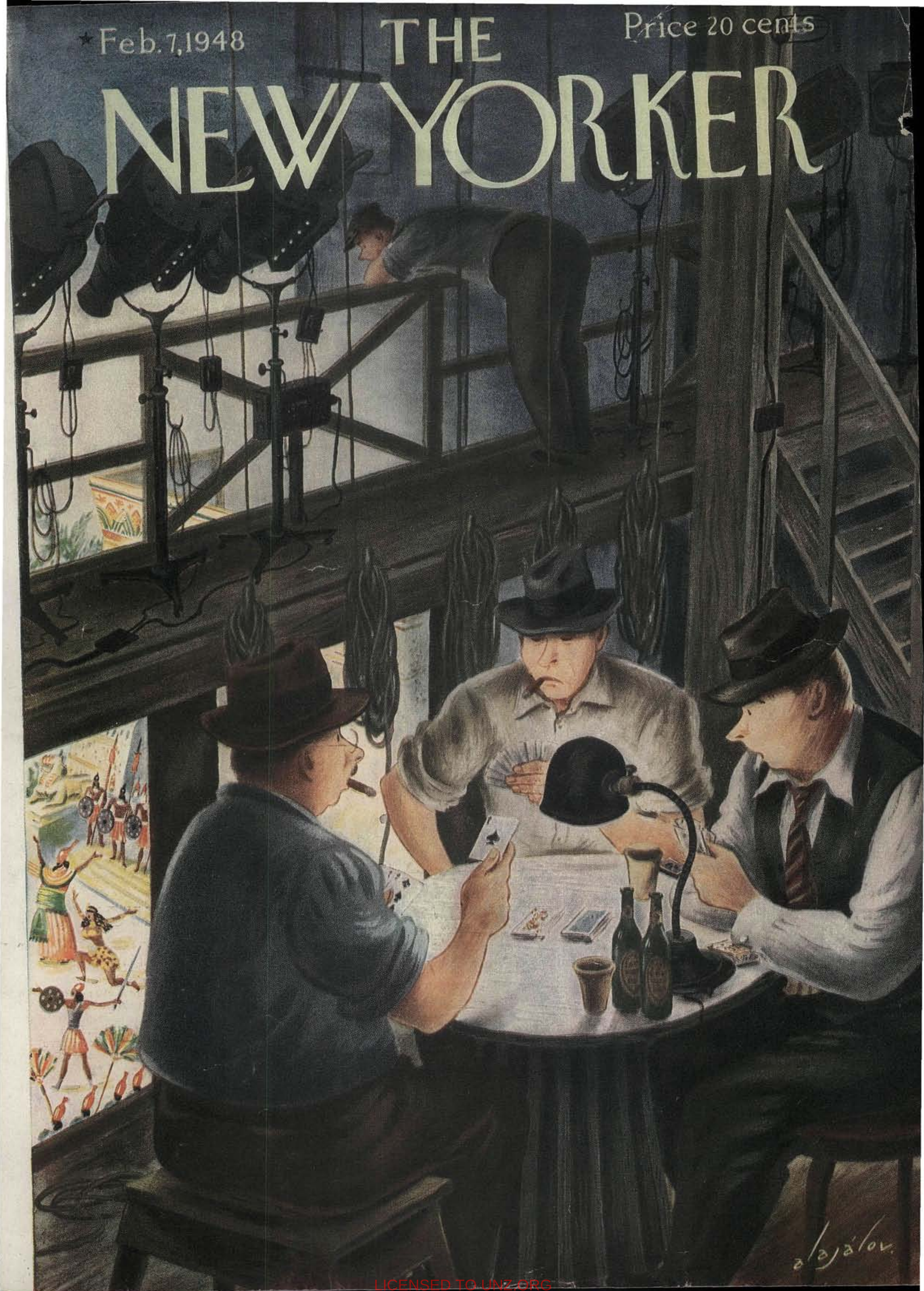

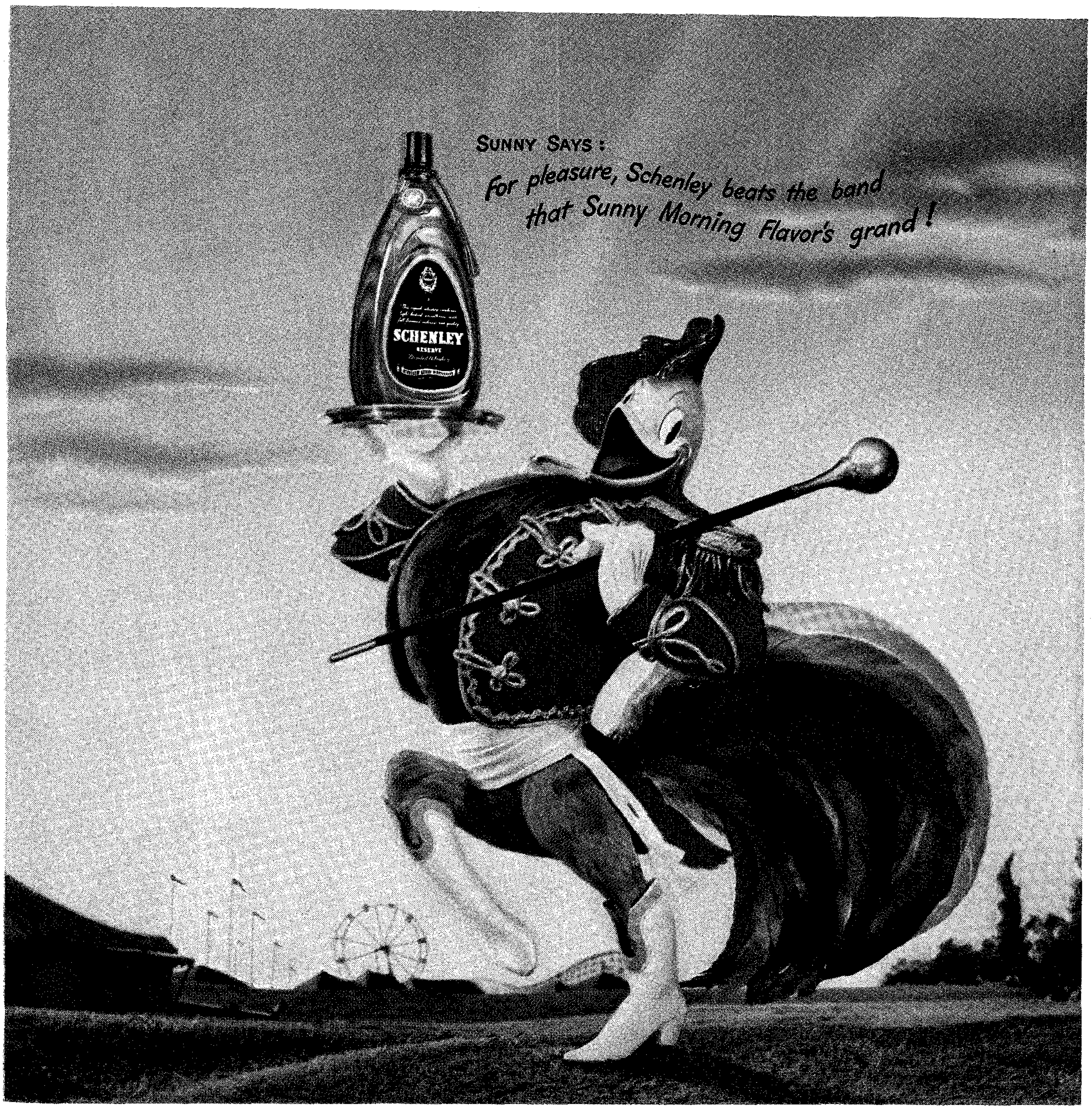
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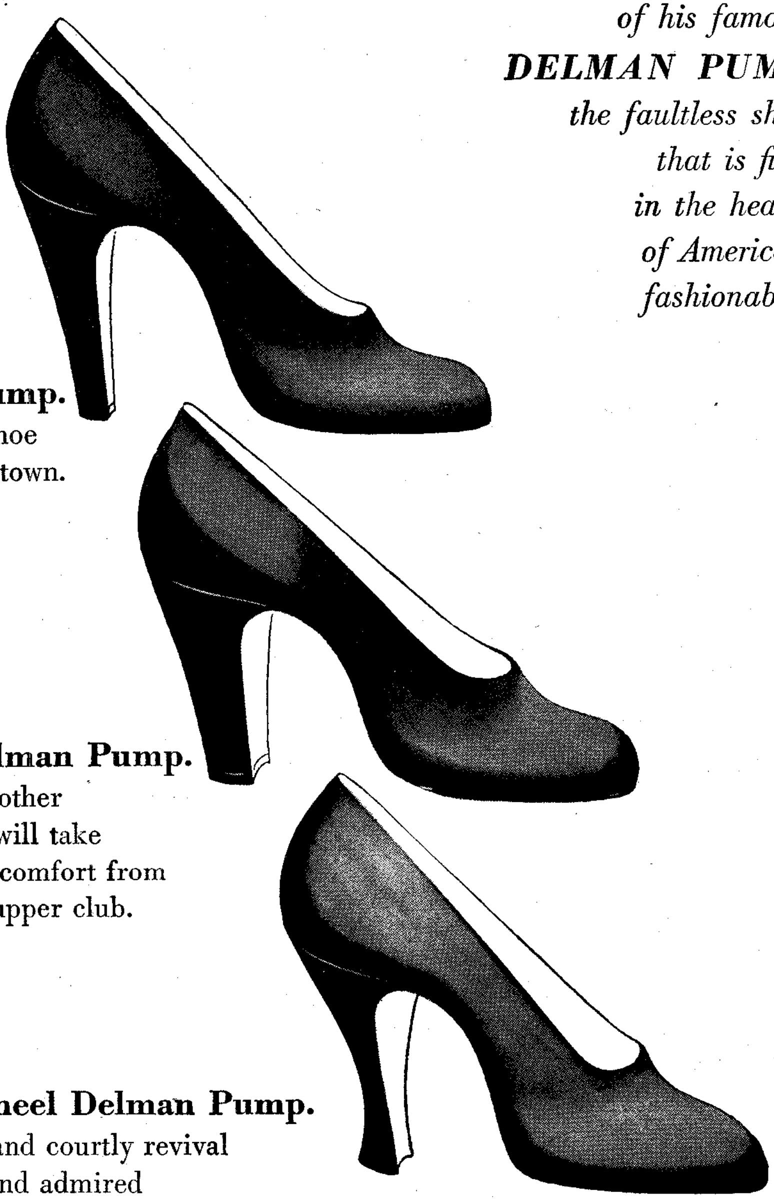

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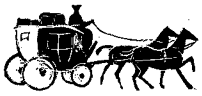

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their matinée schedules because of Lincoln's Birthday. There may be still further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Antony and Cleopatra**—Katharine Cornell may make the Queen of Egypt a bit too ladylike, but on the whole this is an admirable revival. Godfrey Tearle is excellent in the difficult role of Antony, and Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Ivan Simpson are very helpful, too. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:15; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

**Command Decision**—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is, nevertheless, a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

**Crime and Punishment**—John Gielgud is the man who thinks he can get away with murder in this fairly cloudy rendering of Dostoevski's novel. With Dolly Haas, Lillian Gish, Vladimir Sokoloff, and Sanford Meisner. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 14.)

**For Love or Money**—Young June Lockhart's really exemplary performance is all the important news about this F. Hugh Herbert comedy. John Loder and Vicki Cummings assist her with the silly plot. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Feb. 8.)

**The Heiress**—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's resourceful direction, have turned the Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**Man and Superman**—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been accorded a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it still shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

**Medea**—Judith Anderson giving what may well be a historic performance in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the tragedy. She is respectfully abetted by Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Power Without Glory**—An amazingly well-acted English psychological play that runs far too much to talk. The imported cast includes Marjorie Rhodes, Peter Murray, and Hilary Liddell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Skipper Next to God**—This discussion of the problem of the stateless Jew has the highest possible motives, but it makes a rather dull and static play. John Garfield plays the lead. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

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**Strange Bedfellows**—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. With Joan Tetzel and John Archer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

**A Streetcar Named Desire**—Tennessee Williams' tremendously compelling and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter head the superb cast, directed by Elia Kazan. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

**The Winslow Boy**—Terence Rattigan has gone to a British *cause célèbre* for this good, moving play involving a naval cadet and his suit against the Crown. The company, brought over from England by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs—born yesterday:** Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.) ... **happy birthday:** Helen Hayes as a girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.) ... **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.) ... **john loves mary:** The fellow who comes home from the war to two girls. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.)

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Kathleen**—A comedy by Michael Sayers, produced by Bea Lawrence. The cast, directed by Coby Ruskin, includes Whitford Kane, Andree Wallace, and Jack Sheehan. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Moves on Monday, Feb. 8, to a theatre to be announced. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Allegro**—You are not apt to find much to remind you of "Oklahoma!" in this elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are rather disappointing. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Angel in the Wings**—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other performers, including Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12.)

**The Cradle Will Rock**—Marc Blitzstein's opera may have lost some of its political force, but it is still very funny and musically impressive. Alfred Drake, Will Geer, Muriel Smith, and Vivian Vance. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.)

**The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company**—Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, both old favorites, have come back with a fine company in this repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. "The Yeomen of the Guard" will run through Saturday, Feb. 7, followed by a week of "Patience." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**High Button Shoes**—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' preposterous Mack Sennett ballet are the high points of this one, which is all quite good sport. George Abbott has directed a cast that includes Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'**—The ballet is the butt of most of the jokes in this comedy, and Nancy Walker delivers them hilariously. Jerome Robbins has arranged a couple of nice dances, though by no means his best; Hugh Martin is responsible for the songs; and in the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. George Abbott is the producer. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Make Mine Manhattan**—This revue, which offers at least two superlatively funny numbers, is a most welcome addition to the field. David Burns and Sid Caesar are the leading comics, Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Lewine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—annie get your gun:** Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at

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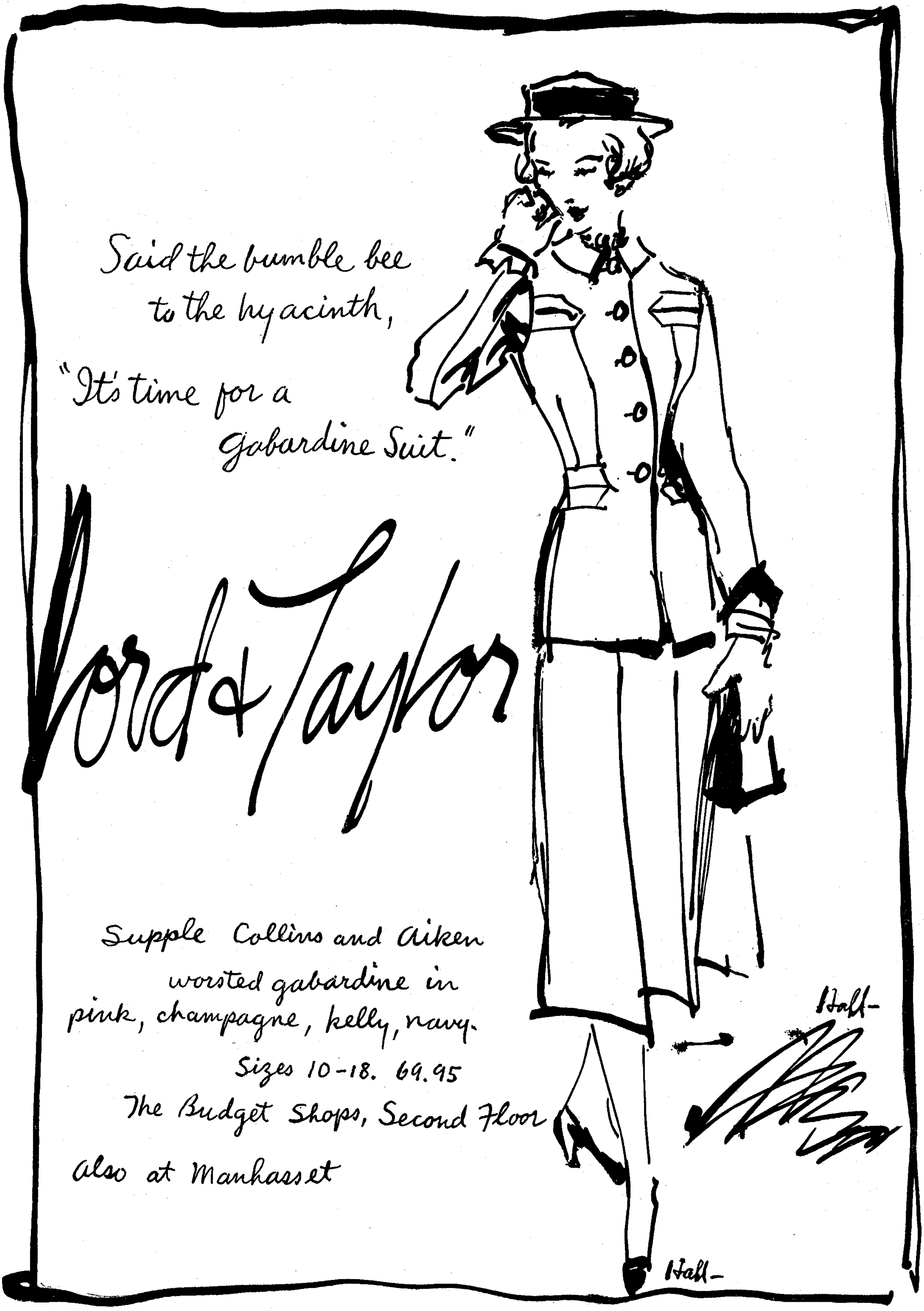
The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIII, No. 51, February 7, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippine Is., Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2:30.) . . . **BRIGADOON:** Melodic Scottish whimsey. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!:** Grandpa himself. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

**NEW YORK CITY THEATRE COMPANY**—José Ferrer, Richard Whorf, John Carradine, Frances Reid, and Paula Laurence in four one-act comedies by Chekhov: "A Tragedian in Spite of Himself," "The Bear," "On the Harmfulness of Tobacco," and "The Wedding." Opens Thursday, Feb. 5. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays, Sunday, Feb. 8, Wednesday, Feb. 11, and Thursday, Feb. 12, at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 14.)

**DUBLIN GATE THEATRE**—This Irish company, imported by Richard Aldrich, Richard Myers, and Brian Doherty, will begin a repertory of Irish comedy with Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island." The troupe is headed by Hilton Edwards and Micheál Mac Liammóir. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 10. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

## MISCELLANY

**VAUDEVILLE**—Zero Mostel, Lou Holtz, Molly Picon, and others, in a one-night stand. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

**JOSÉ LIMON**—With his dance group. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**BALLET SOCIETY**—"The Four Temperaments," "Divertimento," and a new ballet, "The Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday evening, Feb. 9, at 9. For tickets, call PL 7-5940.)

**ICE SHOWS**—Sonja Henie and her skaters. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday evening, Feb. 5, through Saturday evening, Feb. 7; and Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb. 9-10; all at 8:30. Matinée Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ "Icetime of 1948," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 12, at 2:40.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise noted. A few of them have fill-in entertainers on Sundays or Mondays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMBASSADOR,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the orchestra of Lary Siry, one of Park Avenue's earliest and most prominent settlers. A rumba band, too. No dancing on Sundays.

**BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's staff of musicians and singers play and act up all evening in the lofty Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

**DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A precarious compromise between the "Hour of Charm" and a Shubert operetta (minus all three gags). The sardonic dances of Mata and Hari and the dance music of Billy Banks' band help a good deal, though.

**LARUE,** 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—As much of a fixture in Ivy League curricula as the Senior Prom, and often a dead ringer for it. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's cheerful orchestras. Closed Sundays.

**MONTE CARLO,** Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—It all goes to show what can happen if you give a decorator ten million dollars. Peter Walters is at the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward.

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**EL MOROCCO,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Those who take this establishment seriously don't care how much overtime they put in on the job. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room offers a placid show at dinner and supper. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

**PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, everyone within reach is apt to get into Hildegarde's act. Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the new Rendez-Vous Room (a very impressive period piece), high-style dining to the dance music of Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

**RITZ-CARLTON,** Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's decorous orchestra during dinner in the Oval Room; no dancing.

**ST. REGIS,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the resplendent Iridium Room, white-tie dance music by Ted Straeter's orchestra and Fifty-second Street music by Johnny Guarnieri's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The handsome little Maisonette has two dance orchestras and a small show. Closed Sundays.

**SAVOY-PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

**STORK CLUB,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The corner drugstore for the finishing-school set. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing on Sunday afternoons.

**VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, singing torch songs the way practically every other torch singer wishes she could. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, whose baby grand is mostly just a stooge, is in the Sert Room at suppertime, and there is dancing all evening to the neat orchestras of Emil Coleman and Mischa Borr. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

**DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Cy Walter plays intricate piano after nine o'clock, and Les Crosley does the honors at cocktails and dinner. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing in this comfortable nook. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sumptuous setting for the piano music of Les Crosley, after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mary Lou Williams, doing some remarkable things with a piano. Hal Sherman and Helen Humes are also around. Ed Hall's orchestra and Cliff Jackson's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' circumspect piano music. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the implausible starlight, Earl Fox plays the piano after ten-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A nice roomful of desultory piano music, which is by Alex Fogarty after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A throwback to the twenties, with the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Teatime and dinner dance music by the Dardanelle Trio. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An old-timer still going strong. Jacques Thaler rambles along at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russian homespun merriment, executed with great bounce, together with Western Hemisphere dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American tumult. Closed Sundays.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**CARNIVAL,** Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Ed Wynn adrift in a sea of pretty young ladies and pretty old gags. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Henny Youngman, a leading exponent of the Broadway vernacular, and those lush Copacabana showgirls, plus Carl Ravazza, for lovers of schmalzy singing. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Les Compagnons de la Chanson, proving that the French are indeed a very funny race.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

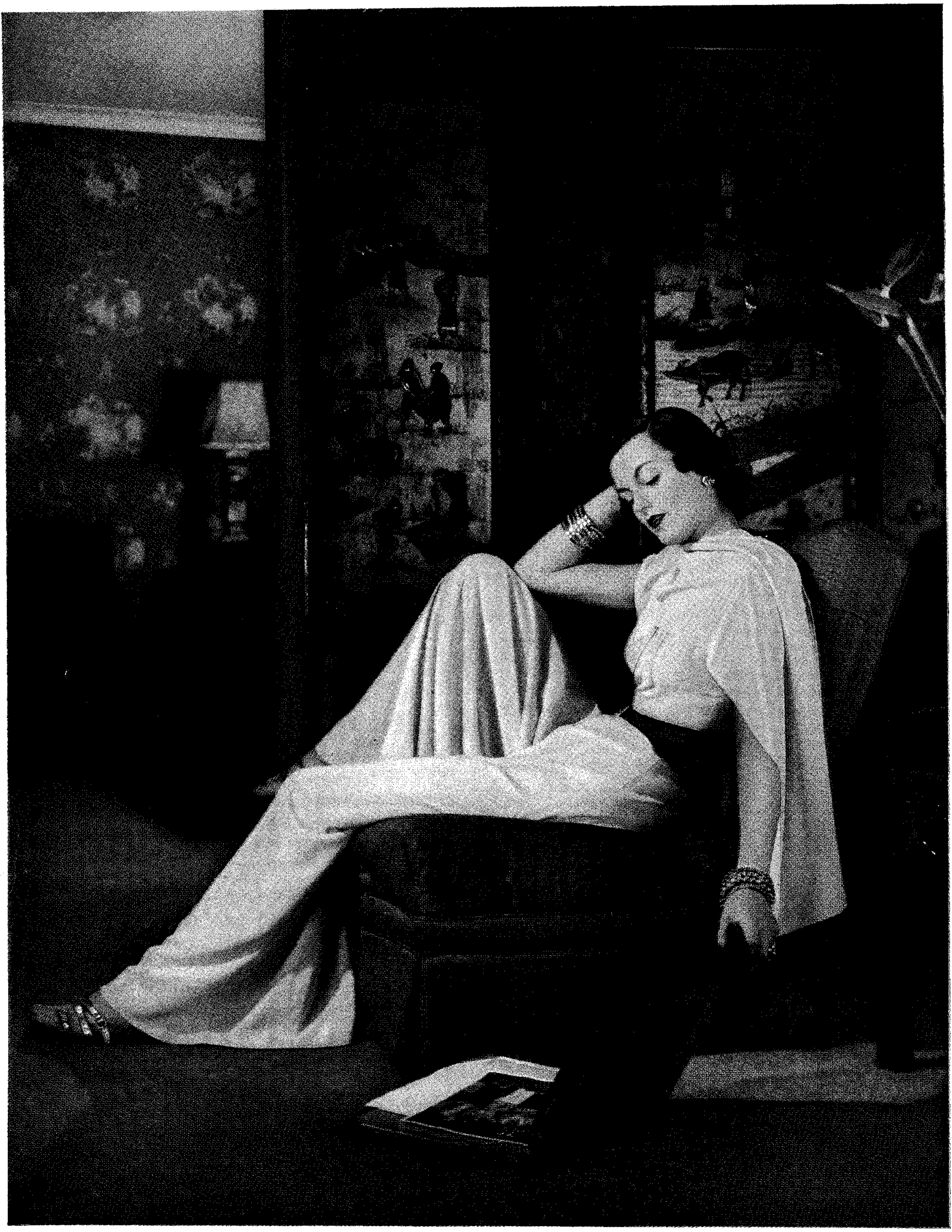
**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The cerebral humor of Leonard Elliott and Irma Jurist, the rambunctious humor of Kaye Ballard, and the deft songs of Herb Jeffries. The Ellis Larkin Trio helps out here and there. . . . **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The best moments are provided by Day, Dawn & Dusk, and Muriel Gaines. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, a merry parakeet full of American jive, and Josephine Premice, a merry parakeet full of Haitian jive. The Max Kaminsky Trio for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and her ageless songs-about-town. Closed Sundays.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, the stormy petrel of the trumpet, along with Joe Sullivan, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other top-grade performers. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, when other masters of the art drop in to take a hand. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Billy Butterfield, Freddie Ohms, Pee Wee Russell, and their colleagues, in a blustery mood. Sunday afternoon is visitors' hour here. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio, which can set up quite a hue and cry; a jam session every Sunday afternoon. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's new septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, sprinkling Childs' familiar hot griddle cakes with hot harmonics. No music on Mondays. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Charlie Parker's band.

### MOSTLY FOR DANCING

**COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madi-



HOYNINGEN-HUENE

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Claire McCardell

## SAYS KAISER AND FRAZER BEAUTY COMBINES STYLE WITH UTILITY

THE vast success of Claire McCardell as designer for Townley Frocks, Inc., is the result of her talent for putting youth and glamor and style into the practical work and play clothes of American women. Her fashions are always useful— and enormously popular! So it is not surprising that McCardell sees her own philosophy of design in KAISER and FRAZER cars. Of them, she says, "The beauty of these original designs is based on utility. No wonder women fall in love with them."

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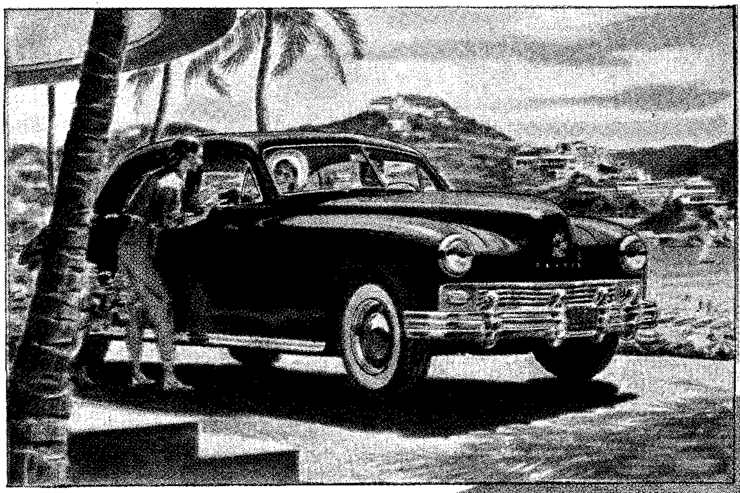


*Sunburn-brown jersey beachwear designed by Claire McCardell*

VICTOR KEPPLER

"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

### GALLERIES

**REVINGTON ARTHUR**—Paintings that are well organized and full of vitality, though their garish color is sometimes hard to take. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Wednesday evenings until 9; through Feb. 14.)

**ARBIT BLATAS**—Recent oils by an Expressionist painter who mingles freedom of style with solidity of composition. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Feb. 7.)

**BRITISH**—Drawings and water colors by Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, and other contemporaries. (Dix, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; through Feb. 7.)

**JO DAVIDSON**—A retrospective show of nearly two hundred portrait busts. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.)

**ELSIE DRIGGS**—Light and fanciful little abstractions, nicely done in a sort of spur-of-the-moment mixture of collage and other media. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 6.)

**EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH**—Fifty paintings, in the best marzipan style of the period, by Greuze, Fragonard, Boucher, Watteau, and others. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Feb. 21.)

**ANGNA ENTERS**—A show, both new and retrospective, of this dancer's ingenuous water colors, oils, and drawings. (Newhouse, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**ORONZO GASPARO**—Small, bright paintings of Mexico. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**ALBERTO GIACOMETTI**—Recent sculptures, together with a few that date back to the nineteen-twenties. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings by John Marin, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Jack Levine, Ben Shahn, and Stuart Davis, all of which were among the winners in a *Look* magazine poll; through Feb. 7. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Work in crayon and gouache by Will Barnet, Siv Holme, Ben-Zion, and others; through Feb. 21.

**ABRAHAM HARRITON**—New paintings that show this artist's development since his last exhibition. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**EDWARD HOPPER**—First showing in some years of oils, both new and less recent, by a man who, in his quiet, representational way, outdoes many Surrealists in mood suggestion. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Feb. 7.)

**HENRY KALLEM**—Clowns, old houses, and other subjects, done in wistful semi-abstractions, by the man who won last year's Pepsi-Cola contest. (Opportunity Gallery, 9 W. 57th St.; through Feb. 7.)

**HENRY KOERNER**—First one-man show by a painter of unusual promise, who mingles poetic inference with realistic treatment, sometimes to extraordinary effect. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Feb. 16.)

**STANISLAO LEPRI**—One of the rising young Paris Surrealists, in a first showing here, of adroit, humorously fantastic paintings. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**JOHN MARIN**—Cape Split and other Maine-coast subjects, as well as some ventures inland, in water colors and oils. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Feb. 7.)

**HENRI MATISSE**—Paintings of three decades, 1900 to 1930, showing his early adventurousness and his constant skill. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

**NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park S.—The fiftieth annual members' exhibition. (Daily, 3 to 9 P.M.; through Feb. 12.)

**PABLO PICASSO**—Nine new paintings, gayer, brighter, and more simplified than before, plus five others, dated 1941 to 1945. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**GREGORIO PRESTOPINO**—Blockily designed industrial studies, mainly of life along the New York waterfront. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**NANCY RANSON**—Portraits and landscapes, handled with perception and grace. (Binet, 67 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 13.)

**ABRAHAM RATTNER**—New paintings, more incandescent than ever, by one of the foremost American colorists. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**THEODOROS STAMOS**—Abstract paintings, based on archeological symbols, with a kind of muted glow about them. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 14.)

**MARTHA VISSER T'HOOFT**—Small abstract paintings, pleasantly uncomplicated, in a first one-man exhibition. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sunday afternoons, 2:30 to 5:30; through Feb. 13.)

**SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS**—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Florine Stettheimer; through Feb. 28. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 42 E. 57th St.: Leonid; through Feb. 24. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Nahum Tschacbasov; through Feb. 28. . . . **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57th St.: Eugène Boudin; through Feb. 28. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Misha Reznikoff; through Feb. 14. . . . **ARNOLD SELIGMANN-HELFT**, 11 E. 57th St.: European sixteenth- to eighteenth-century paintings; through Feb. 28. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Piper; through Feb. 21. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Sloan; through Feb. 28. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: Peter Grippe; through Feb. 28. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Edward John Stevens; through March 9. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Lopez-Rey; through Feb. 21. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57th St.: Charles Umlauf; through Feb. 28. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Albert Urban; through Feb. 21. . . . **CARLEBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Alexandra Rienzi; through Feb. 19.

### MUSEUMS

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—The annual show of the Brooklyn Society of Artists. (Tuesdays, 1:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Feb. 12, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 7.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, chiefly of Palestine, by M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through March 3.)

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of medieval, Renaissance, and modern French tapestries, lent by the French government; through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ A collection of nineteenth-century American glass; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Feb. 12, 1 to 5 P.M.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty-one additions to the Museum's collection; through March 21. . . . ¶ Water colors by children, selected from national contests run annually in France during the last few years and showing what surprisingly good work the tots can do when they get a bit of encouragement; through March 21. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

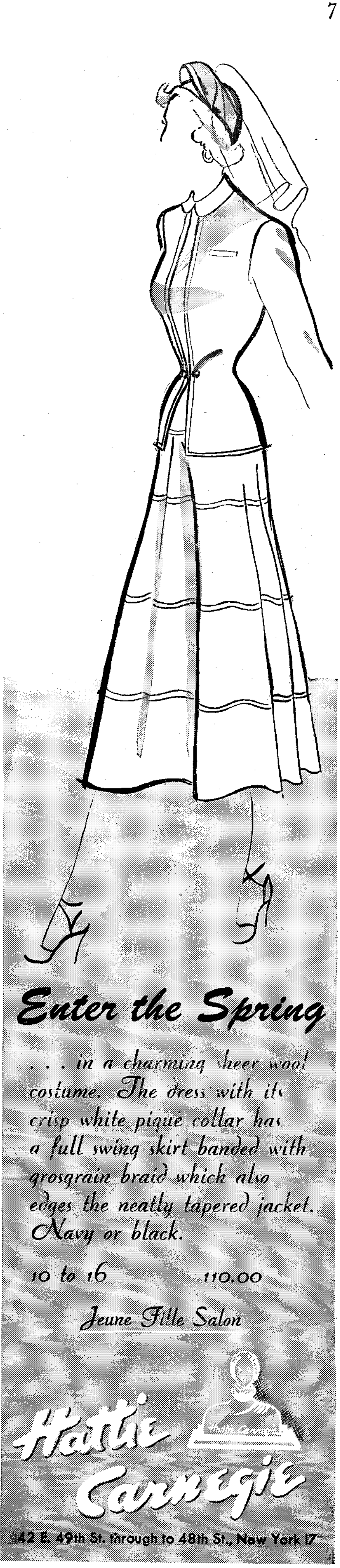
**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual show of contemporary American sculptures, water colors, and drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 21.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Thursday evening, Feb. 5, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ezio Pinza, Salvatore Baccaloni, Rose Bampton, and Bidu Sayao. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 6, at 8:30: "Das Rheingold," with Joel Berglund, Kerstin Thorborg, Polyna Stoska, and Max Lorenz. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 7, at 2: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Ramon Vinay, Martial Singher, and Nadine Conner. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 7, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Richard Tucker, Daniza Ilitsch, Francesco Valentino, and Cloe Elmo. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 8, at 8: "La



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Traviata," with Bidu Sayao, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Giuseppe Valdengo; a benefit for the Manhattanville College Alumnae Scholarship Fund. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 9, at 8: "The Magic Flute," with James Melton, Eleanor Steber, Emanuel List, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Lauritz Melchior, Helen Traubel, Rose Bampton, and Joel Berglund. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 11, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Ferruccio Tagliavini, Bidu Sayao, Mimi Benzell, and Francesco Valentino. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 12, at 8: "Peter Grimes" (Metropolitan première), with Frederick Jagel, Regina Resnik, and Lawrence Tibbett. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13, at 8: "Manon," with Bidu Sayao, James Melton, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14, at 2: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eleanor Steber, Jarmila Novotna, Emanuel List, and Irene Jessner. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik and Mario Berini; and "Pagliacci," with Florence Quartararo, Ramon Vinay, and Giuseppe Valdengo.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Carnegie Hall—Charles Münch conducting: Thursday evening, Feb. 5, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Feb. 6, at 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 7, at 8:45, and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 8, at 3 (both with Michael Rosenker, violin). . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, Feb. 12, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Feb. 13, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin).

**Minneapolis Symphony**—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting; a benefit for Anatolia College. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Feb. 8, at 8:40.)

**Baltimore Symphony**—Reginald Stewart conducting, with Ferruccio Tagliavini, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

**Cleveland Orchestra**—George Szell conducting, with Artur Schnabel, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

**American Youth Orchestra**—Dean Dixon conducting, with Vivian Rivkin and Eugene Haines, piano soloists. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 6, at 11:30.)

**All-Veterans Orchestra**—Sascha London conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

**United States Army Band**—Captain Hugh J. Curry conducting, with Morton Gould and Herman Neuman as guest conductors. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday afternoon, Feb. 12, at 5:30. Tickets may be obtained by writing to station WNYC.)

**Dessoff Choirs**—Paul Boepple directing a program of Renaissance choral music. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 6, at 8:45.)

**Westminster Choir**—Singing Bach's "B-Minor Mass," directed by Ralph Burrier. (West End Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 105th St. Thursday afternoon and evening, Feb. 12, at 5 and 8. For tickets, call AC 2-0200.)

**John Harms Chorus**—John Harms directing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Martial Singher, baritone, and others. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

### RECITALS

**Yehudi Menuhin**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday evening, Feb. 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

**Claudio Arrau**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

**New Friends of Music**—The Guilet Quartet, and Milton Katims, viola. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 8, at 5:30.)

**League of Composers**—A program of contemporary American and European works, with Bernardo Segall, piano; Earle Blakeslee, tenor; and others. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. Sunday evening, Feb. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 6-7474.)

**Leonard Pennario**—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

**Helen Alexander**—Soprano. (Times Hall, 240

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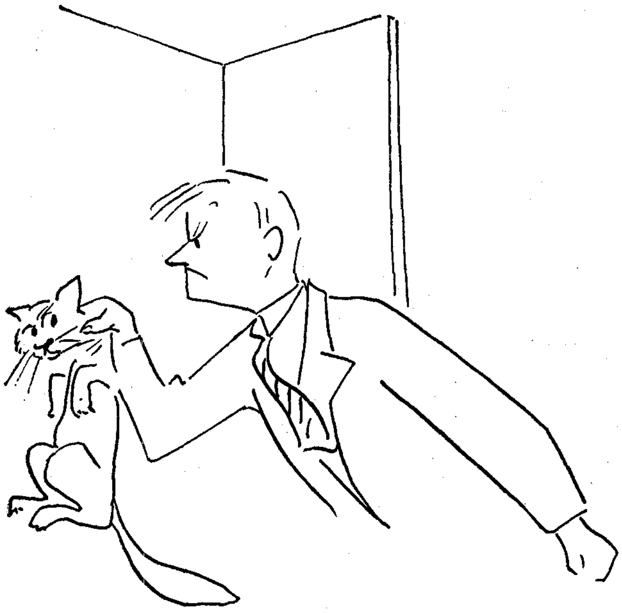

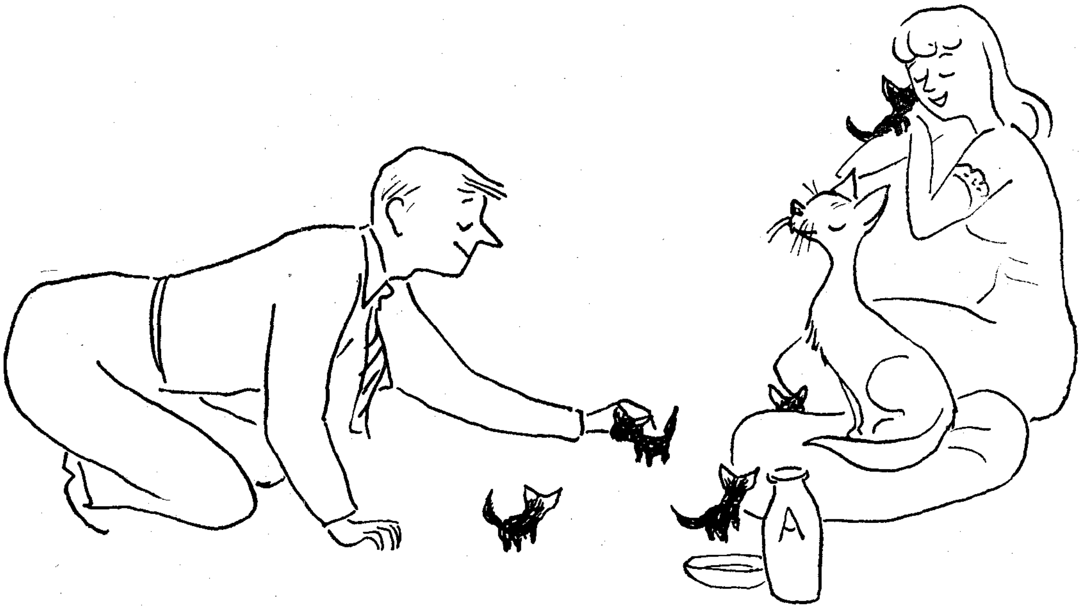

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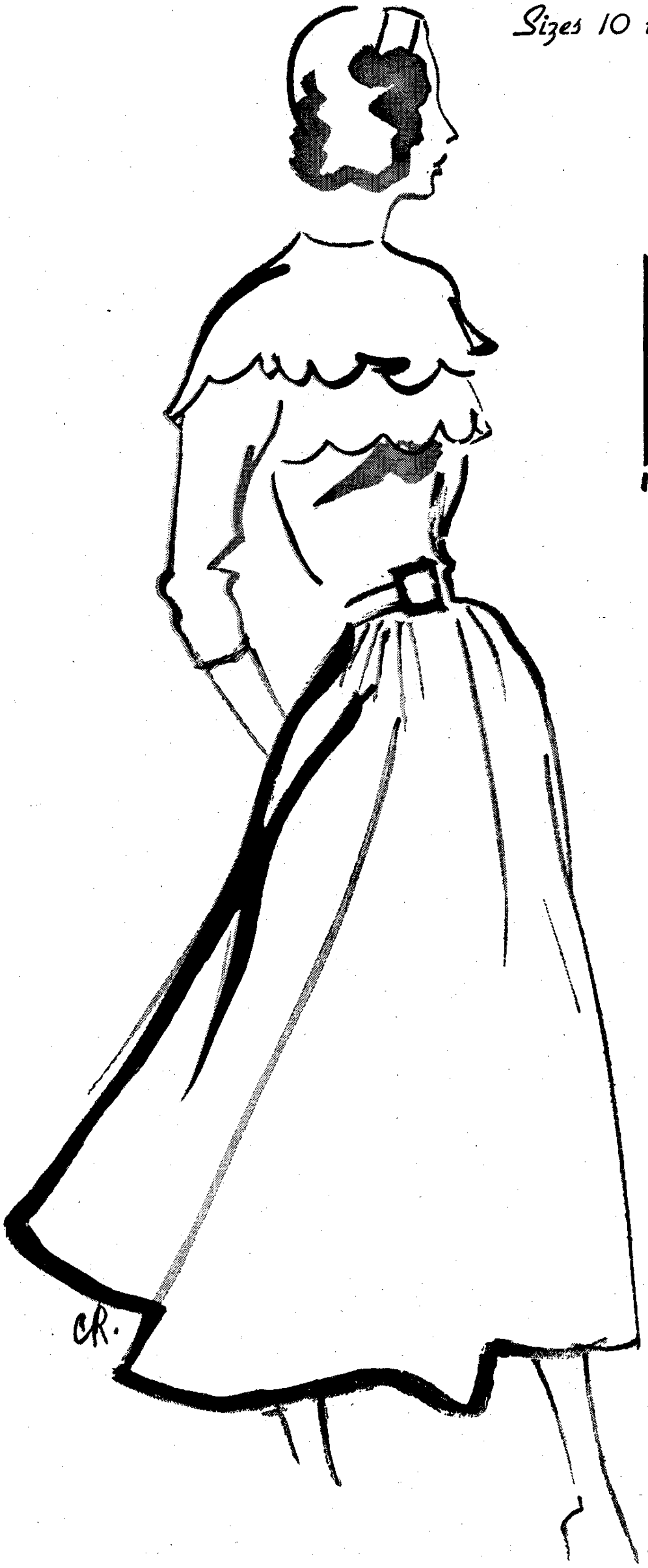

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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

**Guilet Quartet**—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Wednesday evening, Feb. 11, at 8:40.)

**Wanda Landowska**—In the first of three harpsichord recitals. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

**Robert Casadesus**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

**Rosa Bok**—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

**Myra Hess**—Piano; a benefit for the Musicians' Emergency Fund. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, at 2:30.)

**Efrem Zimbalist**—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14, at 5:30.)

**Artur Schnabel**—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Feb. 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

**Note**—The Stradivarius Quartet will give a chamber-music recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 10, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

### MISCELLANY

**Lead Belly**—Folk singer. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Monday evening, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Boxing**—Bernard Docusen vs. Gene Burton, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 13. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

**Dog Show**—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12.)

**Fencing**—Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7 P.M.: All-Eastern Intermediate Foil Championship. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2 P.M.: Metropolitan Open Championship, Electrical Epée. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898.)

**Ice Skating**—Middle Atlantic Figure-Skating Championship finals. (Iceland Rink, Madison Square Garden. CO 5-0681. Friday, Feb. 6, from 8 A.M. to 7:45 P.M.; Saturday, Feb. 7, from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.; and Sunday, Feb. 8, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.)

**Indoor Polo**—Saturday, Feb. 7: Squadron A Falcons vs. Squadron A Regulars (a match in the Metropolitan High-Goal Polo League Tournament), and Montoga vs. Pittsfield. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14: Squadron A Regulars vs. Ramapo (a tournament match), and another match, to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

**Indoor Track**—N.Y.A.C. meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8 P.M.)

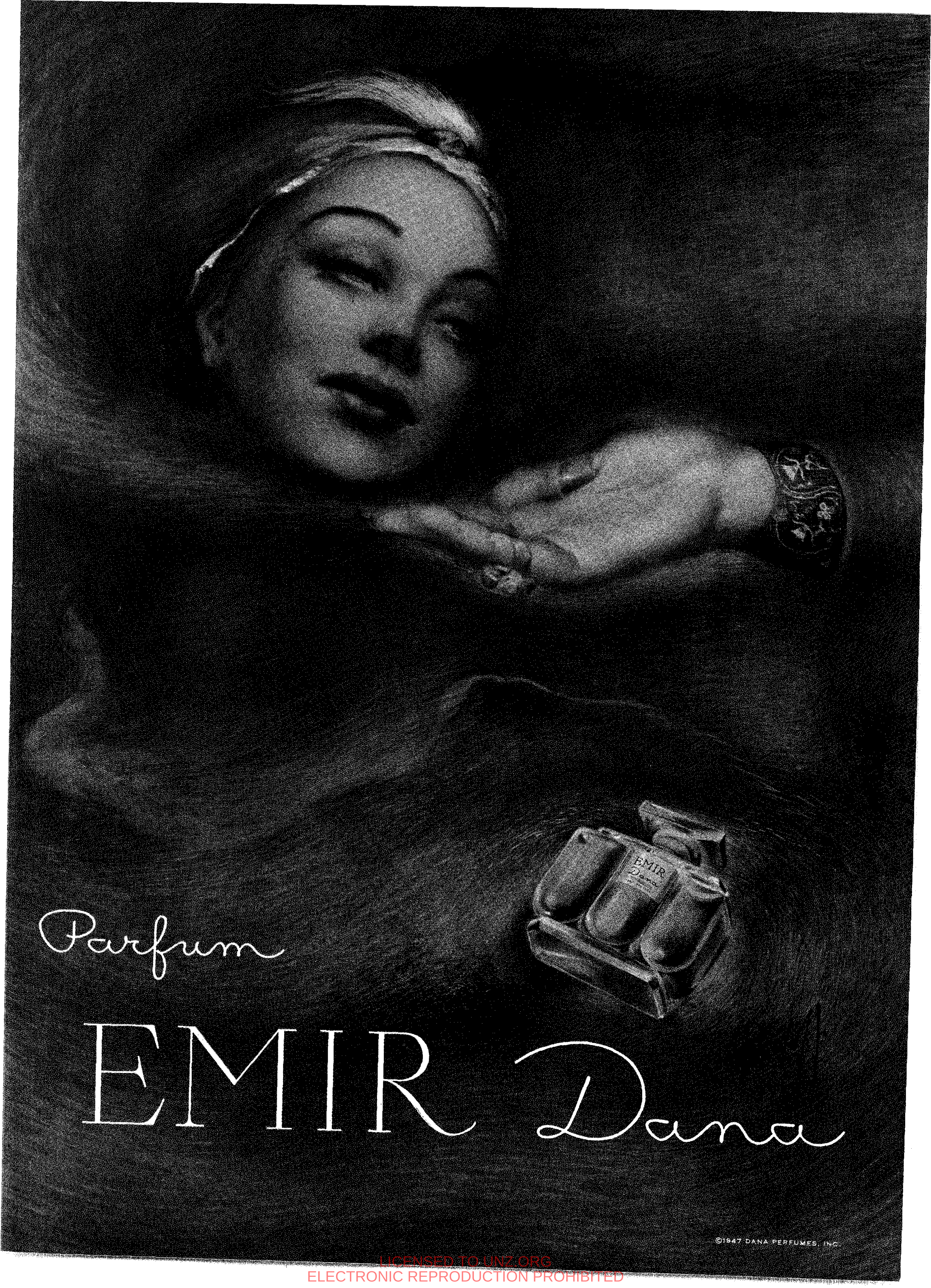
**Winter Sports**—Dartmouth Winter Carnival. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14.)

### FOR CHILDREN

**Plays**—Children's World Theatre: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday afternoons, Feb. 7 and 14, and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 8, at 2:30. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) . . . ¶ Children's Drama Guild: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 7, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.)

**Puppets**—Remo Bufano's puppet-and-marionette presentation of "Cinderella." (Fraternal Clubhouse, 110 W. 48th St. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 8, at 2 and 4. For tickets, call WA 4-8613.)

**Movies**—Films of interest to children are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) . . . ¶ The Beacon Theatre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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Economic and Social Council, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty may attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

**Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Memorabilia tracing the history of Columbia University since it began, in 1754, with eight students. Included are an exercise book belonging to George Washington's stepson and a Hebrew Psalter that was used in the early days to swear in Bachelors of Art. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

**Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—A large display of charts, models, and diagrams, intended to demonstrate how the scientists are getting along in their peacetime joust with the atom. Among the exhibits are an atomic pile (a model, but equipped with sound effects), a miniature atomic-power plant, and a voltage machine that makes your hair stand on end when you touch it. Sponsored by the Brookhaven National Laboratory and the Atomic Energy Commission. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Space Ship to Mars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

**Auctions**—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—English and American furniture and objects of art, owned by Mrs. Fitzhugh McGrew and others. (Exhibition, Thursday, Feb. 5, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French and English furniture and objects of art, owned by the late Frances Roche and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Feb. 7, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 9-10, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 2 P.M., and Thursday, Feb. 12, at 10:30 A.M. and 2 P.M.)

## ON THE AIR

**United Nations**—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC, and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

**Music**—Metropolitan Opera: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Ramon Vinay, Martial Singher, and Nadine Conner, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Charles Münch conducting, Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Richard Burgin conducting, Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Ernest Ansermet conducting, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ B.B.C. Symphony, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sunday, Feb. 8, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ Juilliard Orchestra, Edgar Schenkman conducting, Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Joseph Szigeti, violin, Sunday, Feb. 8, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

**Romeo and Juliet**—A cut version, with Maurice Evans and Dorothy McGuire, Sunday, Feb. 8, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

**News Commentators**—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

**Television**—David Lilienthal, speaking on atomic energy, Thursday, Feb. 5, at 1:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Weekly newsreel, Sunday, Feb.

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Association of American Railroads
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Feb. 8, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Basketball: Fordham vs. Columbia, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:45 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Boxing: Bernard Docusen vs. Gene Burton, welterweights, Friday, Feb. 13; preliminaries start at 8:40 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Track: N.Y.A.C. meet, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Winter Olympics films, nightly at 7:30, WCBS.

## COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

**BOXING**—Madison Square Garden—Matches every Friday night. . . . ¶ The New York City Finals of the Golden Gloves Tournament, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Gus Lesnevich vs. Billy Fox, in a bout for the Light-Heavyweight Championship, March 5.

**COLLEGE BASKETBALL**—Games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 17, 19, 23, and 26, and March 1, 4, and 9. The Intercollegiate Invitation Tournament starts on March 11.

**HOCKEY**—Professional games at Madison Square Garden about every third evening.

**INDOOR POLO**—The Metropolitan High-Goal Polo League Tournament continues at Squadron A Armory every Saturday night through March 13.

**INDOOR TENNIS**—U.S.L.T.A. Indoor Championships, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, March 11-20.

**WINTER SPORTS**—Lake Placid Winter Ice Carnival, Feb. 21-22.

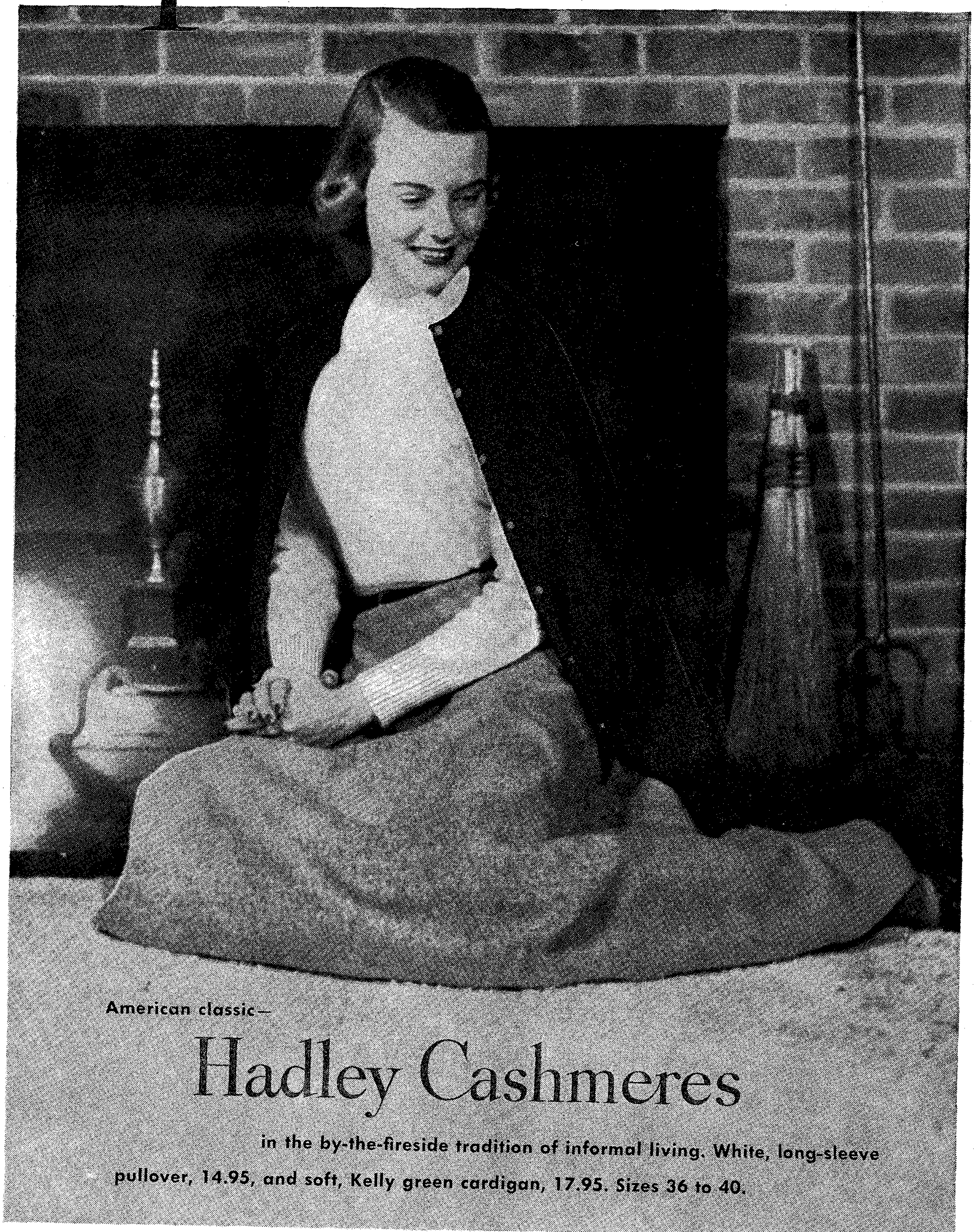
**MUSIC**—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Bruno Walter will conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony through Feb. 22, when George Szell will take over. . . . ¶ The Boston Symphony, Richard Burgin conducting, Feb. 18 and 21. . . . ¶ The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Joseph Szigeti, violin, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Eugene Istomin, piano, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, duo pianists, Feb. 25. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Wanda Landowska, harpsichord, Feb. 18 and 25. . . . ¶ New Friends of Music: A chamber orchestra, conducted by Paul Hindemith, Feb. 15; Joseph Szigeti, violin, Feb. 22; the Paganini Quartet, and others, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Lotte Lehmann, soprano, Feb. 15, 22, and 29. . . . **JUNIOR LEAGUE,** 221 E. 71st St.: Carroll Glenn, violin, and Eugene List, piano, Feb. 17. . . . **METROPOLITAN OPERA:** Season continues; all-star benefit concert, Feb. 15.

**THEATRE**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Mr. Roberts," a dramatization, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, of Mr. Heggen's novel. The cast includes Henry Fonda, David Wayne, and William Harrigan. Produced by Leland Hayward. . . . ¶ The American Repertory Theatre, with Eva Le Gallienne, presenting two Ibsen plays—"Ghosts," and, a couple of weeks later, "Hedda Gabler." . . . ¶ Gertrude Lawrence in six of the original nine short plays that made up Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30." . . . ¶ Rose Franken's new play, "The Hallams," with Ethel Griffies, Royal Beal, and Alan Baxter. . . . ¶ The Theatre Guild's revival of Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." Leo G. Carroll will play the lead. . . . ¶ Boris Karloff, with Barbara Everest, Una O'Connor, and Halliwell Hobbes, Jr., in "The Linden Tree," by J. B. Priestley. . . . ¶ "Doctor Social," a play by Joseph L. Estry, with a cast that includes Dean Jagger and Virginia Gilmore.

**BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS**—The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, New York City Center, Feb. 15-March 14. . . . ¶ Martha Graham and her dance group, Maxine Elliott Theatre, Feb. 17-29.

**OTHER DATES**—National Sportsmen's Show, Grand Central Palace, Feb. 14-23. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday, Sunday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ International Flower Show, Grand Central Palace, March 8-13. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, Madison Square Garden, March 8-14.

Peck and Peck



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

**The Fugitive**—Dudley Nichols wrote the screen play for this version of Graham Greene's novel "The Labyrinthine Ways," and John Ford directed it, but out of the highly promising collaboration has come more sound than substance. As a priest harried by an anticlerical government in Latin America, Henry Fonda is something less than persuasive, and the rest of the cast never manages to do much better. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429.)

**Gentleman's Agreement**—An attack on anti-Semitism, which too frequently offers homilies instead of solid dramatic stuff but is, nevertheless, a short step in the right direction. Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire are in the cast. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

**The Idiot**—A French interpretation of Dostoevski's mystical novel that often gets close to the core of his difficult ideas. The Russian background seems quite authentic, and the acting is impeccable. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740.)

**I Know Where I'm Going**—In this British-made comedy, Wendy Hiller is stormbound in a Scottish hamlet for three days, long enough to fall in love with Roger Livesey, who breezes about in kilts. The direction is deft, the acting agreeable, and the scenery magnificent, so you probably won't mind the ridiculous plot. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

**The Magic Bow**—This English film, based very, very dimly on some episodes in the life of Nicolò Paganini, is enlivened by the offstage violin playing of Yehudi Menuhin. Stewart Granger is most persuasive as the great man, and Phyllis Calvert is properly charming as the noblewoman he's wild about. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-0336; through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Feb. 11.)

**The Secret Life of Walter Mitty**—Danny Kaye romping through a confused version of the James Thurber story and often being pretty funny about it. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Feb. 5.)

**Tawny Pipit**—Ornithology in general and bird-watching in particular provide a lot of foolish fun in this English picture. The villain is as criminal a type as has turned up in years—a member of the Royal Ornithological Society who steals rare eggs. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

**To Live in Peace**—An Italian film that, without any preaching, considers the brotherhood of man, as expressed by a peasant who befriends a pair of G.I.s, one of them colored, in an Italian village during the war. Humorous, compassionate, and altogether satisfactory. Aldo Fabrizi is magnificent as the peasant, and the others in the cast are almost as good. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

**Treasure of Sierra Madre**—The extraordinary acting of Walter Huston redeems this rather trite story of a trio of fortune hunters who come to a bad end looking for gold in Mexico. With Humphrey Bogart. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

**Volpone**—Ben Jonson's comedy about a miser, done to a hilarious turn by a French cast headed by Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet. The adaptation was made by Jules Romains and Stefan Zweig, and would be hard to improve upon. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

## REVIVALS

**The Adventuress** (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 5. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Feb. 8-11. . . . ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting Feb. 11.)

**How Green Was My Valley** (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 11.)

**It Happened at the Inn** (1945)—Adventures of a bunch of crotchety French individualists who run a rural café. In French. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through Feb. 6.)

**My Favorite Wife** (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden. Also with Cary Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Feb. 11.)

**Ninotchka** (1939)—The Garbo comedy. With Melvyn Douglas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

**Open City** (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; Feb. 5.)

**The Postman Always Rings Twice** (1946)—James M. Cain's melodrama of murder and passion. With John Garfield and Lana Turner. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 9-11.)

**The Private Life of Henry VIII** (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Feb. 7-10. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Feb. 8-11.)

**A Slight Case of Murder** (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, RH 4-9888; Feb. 10-11.)

**This Happy Breed** (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 9-10.)

**Topper** (1937)—You remember, the first of the Topper series. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Feb. 7-10.)

**Torment** (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 9.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Feb. 5-8: "The Life of an American Fireman" (1903); "The Assassination of the Duc de Guise" (1908); and "The Avenging Conscience" (1914), directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 9: "Reaching for the Moon" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; and "The Danger Girl" (1916), a Mack Sennett comedy. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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## THE BIG HOUSES

**Astor,** B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

**Capitol,** B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"If Winter Comes," Walter Pidgeon, Deborah Kerr.

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"T-Men," Dennis O'Keefe.

**Globe,** B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

**Gotham,** B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Open Secret," John Ireland, Jane Randolph (tentative).

**Mayfair,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
**GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.**

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Paradine Case," Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Charles Laughton, Ethel Barrymore.

**Palace,** B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Night Song," Merle Oberon, Dana Andrews.

**Paramount,** B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"I Walk Alone," Lizabeth Scott, Burt Lancaster.

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Captain from Castile," Tyrone Power, Jean Peters.

**Roxy,** 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"You Were Meant for Me," Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey.

**State,** B'way at 45th (BR 9-1957)
Through Feb. 10: "High Wall," Robert Taylor, Audrey Totter; and "Love from a Stranger," John Hodiak, Sylvia Sidney.
From Feb. 11: "Killer McCoy," Mickey Rooney, Brian Donlevy, Ann Blyth.

**Strand,** B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
**TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE.**

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
**THE FUGITIVE.**

**Warner,** B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"A Miracle Can Happen," Paulette Goddard, James Stewart, Henry Fonda.

**Winter Garden,** B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"A Woman's Vengeance," Charles Boyer, Ann Blyth, Jessica Tandy.

## FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

**Ambassador,** 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
**VOLPONE.**

**Avenue Playhouse,** 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
"A Lover's Return" (in French), Louis Jouvet, Gaby Morlay.

**Bijou,** 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

**5th Ave. Playhouse,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through Feb. 6: "Hôtel du Nord" (in French), revival, Annabella, Louis Jouvet; and "Nine Bachelors" (in French), revival, Sacha Guitry.
From Feb. 7: "The Happy Tailor" (in Swedish).

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"The Eternal Return" (in French), another Cocteau piece.

**Golden,** 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
**THE IDIOT.**

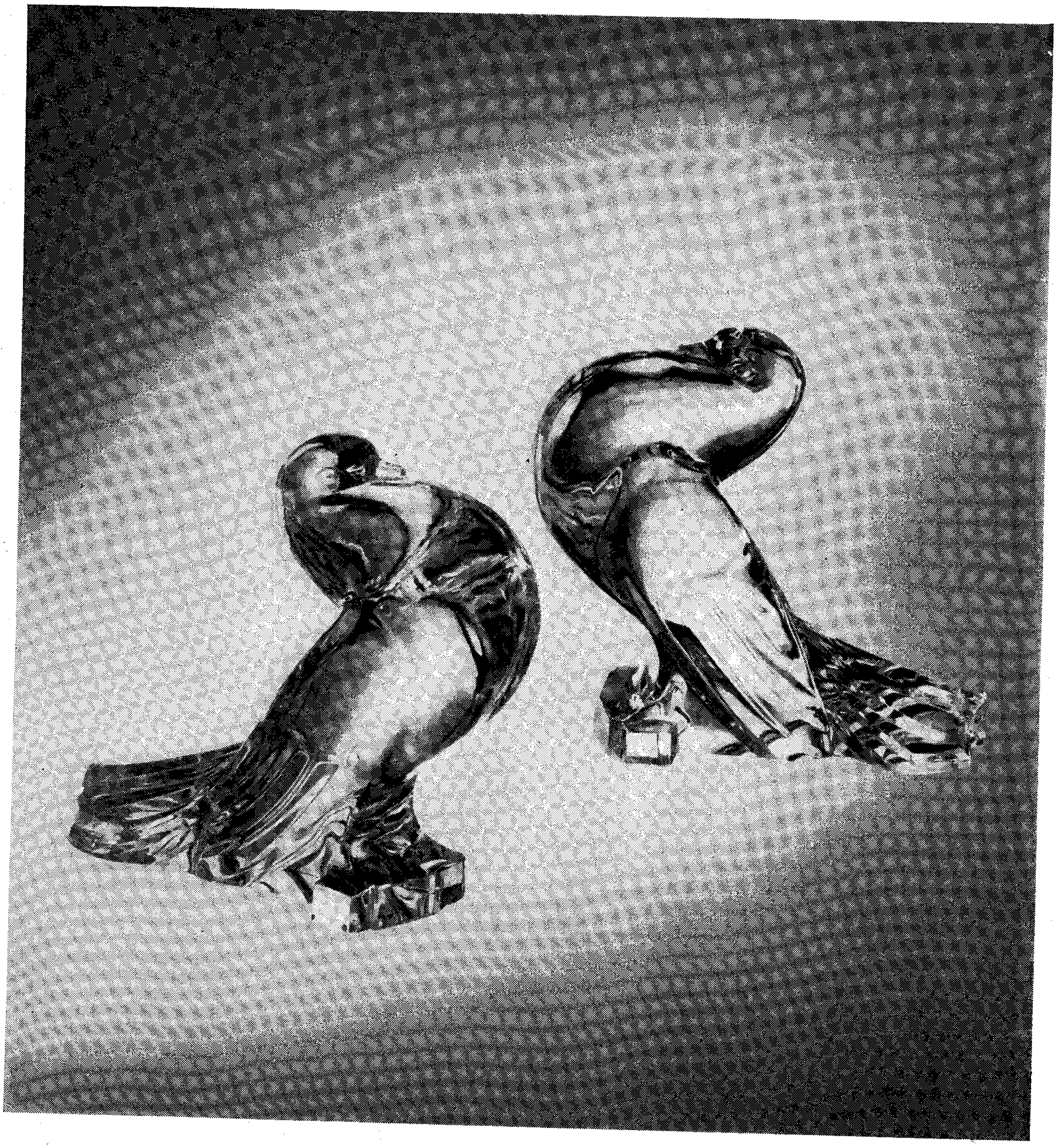
**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
**NINOTCHKA,** revival.

**Park Avenue,** Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Holiday Camp," Flora Robson, Dennis Price.

**Rialto,** B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Furia" (in Italian).

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
**I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.**

**World,** 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
**TO LIVE IN PEACE.**



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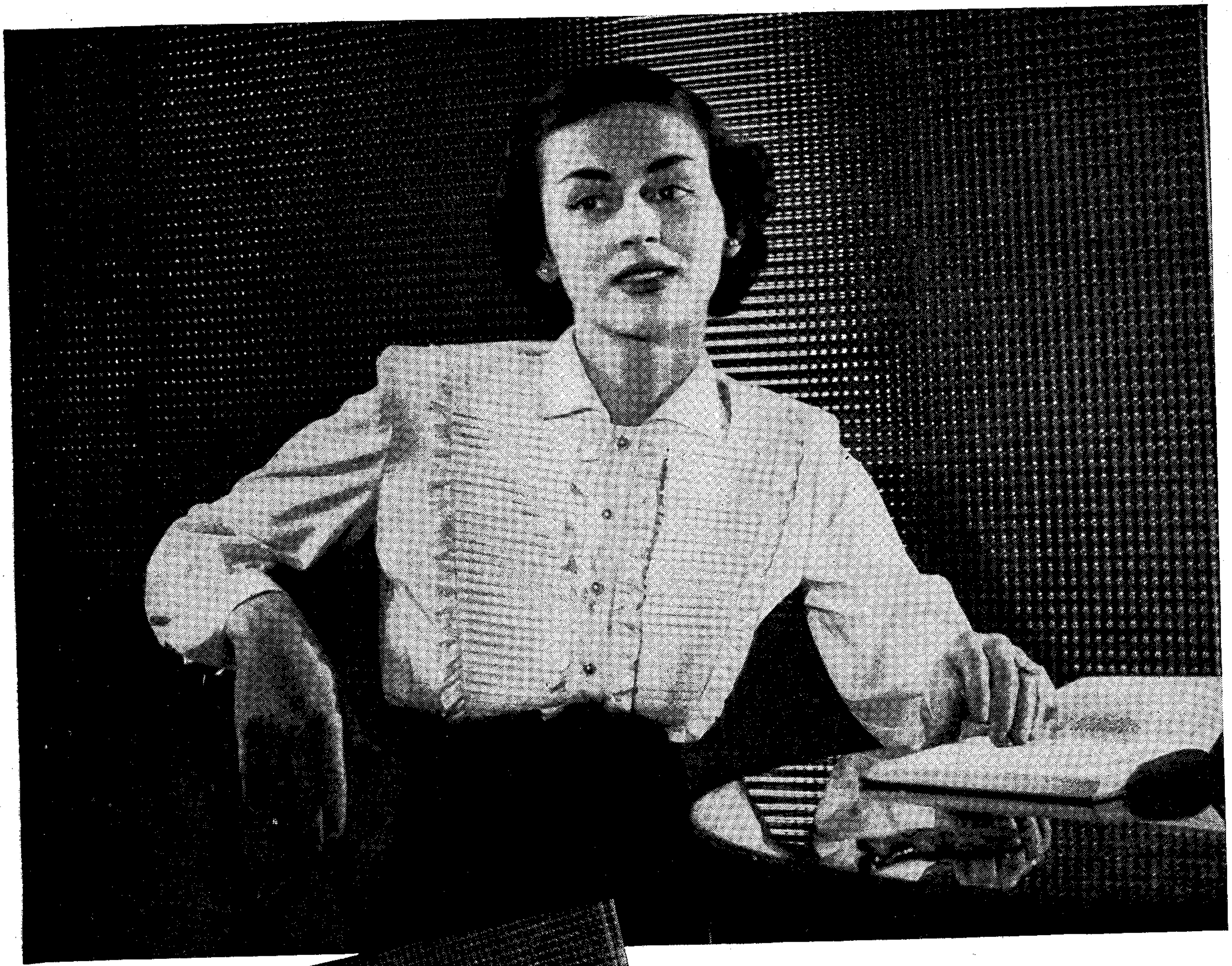

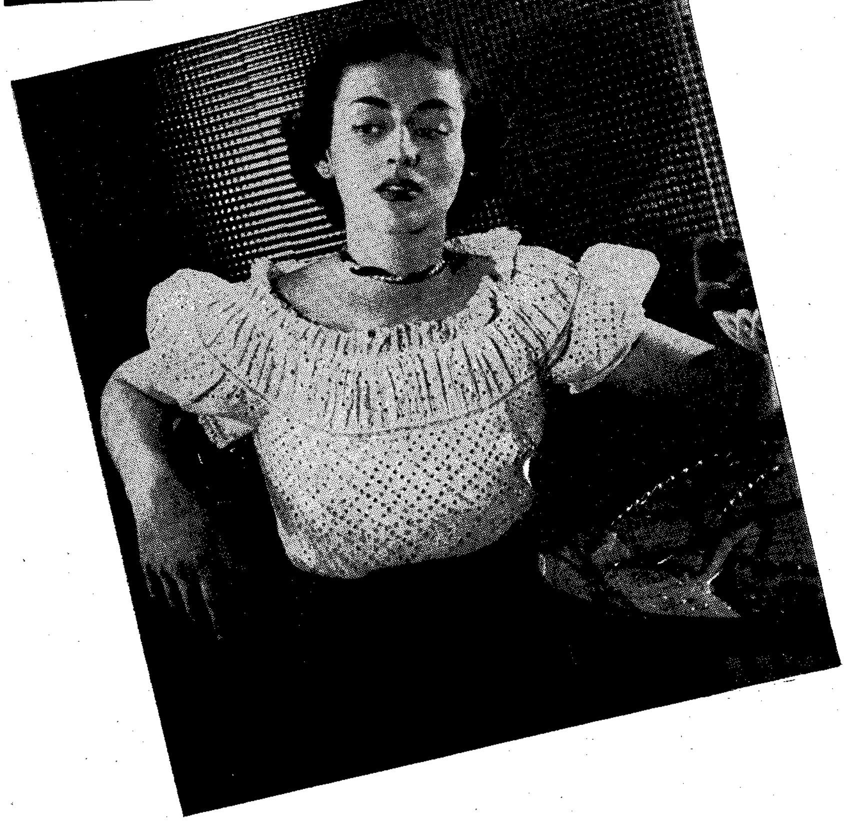

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

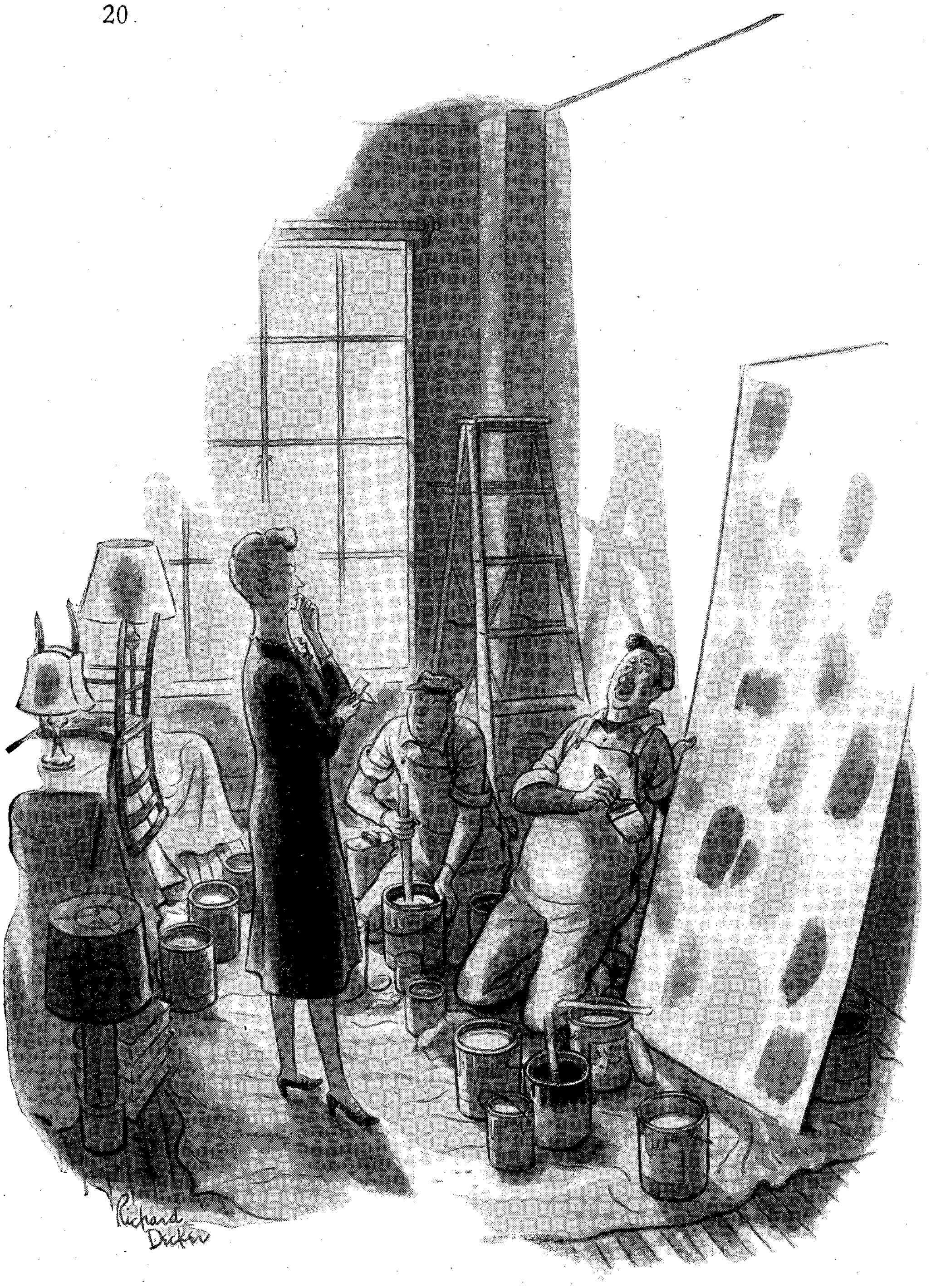
## *Notes and Comment*

You Never Know Where Propaganda Will Turn Up Next Note: Whereas the box offices of most theatres refer to the federal amusement tax as "U.S. Govt. Tax," "Fed. Tax," or plain "Tax," that of the Stanley Theatre, which specializes in Russian films, calls it "War Tax."

THE Metropolitan Museum, the Modern Museum, and the Whitney Museum agreed last fall to a ten-year program coördinating their activities to avoid what they called "encroaching on or conflicting with the spheres assigned to the two other institutions," or, as people less given to euphemism used to put it, "muscling in." One of the territorial boundary lines they set specified that the Modern Museum is to have a painting until it becomes a classic, whereupon it is to go to the Metropolitan Museum, and that, reciprocally, the Metropolitan is to turn over to the Modern any paintings it has on hand that haven't become classics. The decision as to when a picture has attained classic status is to be made in consultation by Roland L. Redmond, president of the Metropolitan; John Hay Whitney, chairman of the board of the Modern; and Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller, president of the Whitney, presumably over a cup of tea. The other day, the Metropolitan presented the Modern with a recent bequest, Picasso's "The Portrait of Gertrude Stein," and it was announced that the Modern Museum has transferred Daumier's "The Laundress" to the Metropolitan, one of twenty-six paintings and sculptures that have become classics, or that will become classics within the period of the agreement. All we could think of when we heard this news was poor old Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, who worked so hard trying to solve the great critical problem "*Qu'est-ce qu'un classique?*" How much time he would have saved if he had foreseen how easy it could be: A classic is something you load into a taxicab on Fifty-third Street and head uptown with.

WE know one man to whom the inflation seems all wrapped up in the tip he gives a hat-check girl. He lunches always at the same restaurant. For years he paid ten cents for his hat. One day, about eighteen months ago, he noticed that the men ahead of him in line at the checkroom were giving the girl a quarter each. It came as a shock. He felt out of step with the times, felt ignorant, mean. He dug out a quarter and thus raised his tip a hundred and fifty per cent all in one swift moment. It seemed proper and right. He assured himself that the girl herself must be encountering the high cost of living at every turn, and he felt guilty of contributory negligence. As time went on, though, he began thinking of the national implications of his noonday act. He visualized the girl taking her immense profits and recklessly spreading the inflationary fire by indulging in the most awful excesses—covering her dinner table with butter, covering herself with mink. It seemed a circle of utter viciousness, with himself at the exact center. He tried minor shifts of position—tried an occasional twenty-cent tip, an occasional fifteen-center. They seemed awkward, unfriendly. Soon he was avoiding the girl's glance as he dropped his contribution into her palm. At this writing, he is a beaten man, his lunch period has been ruined, and he is suffering the return of an old stomach condition—burning and distress. We advised him day before yesterday to change restaurants and eat in the coffee shop downstairs in his building, which he can reach without hat or coat. It won't solve inflation, but it may head off an ulcer.

WE attended, last week, a lunch given in a private dining room of the Hotel Chatham to mark the tenth anniversary of the founding, by Count Alfred Korzybski, of the Institute of General Semantics, formerly in Chicago and now in Lakeville, Connecticut. As the sixty-five guests milled around before being seated, we found ourself conversing with a Korzybski assistant whose name we didn't get. "The Count, who is sixty-eight, was born in Poland in four languages," he told us, pointing to a massive, bespectacled man who was busily shaking hands. "Polish, of course, and Russian at school, since Poland was under the Czar. Then he had two governesses—one French, one German. Naturally, he could never believe that the word was as good as the thing, since he had four different words for everything." Our informant was greeted by a number of entering guests, whom he introduced to us. "Mr. Robert U. Redpath, Jr., one of our trustees, Yale 1928," he said. "Mr. Edward H. Dodd, Jr., vice-president of Dodd, Mead, Yale 1928. Mr. Southwick Pratt, of Willkie, Owen, Otis, Farr & Gallagher, Yale 1928. Mr. Ralph Delahaye Paine, Jr., managing editor of *Fortune*, Yale 1929. Mr. Robert K. Straus, a member of our lunch-



*"Did you ever stop to figure, lady, maybe there ain't that shade?"*

• •

eon committee, Harvard 1927. Mrs. Seth Milliken. Mrs. Edward L. Bernays. Mrs. John K. Jessup." Mrs. Jessup, a stunning Gibson Girl type in a tremendous black picture hat, told us she had long been interested in semantics, both general and particular. At lunch, we sat next to Mr. Guthrie E. Janssen, an Institute instructor, who told us that he got interested in semantics a few years ago, after reading "Science and Sanity, an Introduction to Non-Aristotelian Systems and General Semantics," Korzybski's most inclusive book on the subject. "I was in Egypt at the time, teaching at the American University, in a desert," he said. "In 1946, I joined the Institute, first as a student. Its program is being followed by the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, Northwestern University, and other places. The Count shows how misleading words can be. For example, when a girl says 'You've gone too far,' she means 'You've come too near.' " At this point, Mr. Redpath, who was chairman of the lunch committee, welcomed one and all. He then called on Stuart Chase, who introduced the guest of honor as a man who "has overthrown a great, towering edifice of accredited wisdom and knowledge dating back—oh, to Aristotle."

In his speech, Count Korzybski pointed out that plants exist in terms of chemistry, animals in terms of space, and human beings in terms of both space and time. The time element, he said, in part, is concealed by the structure of language; the word "auto," for instance, takes no account of obsolescence or the difference between various autos. "Man is what I call a time-binding class of life," he said. "The Russian people, under a dictatorship, are only space-binders. The fundamental function of man is exponential time. I had to wait for the second World War and the atomic bomb to speak this way. General semantics has to do with all human experience. During the war, Army doctors trained by one of the Institute's consultants, Dr. Douglas M. Kelley, used general semantics to treat seven thousand soldiers. We can benefit by the errors and successes of past generations. After the third war, our work will be taught to children in schools. We may be able to educate the children first and thus prevent war." Mr. Redpath announced that written questions mailed to Count Korzybski would be answered, and on our way out Mr. Janssen said to us, "Korzybski follows free association. You don't get an answer to a direct question. He covers your answer in a kind of spiral." We spiralled out to Vanderbilt Avenue, where we overheard Mr. Paine say to Mr. Dodd, "Russians have a kind of animal vitality. I used to know a couple of Russian girls rather well."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The charming cable address of Lawrence C. Moore, an attorney of Washington, D.C., is Lamour.

A stationery shop on Third Avenue is displaying a sign that reads:

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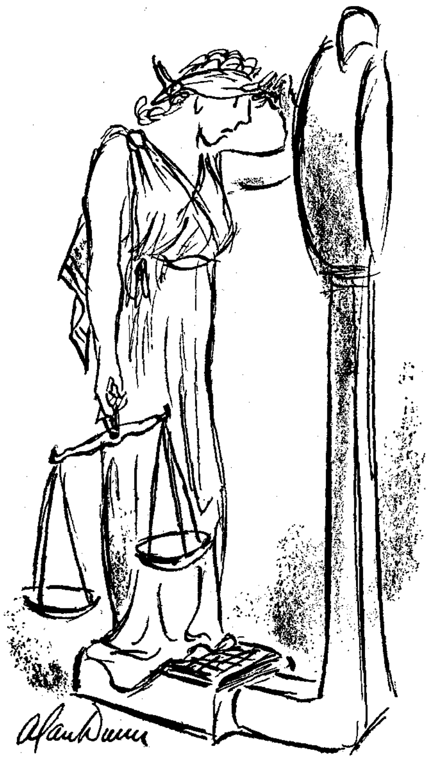
## *Open*

FOR the first time in nearly ten years, there is an Austrian Consulate General in New York, and we've had a talk with Dr. Kurt Enderl, the vice-consul, who briefed us on the intricate state of his government's present diplomatic relations with this and other countries. Enderl is a large man, with a football lineman's build and an agreeable English accent, who got a degree of Doctor of Laws at the University of Vienna, class of '37; he indicated that the refinements of jurisprudence seem coarse compared to those of diplomacy. "Austria, as such, is officially and generally considered not to have been at war with the Allies," he told us, and added, "Still, there appear to be various degrees of not having been at war." Austria, we learned, now has diplomatic relations with nineteen countries, in most of which its representative is a minister, who heads a legation. In Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Poland, and Russia, however, he is what is called a political representative. The main distinction is that a political representative enjoys diplomatic privileges only by courtesy. Ever since the first World War, Austria has been too small to have ambassadors.

The old Austrian Consulate General, at 500 Fifth Avenue, was closed in May, 1938, shortly after the Anschluss, and its functions were taken over by the German Consulate. Austria has had a minister in Washington for a couple of years now but didn't reopen the Consulate here until last month. It occupies a five-room suite at 683 Fifth Avenue, near Fifty-fourth Street. This office and the consular department of the Legation in Washington will handle all consular affairs in this country for a while. The consul general, Dr. Franz Matsch, is also the official Austrian observer at United Nations Headquarters, and at the time of our talk with Dr. Enderl was representing his government at the International Trade Organization Conference in Havana. "There is a colossal interest in trade with Austria," Dr. Enderl said. "I receive many inquiries from importers and exporters, but most trade is handled by the governments just now, and is therefore very complicated."

Austria, naturally, is anxious to regain her heavy prewar tourist trade, which would, among other things, provide her with foreign currency. "Western Austria and Vienna are completely open to tourists," Dr. Enderl told us. "We hope that many visitors will come to the music festivals in Salzburg next summer. An American who goes to Austria is entitled to eat forty-five hundred calories a day, or three times as much as most Austrians get. We plan to establish an information bureau here, to help strengthen cultural relations between this country and mine, but I have to be very careful how I describe it. In all innocence, I used the word 'propaganda' the other day, and the fellow I was talking to said that it showed that we Austrians hadn't entirely rid our systems of Nazi ideology." Usually, a large proportion of a consulate's business is the issuing of visas, but at present the Austrian Consulate can grant visas on its own authority only to Austrian citizens. A national of one of the four occupying powers in Austria gets permission to go there from his own government and doesn't need a visa. An American must get the approval of the Army Department and the State Department, which is given as a matter of course if he produces evidence that he has travel and hotel accommodations. Dr. Enderl believes that more Americans would go to Austria if they could just get a passport and hop off, as they did in the old days. The nationals of countries other than Austria and the occupying powers face a discouraging rigmarole. They must fill out a visa application in septuplicate, six copies of which are sent to Vienna for consideration by the occupying powers and Austrian government agencies. Ordinarily, in such cases, it takes months to get a visa, and even if cables are used and everything goes well, it takes from three to four weeks.

Dr. Enderl has never been in this country before. On his first day here, he spent a considerable time at a Nedick's, eating hot dogs. After he graduated from the University of Vienna, he worked for the Austrian government for a year, and then tried to get out of the country. Before he could leave, he was drafted into the German Army. In 1939, he wangled permission to play in a tennis tournament in England. He didn't do very well at tennis, but he managed to stretch his English stay to eight years. He worked as a machine-tool fitter in a London munitions plant during the war. He has been in the United States since October, but he hasn't got used to the prices yet.



### *Misunderstanding*

A TRAVELLER back from the Coast reports that somewhere in the Middle West he was having lunch in the diner of his train when a starchy, Victorian old lady was seated opposite him. She studied the menu and wrote out her order, and the waiter took it and went off. He returned soon and set before her a beaming Old-Fashioned. She stared warily at it and then, after consideration, picked up a spoon and took a suspicious sip. Her mouth set grimly. She gathered her scarf from the back of her chair and her purse from the floor, and departed. The waiter, returning presently with a laden tray, gazed around uncertainly, and then looked at our traveller and shrugged. Our traveller shrugged. Together, they examined the old lady's order slip. At its top, written in a stern, precise hand, just as the menu had it, was the entry:

Old Fashioned
Baked Beans

### *Saints*

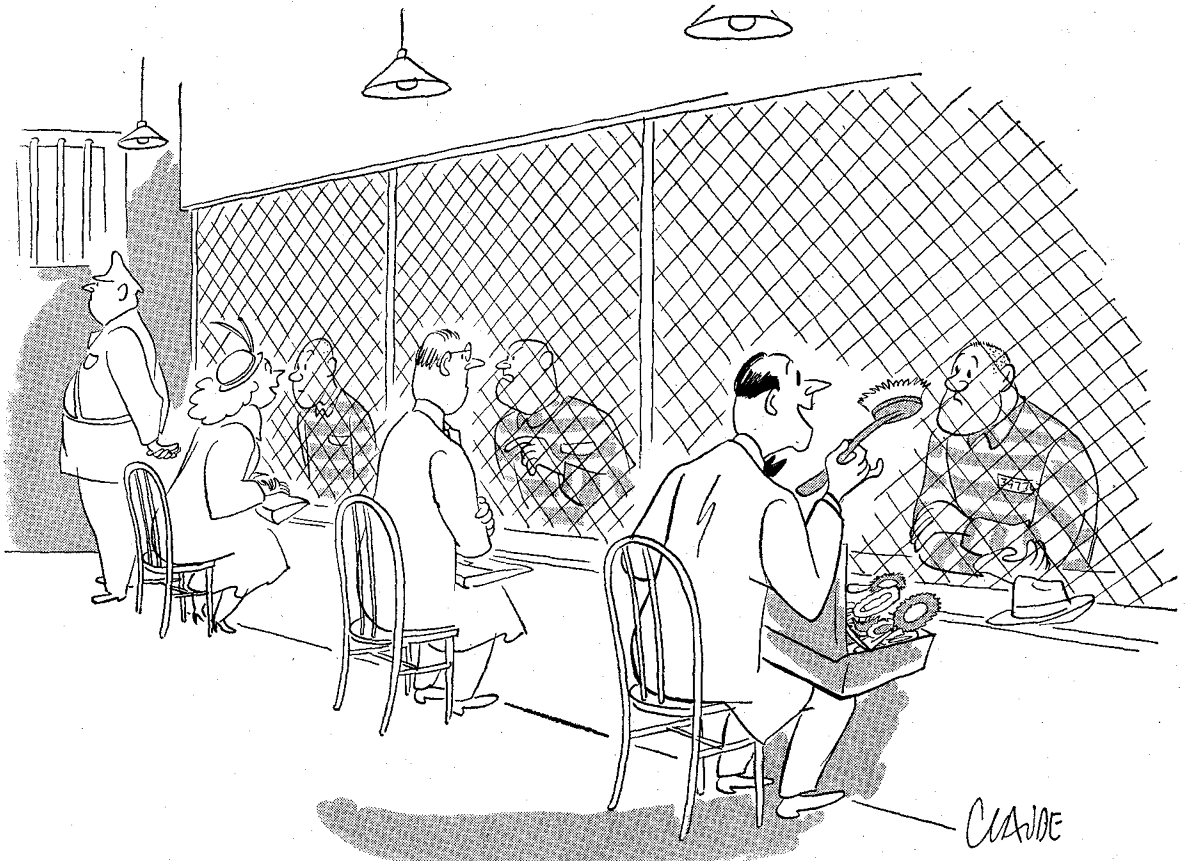
WHEN we heard that twenty-six Saint Bernards had been entered in the Westminster Kennel Club show, which will be at the Garden next week, it occurred to us that this outrageous winter must be, if nothing else, a source of satisfaction to the dogs of that breed hereabouts, and that we might well look up Dr. Earle W. Brown, of Westfield, New Jersey, president of the Saint Bernard Club of Greater New York. This we have done, finding him to be a bald, pink-cheeked man of thirty-nine, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, and the owner of a Saint Bernard weighing exactly the same. There's devotion for you. Dr. Brown told us that his Saint, whose name is officially Sage von Alvier but who is called Grandmaw, is indeed enjoying the snow. "She goes out in the back yard and falls asleep in it, snoring loudly," Dr. Brown said. "Instead of getting pneumonia, she thrives on it. But the fact is Saints like any kind of weather. They don't mind even hot weather as much as people think. They may drool a lot, but they don't pass out. Their coat probably insulates them from heat as well as from cold."

Dr. Brown, who is a graduate physiotherapist, has been almost blind since he was seven, is a professional pianist, and has composed a piece entitled "The Saint Bernard Concerto." He said that the Saint Bernard Club of Greater New York has forty-eight members, and that, since everything that concerns Saints is on a grand scale, it embraces all of New York State, as well as New Jersey and Connecticut. The S.B.C.G.-N.Y. is one of six affiliates of the Saint Bernard Club of America, which since 1933 has eschewed all but Swiss-type Saints, bred to the standard recognized by the Saint Bernard Club of Switzerland. The English-type Saint is taller and heavier than the Swiss and has a nose that tends to be pointed and sloping, whereas a Swiss Saint can balance a wineglass on his nose, at least theoretically. Although American Saints usually don't get much chance to make rescues in the snow, most owners keep one of the traditional brandy casks on hand as an interesting accoutrement. These can be purchased through the Swiss club, are of oak staves bound with brass hoops, hold a pint and a half, and cost twenty-five dollars, including a harness.

"The Saints always travelled through the snow in packs of four," Dr. Brown told us, explaining soberly that he was compelled to use the past tense because word had just come through that only three or four of the dogs are on duty at their accustomed post, the Great Saint Bernard Pass, this year. "When they came across an exhausted wayfarer," he continued, "two of them would lie alongside him to keep him warm, another would lick his face to revive him, and the fourth would run to the Great Saint Bernard Hospice, to fetch the Austin canons who lived there. These men weren't technically monks; they were Austin canons. The dog that went for the canons was the one that carried the cask. The canons strapped one on him and followed him back to the scene. It should be clearly understood that the dogs never wandered about the mountains themselves carrying brandy." According to Dr. Brown's best information, an archdeacon named Bernard de Menthon founded a cloister in the Great Saint Bernard Pass, which is near the line that divides Switzerland and Italy, in 980, and that soon after that the saving of men lost in the snow became the first duty of the cenobites living there. They used to search the pass every morning, looking for travellers who hadn't got through. The dogs weren't introduced until the late seventeenth century. The most famous dog ever at the Hospice was Barry der Menschenretter, who is credited with having saved forty lives. He was born in 1800 and was probably put to a painless death in 1814, although there is a legend that he was shot by a hunter who mistook him for a wolf. At any rate, one of the dogs at the Hospice was always named Barry thereafter, and in some localities the breed became known as Barry hounds. It was only in 1860 that they came to be called Saint Bernards. In recent decades, with the telephone, the automobile, the radio, and improvements in the roads, the importance of both canons and dogs has diminished greatly. They kept strictly to the old tradition until this winter, however, when, for the first time in nearly a thousand years, the Hospice was all but locked up. The canons went down to the valley below the pass, taking most of the dogs with them and leaving only a skeleton staff behind. "Lack of money drove them to it," Dr. Brown said. "I don't understand how the Swiss club could have let such a thing happen. We're hoping to help the canons and dogs from here."

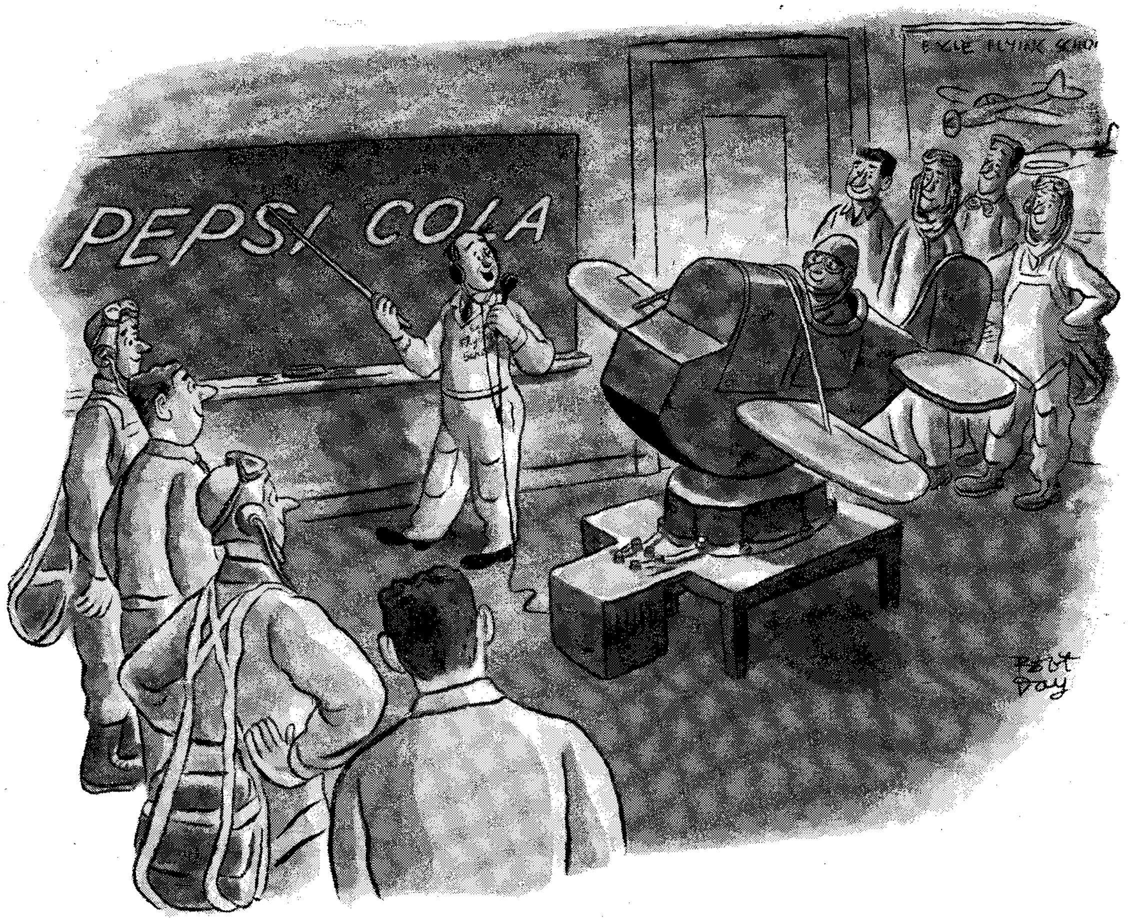
## *Intimate*

WE have at hand a mimeographed communication a young lady received recently from the Treasury Department—something to do with her income tax. Nothing unusual about it except the salutation, which consists, simply and sweetly, of one word, "Dear:"



## *Borough Lover*

ARNOLD B. HORWITT, who wrote the sketches and lyrics for "Make Mine Manhattan," was born twenty-nine years ago in Richmond, Indiana, but he has no recollection of the place. His family brought him to New York when he was three, and the last twenty-six years have been one long regional love affair. "I've been to San Francisco and Honolulu," he told us the other day, "but New York is the only



*"Now let's try that 'S' again."*

• •

place I like. I've lived on West End Avenue and in the Village, and now I live near Park Avenue, in a sublet apartment that has a bust of Norman Corwin in it. I have a terrible parochialism about Manhattan. For years, I wouldn't take out girls from any other borough, though I knew some nice ones in Brooklyn. New York's a fine town, you know. Unhappy kids from all over come here." We urged Mr. Horwitt, gently, to get on to some other topic, and he told us that after a DeWitt Clinton High School-N.Y.U.-Columbia School of Journalism education, he worked as an assistant press agent for vaudeville theatres in Brooklyn and the Bronx, then wrote witticisms for Manhattan press agents, who gave them a Stork Club background, hung them on their clients, and landed them in gossip columns. "I've never been to the Stork Club myself, though," he said. "I also wrote special material for night-club entertainers, which is a very slow way of making a buck indeed." By 1942, he was head of the William Morris Agency's publicity department. During the war, he was a sergeant in Special Services and, with Harold Rome and others, wrote Army shows, which were mostly produced in the E.T.O. One of them, "O.K., U.S.A.!," was tried out in a camp in Lexington, Virginia. "We had to dilute it," he said. "Our colonel saw it, the major saw it. None of us who wrote it ever saw it. I think it was probably a good show." Horwitt collaborated with John Latouche on a number called "Britannia Waives the Rules" in the second edition of "Pins and Needles," and with Rome and Arnold Auerbach on some of the material in "Call Me Mister," and did the lyrics for "Are You with It?" Demobilized in the spring of 1946, he rested up till that fall, when he started working on "Make Mine Manhattan." Altogether, he originated, or wrote with others, thirty-seven songs and sketches for this production, twenty-two of which were used. "It'd be nice if those left over were things you could have in your trunk," he said, "but I don't think so. There's nothing as transitory as revue sketches. We plan to revise ours as time goes on, to keep them up to date. We have one joke about snow that will have to come out sometime."

Moss Hart, who owns part of "Make Mine Manhattan," watched it at the New Haven and Philadelphia tryouts, and, according to Horwitt, helped tighten it up. "It was a very frenetic period," Horwitt said. "You get terribly intense. I was really having a good time, in a highly neurotic way, I guess." The out-of-town reception was so favorable that Horwitt, a handsome fellow with a black pompadour, bought a Brooks Brothers suit before the New York opening. "Very toffy," he told us. "Dark blue, with a thin, aristocratic stripe. No padding in the shoulders." He knows something about clothes, because his father used to be in the business. His mother likes to stand around the box office and listen to the man behind the window tell would-be customers, "None available." Horwitt spent last summer on Fire Island, frequently taking the ferry to Long Island to play golf. A few days ago, when it became clear that his royalties were going to amount to quite a lot, a friend asked him how he was going to capitalize on his success. "I'm going to do what any normal American boy would do," he said. "Play golf, go swimming, and get analyzed."

Mr. Horwitt is a great fan of Al Capp, the comic-strip artist, and wants to do a musical based on "Li'l Abner." His agents, William Morris, are putting out feelers about this. "I have the same fondness for 'Li'l Abner' that I have for Manhattan," he said. "It's a wonderful town, you know. Unhappy kids—" We nodded, and left him to his ancient reverie.

## Cad

OUR Macy's operative picked up a conversational fragment last Thursday, on an escalator. "The romance was going along beautifully," one descending lady said to another, "until he agreed to memorize the odd verses of the 'Rubáiyat' if she'd memorize the even ones. Well, she did, and the next thing she knew, he had up and married somebody else."

# THE SWEETER THE TOOTH, THE NEARER THE COUCH

IT must have been about ten days after my arrival last May on the island of Penang, in British Malaya, that I first became positive I was talking to myself. The realization dawned on me at four-thirty one afternoon as I was seated in a room at the Western & Occidental Hotel examining the tea tray the native boy had just left. On it was the same everlasting finger banana and potted-meat sandwich he had been bringing me every morning and afternoon for the past week. "Finger bananas and potted-meat sandwiches," I suddenly heard myself say in a strained, furious voice. "Potted-meat sandwiches and finger bananas. So that's what you came all the way to the storied East for—to sit in this benighted, pestilential hole reading Penguin reprints and eating potted-meat sandwiches. And now," I went on bitterly, "you're talking to yourself to boot. Nice going. Keep on this way, lover, and the next thing you know, you'll be running amok with a kris in your teeth."

The conviction that I was batting a very sticky wicket had, as a matter of fact, been growing steadily in me almost from the moment I had set foot on the island. Penang (unless it has since sunk into the sea without leaving a trace, a thought that fills me with equanimity) lies off the Malayan coastline twenty-four hours northwest of Singapore. In a moment of aberration, I had proceeded from Siam to Penang, assured by everyone that I could expect an idyllic interlude there before going on to Ceylon on the steamer due within the fortnight. I found that at least two of the claims my informants had made for Penang were accurate. Its beaches *were* the equal of any in the South Seas, and, they should have added, equally accessible. The food at the Western & Occidental was indeed as good as that of the Raffles in Singapore, and a more ambiguous compliment is hardly conceivable. Both establishments served a variety of fried bread that melted in the mouth, fusing your inlays with it. In the hands of their chefs, the mango lost none of its unique aromatic flavor, and to anyone who loves kerosene there can be no warmer tribute.

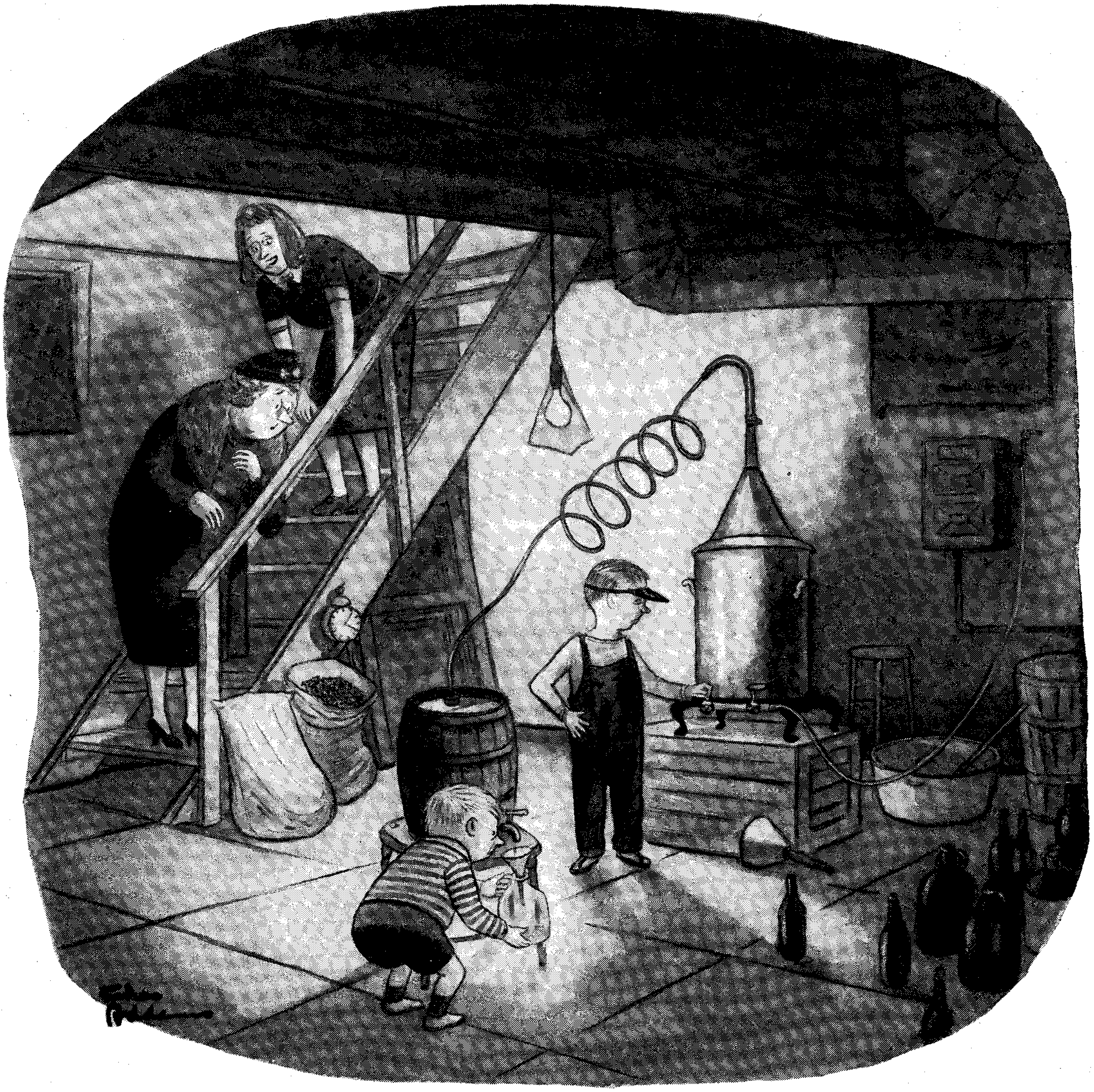
After a trip—freely punctuated with nosebleeds—up the funicular railway, a visit to a couple of sleazy dance halls full of overwrought fifteen-year-old Malay jitterbugs, and a hike through the botanical gardens culminating in a painful bite from a parakeet, I decided I had had a plethora of sightseeing and badly needed the society of Europeans. The only ones in evidence were the British civil servants in the hotel lobby glowering into their gin pahits and gimlets and explaining to each other that the Nips had captured Singapore by trickery. My tentative efforts to fraternize with them quickly defined the status of the American tourist in Penang. "The cheek of that beggar!" I overheard a scarlet-faced bureaucrat exploding when he thought I was out of earshot. "Did you see him cotton up to me with that smarmy smile?" His companion shook his head commiseratingly. It always happened when you let these Yankees in, he said. Nothing but a pack of cardsharps and blacklegs. The whole tone of the place went to the demnition bow-wows.

IT was on the twenty-third of May, however, that the real nightmare began—the chain of afflictions that determined me to restrict my future tropical travel to a tufted ottoman and the pages of Somerset Maugham. I remember the date because it was my wife's birthday, and, having sent off a congratulatory cable collect, I threw down an extra peg in her honor before dinner. It was just as well I did, for it helped anesthetize me to a meal that would have touched off a mutiny in the hulks at Portsmouth. I struggled inadequately with a viscous chlorinated soup, filet of squid basted with lard, and a dollop of tapioca awash in sorghum, and then, sore in spirit, plodded out into the town, desperate for some way to occupy the hours until bedtime. The prospect of seeing either of the two Tarzan films was insupportable, especially as I had seen them twice already—on the two previous evenings—and my knowledge of the Fukien dialect was too rudimentary to enable me to appreciate the Chinese ritual play at the New World amusement park.

I had been drifting about aimlessly for over an hour, gaping at the fighting fish in the pet shops and watching the rattan weavers plait their baskets, when an overwhelming urge for candy gripped me. Now, I am perfectly aware what scorn a confession of this sort may arouse; a passion for sweets has subjected me for years to the derision of friends and family alike. Notwithstanding, at the risk of being classed as a leper, I can envisage circumstances under which one might prefer a peanut cluster to a pony of armagnac, when the craving for a caramel can become so keen as to amount to an obsession. That evening in the Penang Road was one of those occasions. I knew that unless I came by a gumdrop or a bit of licorice forthwith, it was goodbye Charlie. Short of murder, there were no lengths I was unprepared to go to for a piece of candy, and if murder was unavoidable, I was not going to let mere squeamishness stand in my way.

Luckily, nothing quite so drastic was necessary; scarcely fifty yards away was a fine confectionery store, loaded with all manner of goodies and run by an extremely obliging Chinese. Through whatever devious black-market channels, he had procured a supply of Swiss bitter chocolate, a delicacy esteemed by connoisseurs above white jade, and ten times as rare in the Orient. Purely as a stopgap, I purchased two economy-size bars, half a pound each of peanut brittle and crystallized ginger, and a dozen caraway cookies, and, assuring the proprietor that I would return the next day to lay in a real stock if they proved satisfactory, sprinted back to my room. I would have preferred to hold my debauch elsewhere than under a mosquito netting that kept entangling itself in the peanut brittle, but except for the light by the bed the room was bathed in dense shadow, and a man is entitled to see what he is eating. Nevertheless, and despite an uncomfortable suspicion that the affair was akin to a dormitory revel, it was a deeply satisfying experience, and, conscious, for the first time since landing on Penang, of a measure of contentment, I fell asleep.

My serenity was short-lived. The next morning at seven-thirty, as I sat up in bed gulping down the perpetual tea, potted-meat sandwich, and banana, I noticed a fuzzy, darkish line vibrating across the floor from the windows to the dresser. I dismissed it as some trifling myopia caused by my gluttony of the



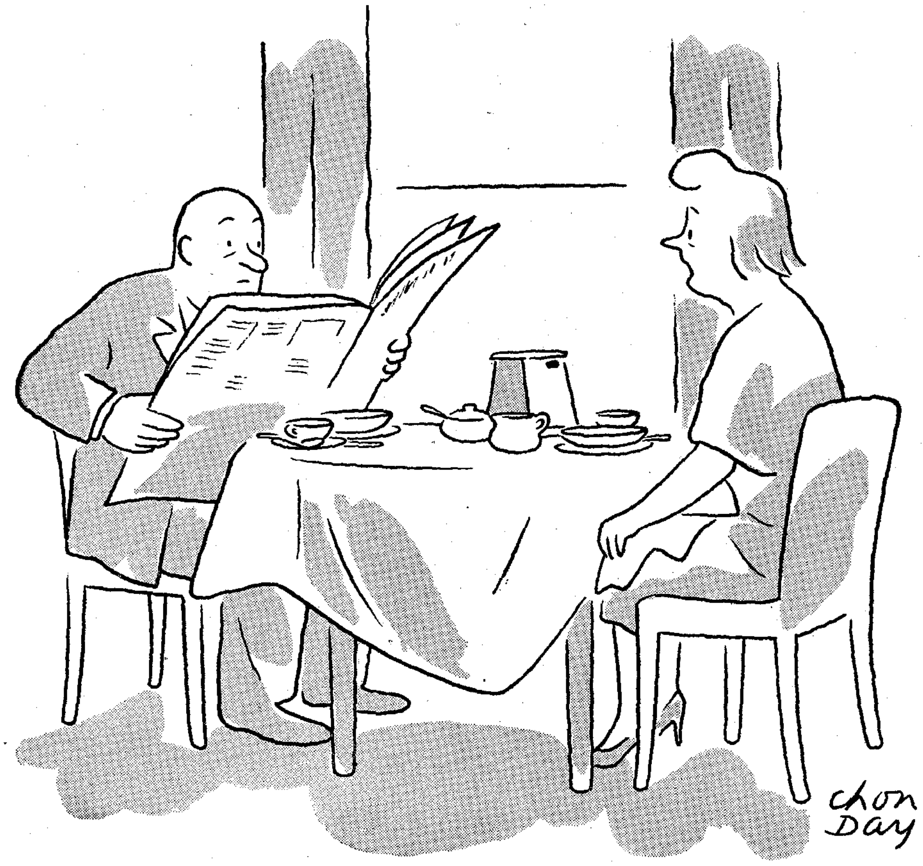
*"We've never believed in allowances. They have to earn every cent of their pocket money."*

• •

night before, but when it was still there an hour later, an obscure disquietude stole over me. It turned to horror when I investigated the bag of sweets I had left lying open on the dresser top. Swarms of tiny red ants were churning through the candy, purloining huge fragments of ginger and chocolate. Leaning perilously over the window sill, I could see their caravan extending three stories up the façade of the building, right to my quarters. In the first access of panic, I went numb. It seemed futile to join battle with an enemy, numbering into the millions, whose patience was proverbial and who knew the local terrain so much better than I. Then a cold fury possessed me. Nobody was going to deprive *me* of the one consolation I had found in this miserable backwater; I'd show the little red devils what American know-how is capable of under pressure. "Think you can bulldoze me, do you?" I cried. "Well, you wait, my friends. I've got a couple of tricks up my sleeve you never heard of, and, what's more, I have not yet begun to fight!"

By dint of searching over half of Penang that afternoon, I finally located a tinsmith's shop, where I bought a metal box about six inches long and four deep. It had a tight-fitting cover I was sure would exclude any marauders, but to make doubly certain I also provided myself with a roll of rubber bicycle tape. The Chinese candy merchant started making obeisances a full block away as I approached his bazaar. Though he exerted every possible blandishment, I waved aside the assortment of lozenges, lollipops, and peppermints he had prepared and bade him fill the box with a duplicate of my previous purchase.

If a single ant remained in my bedchamber when I got back to it, the sharp



"*I didn't say anything. That was yesterday.*"

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eye of the room boy had overlooked it. A penetrating odor of disinfectant hung over everything, including, to my particular chagrin, the mosquito netting, so my bedtime snack lost some of its savor. This was compensated for, however, by the triumph I felt as I sealed the box with the rubber tape and concealed it in a dresser drawer, before turning in. Maybe I wasn't pukka enough for those stuffed shirts in the lobby, I chuckled, but I could teach them a thing or two about ants.

My house of cards tumbled abruptly when I got up the following morning. Not only were the poachers back but they had insinuated themselves into the drawer and were rifling the box with complete contempt for the lid and the rubber tape. Their persistence might have moved me to admiration had I not been so thoroughly enraged. Apart from the shock to my vanity, it was clear a way must be found to circumvent them before they bankrupted me. At length, I hit on a solution that should have occurred to me earlier. There was one barrier they could never breach—a good, lethal insect powder. That night, equipped with a totally fresh batch of candy and a can of ten-per-cent DDT, I took special pains to render the box impregnable. I crisscrossed it with tape, sprinkled a moat of DDT around it, sealed the drawer itself with tape, and dusted the powder along the route the ants had followed. My slumber was chaotic and intermittent; twice I got up to reconnoitre, the second time just prior to dawn, but there was no sign of them. I sank back into bed suffused with an overpowering sense of relief. However costly the contest had been in self-esteem and nervous strength, victory was mine at last.

I pray I shall never again suffer the anguish I experienced when I opened my eyes and beheld the blurred, wavering column pulsating across the floor and up the front of the dresser. None of my obstacles had retarded the creatures in the slightest; on the contrary, to judge from their vigor and increased number, the DDT had stimulated them and whetted their appetite. They scurried in and out of the drawer, singing chanteys as they worked, pausing only to thumb their noses jeeringly in my direction. By the time the boy padded in with the tea, the sandwich, and the banana, I had recovered sufficient aplomb to consider the situation with some degree of detachment. I hesitated to employ the one remaining arrow in my quiver, and yet to quit Penang knowing I had been worsted by both man and beast would throw a pall over the rest of my journey. Using bribery and every scrap of pidgin I could muster, I explained to the boy that I wished a set of glass casters filled with gasoline placed under the legs of the dresser. The smirk that invaded his face clearly betrayed his opinion of white eccentricity and I could tell there would be high hilarity belowstairs, but I was hardly in a position to take umbrage. At the candy shop, buying the same merchandise the fourth day in a row, I cloaked my humiliation with an unnecessary display of brusqueness. Significantly enough, the sweetmeats no longer inflamed me as they had; in fact, I had difficulty in repressing a shudder when the storekeeper invited me to try a bit of nougat on the house, an offer that formerly would have brought the roses to my cheeks. On the way back to the hotel I filled in the keystone of the arch; I stopped in at the chemist's and bought a quart jar of ant paste.

WHAT the final outcome was, unfortunately, will have to remain a secret until I revisit Penang, which I plan to do the week of the millennium. Just before dinner that evening, as I was smearing ant paste on the candy and taping the entire front of the dresser, talking away to myself thirteen to the dozen, the desk clerk telephoned. My ship was in the harbor and was due to sail in two hours. He was afraid, he said anxiously, that I might have trouble getting aboard on such short notice. No fears were ever less well founded. Fifteen minutes later, a jagged flash, described by some as Halley's comet and by others as an ecstatic American bearing satchels, momentarily lit up the portico of the Western & Occidental Hotel and disappeared in the direction of the waterfront. I gave the room boy five Straits dollars and a Bombay mail address to let me know what he found in 318 the next morning, but I never heard from him. Beggar probably ate the candy, ant paste and all. That's the trouble with those natives—you can't depend on them. Pack of lazy, good-for-nothing loafers; if it weren't for our chaps out there, the whole lot'd go to the demnition bowwows. And this isn't hearsay, mind you. I've seen the thing with my own eyes. —S. J. PERELMAN

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The A. Drexel Dukes expect a small social registerite early next year and the Howard Fasts hope it will be a writer.
—*Danton Walker in the News.*

Why?

# JUST A MATTER OF TIME

CRAZY things like this probably happen all the time, and I suppose my reaction is just the same as anybody else's in the same position. At first, you think it just can't be, that there must be some simple explanation for the whole thing. Maybe Cromartie was drunk that night and just wrote down the wrong address by mistake. Or maybe it was his idea of a joke. But then, later on, you begin to wonder if there has to be a logical answer like that. Why not accept the simplest explanation of all? Anyhow, that's the way I look at it now. I've been thinking about it for months—time I wrote it down, while I remember it all. Anybody who wants to check up on me can ask Carol Cain. She was in on the beginning of it. And then there's my sister, down in Pennsylvania. You could ask her, though probably she just thought I was drunk or stupid the night I tried to take her to a place that didn't exist. Anyway, these are the facts, and you'll just have to accept them until I find Cromartie. And I *will* find him someday. I'm sure of that.

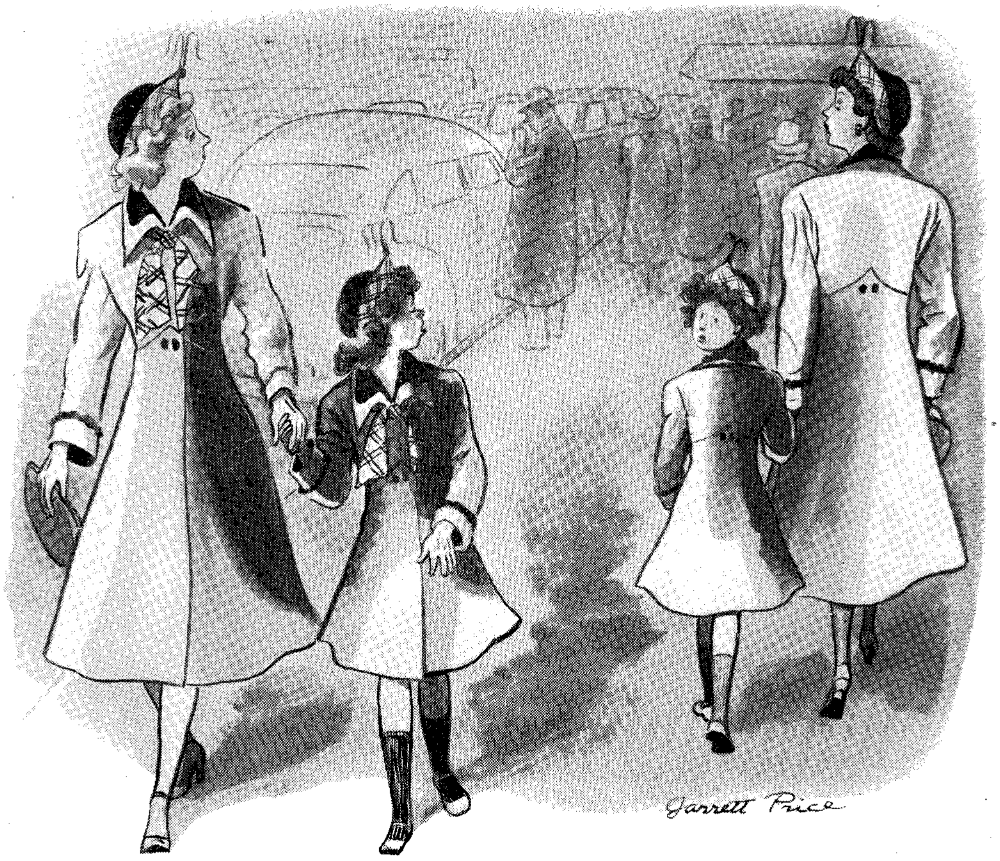
First of all, you have to know about me and Carol Cain. I guess, looking at it honestly, I have to admit that that's probably all over for good. But back last fall, Carol and I seemed pretty well set. It looked like a steady thing. And the funny part of it is that I can't say just what went wrong. I don't think it's the difference in our ages. I'm not what you'd call middle-aged yet—not in any way that matters. I've seen too many of my friends get out of touch with things in the last twenty years to let that happen to me. I can remember back when I used to see all my friends in the same places almost every night. And then they stopped coming. Some of them died or moved away, some got married, and some went broke for a while, but most of them just got out of the habit and stopped coming. Now I never see them any more. But I haven't let that happen to me. Right now, I can walk in anywhere and get a table—any place you mention. I see all the new plays, and I know all the interesting people. Why, there isn't a columnist in town I'm not on good terms with, and they treat me fine. They've never written a mean item about me yet.

I used to tell Carol these things, in a modest way, of course, but it just seemed to make her impatient. Sometimes, I think our breaking up had to do with my job as much as anything. Carol never wanted to know a thing about my work. I know that's fashionable with younger people nowadays. But there was a time when being a broker wasn't a bad joke, the way it is now. I tried to tell Carol that, too. "What's funny about a broker?" I'd say. But she never told me.

I'm putting that part down because this business started last fall, on the night Carol first got sore at me. I remember it was very early, no more than eleven, when I took Carol home. We'd been in one of the spots, but nothing had gone right all evening. Carol had picked up one of those earnest friends and they'd spent the whole evening talking about the atom bomb and Russia and Palestine. That sort of talk just leaves me limp with boredom, and as far as I can see, it doesn't accomplish a thing except make everybody nervous and irritable. Carol always went in for it, though, and it seems nowadays as if a person can't put in a friendly evening any more without talking about a lot of refugees and Reds and getting all neurotic about them. Anyway, Carol was no ray of sunshine that night, and as we drove down Park in a cab, she lit into me again for not saying anything all evening and drinking too much and being antisocial. *You* know. My God, me, Elliott Zachary, antisocial! That's a laugh. But I didn't argue the point.

I don't think we said much of anything the rest of the way, but just before we got to Carol's place, I tried to cheer her up a little. I said it was a damned shame that we hadn't kept prohibition. There used to be wonderful little places where a couple could go for a good dinner and some drinks and just have some friendly talk and a good, quiet evening together, but we voted them out of existence. Carol didn't go for it. When we got to her apartment, she said she was tired and she didn't want me to come in—no, not even for one, last drink. I couldn't very well ask her what had gone wrong—not right on the street—so I just said good night and walked off. I think that was the first time we'd ever left each other without making some kind of a date.

WELL, it was still early and I still needed a drink. I walked up Park, feeling damned low and sorry for myself, and on Fifty-fifth I went into a place I hadn't been to in years, just on the chance I might meet somebody from the old days who could cheer me up. But the restaurant was jammed, like so many places now, and it seemed to be a brand-new bunch—lots of kids and people who looked like out-of-towners. I even had to wait a few minutes before I could squeeze in at the bar. I ordered a drink and asked the bartender if Armando was around, but even he wasn't



## I WILL ARISE AND GO NOW

### OR, FREQUENT, YES; MODULATED, NO

In far Tibet
There live a lama,
He got no poppa,
Got no momma,

He got no wife,
He got no chillun,
Got no use
For penicillun,

He got no soap,
He got no opera,
He don't know Irium
From copra,

He got no songs,
He got no banter,
Don't know Jolson,
Don't know Cantor,

He got no teeth,
He got no gums,
Don't eat no Spam,
Don't need no Tums.

He love to nick him
When he shave;
He also got
No hair to save.

Got no distinction,
No clear head,
Don't call for Calvert;
Drink milk instead.

He use no lotions
For allurance,
He got no car
And no insurance,

No Winchell facts,
No Pearson rumor
For this self-centered
Non-consumer.

Indeed, the
Ignorant Have-Not
Don't even know
What he don't got.

If you will mind
The Philco, comma,
I think I'll go
And join that lama.

—OGDEN NASH

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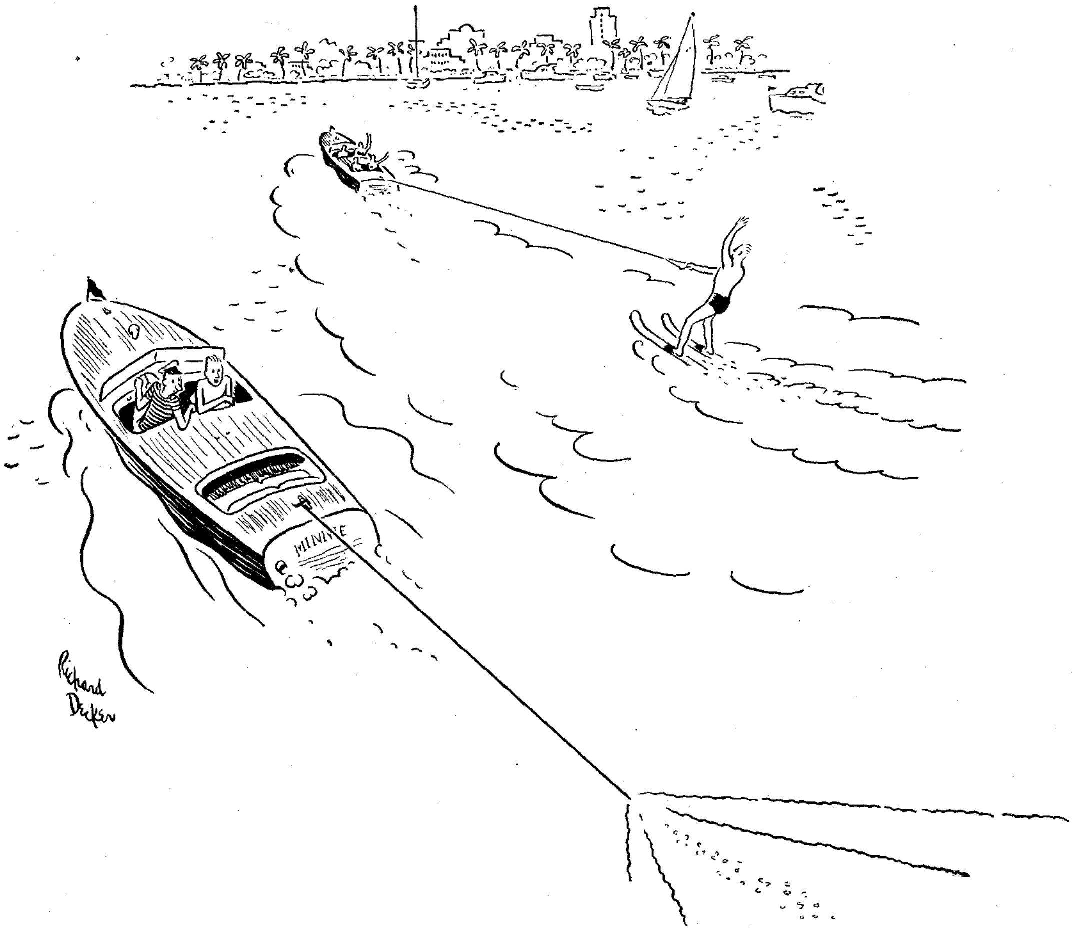
there—off in his place in the country, the barman said. Even the restaurant owners have to go to the country these days. I was looking around, trying to find somebody I knew, when right next to me at the bar I heard a man order a Bronx cocktail. I turned around and looked at him, because my God, I mean it had been a good fifteen years since I'd heard anybody order *that* drink. And he was a young fellow, younger than I. But not as young, it turned out, as I thought at first.

He must have noticed that I was looking at him, because all of a sudden he asked me if he could buy me a drink. I was embarrassed about being caught giving the double-o, but he bought a round and we started talking. I had taken him for an out-of-towner, but no. Turned out he lived in the city. "I'm in the advertising game," he said. I said, "Oh, a huckster?," but he didn't laugh. Then, just being friendly, I said, "Four-oh-five-oh-hubba-hubba-hubba-hubba-sold American," the way they do on the radio. But I decided he was touchy about advertising, because he just looked at me in a funny way and said, "I beg your pardon?" So I laid off. I told him I was a broker, and he asked if I knew anything good, which I thought was his way of ribbing *me*. We had another round, and I asked him if he knew Armando. He said he did, and I told him there was a time when I could have walked into Armando's any day of the year and found at least three or four of my friends there—friends that knew how to take a quiet drink without yelling and doing tricks with the silverware and spilling ashes on the tablecloth and arguing about the United Nations. Then he handed me a surprise. He started talking about this town, about this town in the old days, and, believe me, he knew it. He remembered little speaks and dives and headwaiters' names that I hadn't thought of in twenty years. The very same places I'd been trying to tell Carol about. It bowled me over, because he didn't look old enough to have been around then. We had a fine time there talking, and I almost asked him how come I hadn't seen him around any of the spots recently. But I figured maybe he'd been broke. I ended up telling him a little about how Carol and I hadn't been hitting it off so well and how I wished I knew a quiet little place to take her to for a change—any place that wasn't jammed with kids. While I was telling him, he began to smile, and when I'd finished, he tipped down his drink, pointed his finger at me, and said, "I've got just the place for you. C'mon. I'll phone up Leon and tell him about you, and you'll be in."

Right there, I made my mistake, in thinking that this stranger could tell me about a place in town I didn't know of. I should have kissed him off and gone home; then I never would have gotten into all this business. But he acted so sure of himself that I said fine. We walked past all the crowded tables to the phone booth in back, where he stepped in and made his call. I had a funny feeling there while this fellow was phoning; I suddenly caught myself wondering if this hadn't happened to me years before, maybe right in this same room, with me standing beside the phone while somebody (not a stranger but somebody I had known in college) was making arrangements for us to get in somewhere else. Maybe that was why we used to go out so much; it used to be so much more trouble and more fun to get into a new place. Then this man came out and handed me the receiver and I was talking to Leon. I felt like a hick, asking if there was any *possible* chance they could squeeze me in for dinner Friday night—just two of us. I felt like somebody in town for the first time. Leon said, "One moment, sir, while I speak to the boss," and left the phone off the hook. I guess the phone must have been in the bar, because there was an awful lot of talk and laughing going on. There was a girl right next to the phone talking very seriously, and I wish now I'd listened more carefully, to hear what she was saying. She sounded very young. But I could make out the tune somebody was playing on the piano; it was "Singin' in the Rain," very soft and slow. Then the man Leon came back to the phone and, yes, the boss said any friend of Mr. Cromartie's would be welcome, and he asked my name. I had to give it to him twice, because the first time he said, "Hold it a minute, will you? I can't hear anything in here when that 'L' goes



*"Maybe we aren't going fast enough."*

by." So I told him again, and I guess he must have known who I was, because he was very friendly.

Friend Cromartie was waiting for me at the bar and said he hoped everything had been O.K. Then he took out his wallet, pulled out one of his calling cards, and wrote the name and address of the place on the back. "I hope you can read it," he said when he handed me the card. "My friends keep telling me I write badly enough to enter that distinguished-handwriting contest." But I know there's no mistake about the address he wrote, because I still have the card with me, with "Hugh Cromartie" engraved on it—nothing else—and on the back "Mr. Leon at Ray's" and then "117 West 46th Street" and a Longacre telephone number, written in his handwriting. I stuck the card in my pocket, we had another drink, and then I said good night and went home. All that time with him and you'd think I might have asked him once where he lived. But I didn't.

NEXT day, I woke up thinking about my screwy reservation, and I called Carol and said how's for Friday night in this funny place. I tried to tell her how I'd heard about it, but she was still giving me the freeze and it was no dice. Then, a couple of days later, who should call up but my sister Belle, just in from Cynwyd for a big weekend on the town. Belle always expects a free evening from me when she visits, so I told her we could try this new place I'd just heard about, and she said fine.

I don't know to this day whether Belle thought I was drunk, or playing a trick on her, or what. But then I never have been able to figure out what she thinks about me. I picked her up at her hotel at eight, and she really looked quite pretty. Belle is always much nicer when she's away from that husband of hers. I gave the cabby the address Cromartie had given me, and I even began to think maybe it wouldn't turn out to be such a dull evening after all. But then we stopped in the middle of Forty-sixth, between Sixth and Seventh, and after I'd paid off the cab I turned around, and there we were in front of some big, modern building with a radio station in it, and Belle was looking sore.

I got out the card and checked the address again, but I'd told him right. There just wasn't any such place as Ray's—not that night, not at 117 West Forty-sixth. I was sore—sore at myself and at Cromartie—but I didn't even try to explain it to Belle, though she kept looking at me in that queer way sisters have, as if she thought I was losing my grip or something. We walked over to Times Square, where we finally ended up in one of those big Broadway spots. The evening got worse instead of better. The band gave me a headache and Belle just wouldn't go home until all hours.

I don't know what time it was that night when I suddenly sat up, completely awake and sober. I'd had a couple of aspirin and had been in a sort of sleep, but suddenly I was awake and thinking about that restaurant and that Leon on the phone. I remembered how it had sounded listening to the noise in that place, how the girl had sounded talking, and I remembered, sitting straight up in bed in the middle of the night, what the man had said on the phone: "I can't hear anything in here when that 'L' goes by."

Then I turned on the light and found the card with the address—117 West, all right. Between Sixth and Seventh. And the Sixth Avenue "L" has been down and forgotten for God knows how long. Ten, twelve years anyway. There was no point in doing anything about it in the middle of the night, but you can bet I stayed wide awake until morning. My Filipino almost fainted when I came out, dressed and shaved, at eight o'clock. I gave him Mr. Cromartie's card and told him to phone the number on the back and see if Mr. Leon or anybody was there. I had two cups of coffee while he tried to phone the place, but finally he told me he couldn't get anything but a busy signal. I decided that somebody must sleep there who left the phone off the hook until the place opened, so I took the card back and told him never mind. Then, just for the record, I went out and took a cab over to 117 *East*. There was no Ray's there, either, but I was sure Cromartie wouldn't have made a simple mistake like that.

The minute I got to my office, I decided to phone Ray's again, and then, of course, I discovered what the trouble was. I even started dialling LOngacre 8098, but then I put the receiver down again with a sudden chilly feeling. There weren't enough numbers. There *had* to be an exchange number. After

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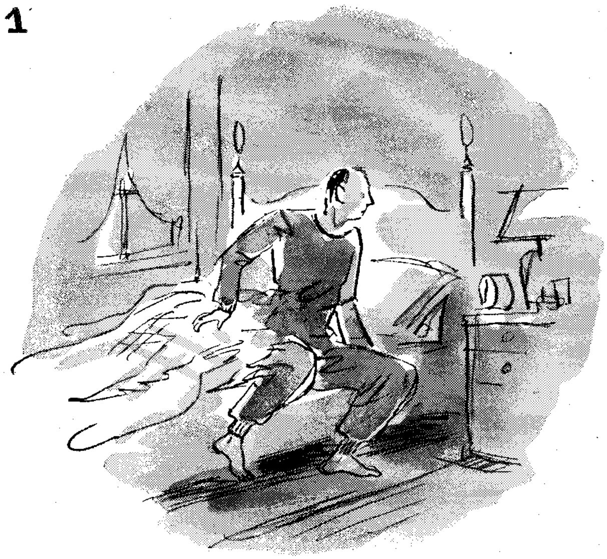

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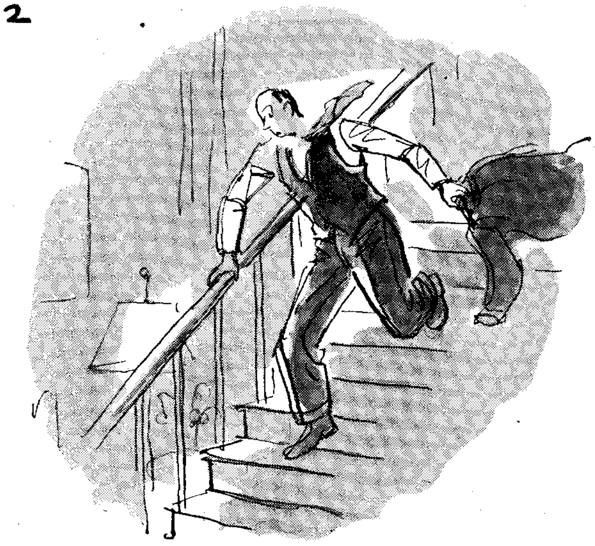

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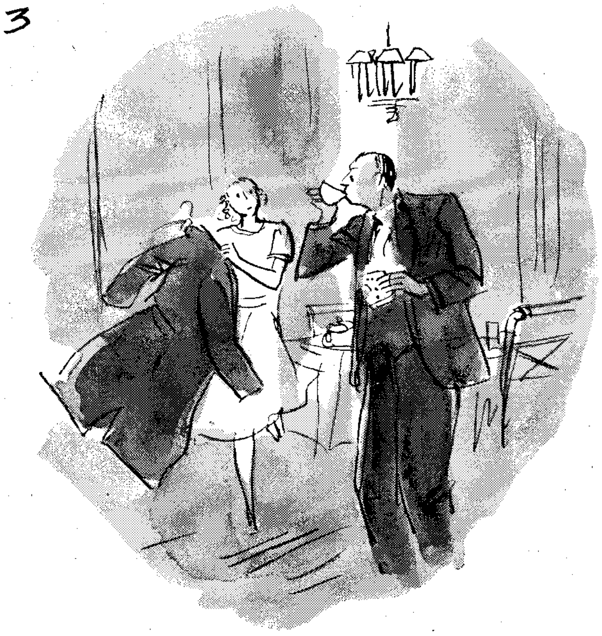

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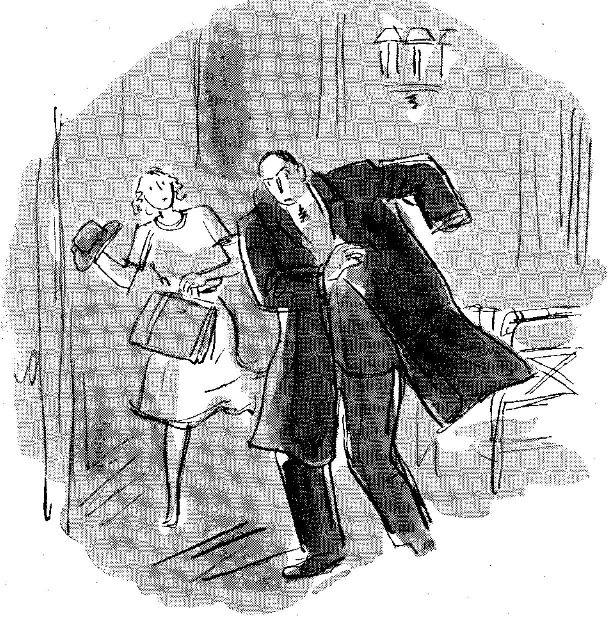

a while, I called the operator, and she told me I must want LOngacre 3- or LOngacre 5-8098. But I had been ready to dial L-O-N, which is LOngacre 6 if you look at your phone. And there's no such exchange. There hadn't been an L-O-N exchange since 1930; I called the phone company and they told me the date. I tell you, I haven't been dumb about this.

WELL, there you have it. At least, all that happened back there last summer, all the things I've been thinking about and wondering about ever since. And don't tell me it never happened. I'm a man who doesn't imagine things (you can't do that in my business), though I can tell you there have been some moments since last fall when I wondered about myself. But I have Cromartie's card; I have it in my wallet this minute. Of course, Cromartie's the one I've been thinking about. How come none of my friends in the advertising business have ever heard of him? And, come to think of it, how long has it been since I've heard anyone say, "I'm in the advertising *game*"? People don't say that any more. And, finally, there's Cromartie's crack about his handwriting—"that distinguished-handwriting contest." How did he remember that, just in casual bar conversation? It took me a couple of days before I could pin that one down; it was the Marlboro-cigarette handwriting contest—way back in the thirties, at least.

For a while, I thought Cromartie had played a joke on me. But then, why would he do that? It would be a bad joke, especially on a stranger. He had no reason to pull something like that on me. I decided I just had to find Cromartie again. The very next week, I went back to Armando's, but even Armando himself didn't know anybody by that name, though Cromartie had said he knew Armando. He wasn't in the phone book; I called the one Cromartie listed, but they didn't know my friend. Then I began taking a drink in some of the old places—any place that had been in business since before repeal—hoping Cromartie would drop in. But nothing doing. I've even watched the obits.

I did one funny thing. I had that guy so much on my mind, and the address and the phone number, that I even went back to Armando's again to make the phone call to Ray's. I just wondered if maybe on that one phone there Cromartie might not have been able to get some screwy connection on a nonexistent number, God knows to

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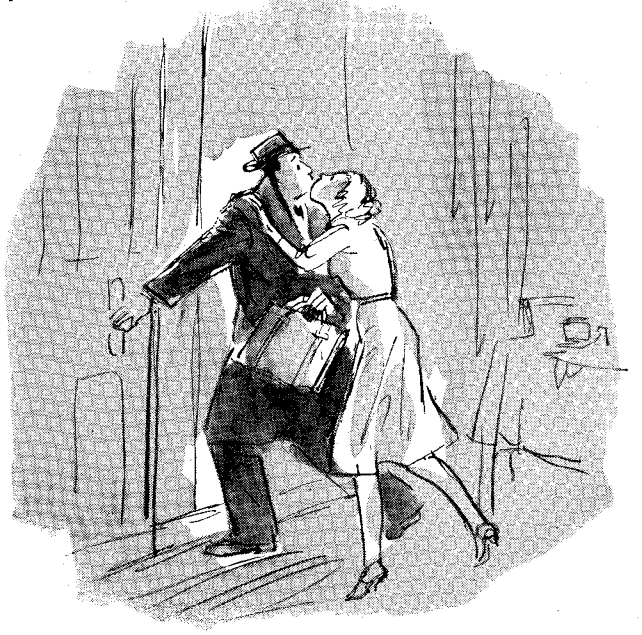

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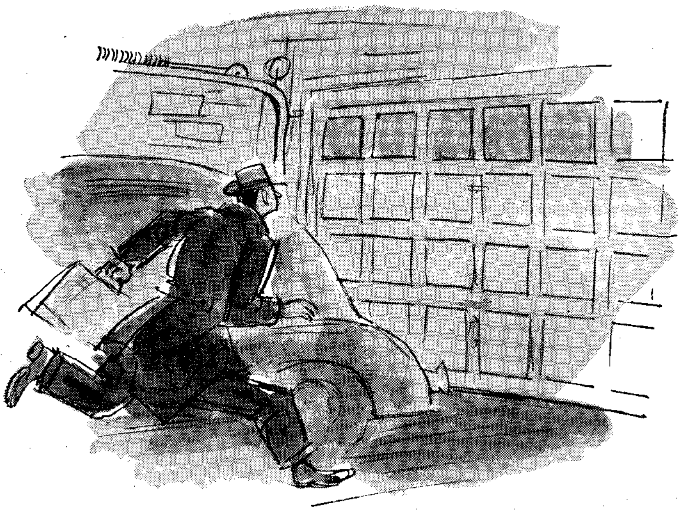

where. But of course it didn't work—not for me.

I'm going out now to look for Cromartie again. I don't know why, but I'm absolutely sure I'll find him, sooner or later. I thought I saw him the other day on Madison, but he got into a cab before I could cross the street. But that's probably the way I'll find him—just meeting him on the street somewhere, or in an elevator. In a town like this, you're always running across the same people, so it's just a matter of time. I'll meet him, and this time I'll make him come with me to the place.

I keep wishing I had listened to that girl over the phone when she was talking. If I had listened, I could have heard what she was saying, I'm sure, because she was right by the phone. I've got the idea she's probably a thin girl, like all the girls then, looking even younger than she is, with her face hidden under one of those round cloche hats. Everybody seemed much younger then. She probably talks about all the regular things people talked about then, and if I can meet her, I'll probably discover that she's very intense about them. I find I can remember them all very clearly, those old things people talked about then. Easy things, like Michael Arlen, and Grover Whalen, and Al Smith, and Lee Tracy in "Broadway," and "Why do you drink those awful Orange Blossoms in a good speak like this?" Oh, I'd be able to get along all right. Evenings go very fast there, I'm sure, and chances are they end up just the way they used to: "Shall we go on to Mino's or Connie's Inn, or would you rather just go straight on home?"

—Roger Angell

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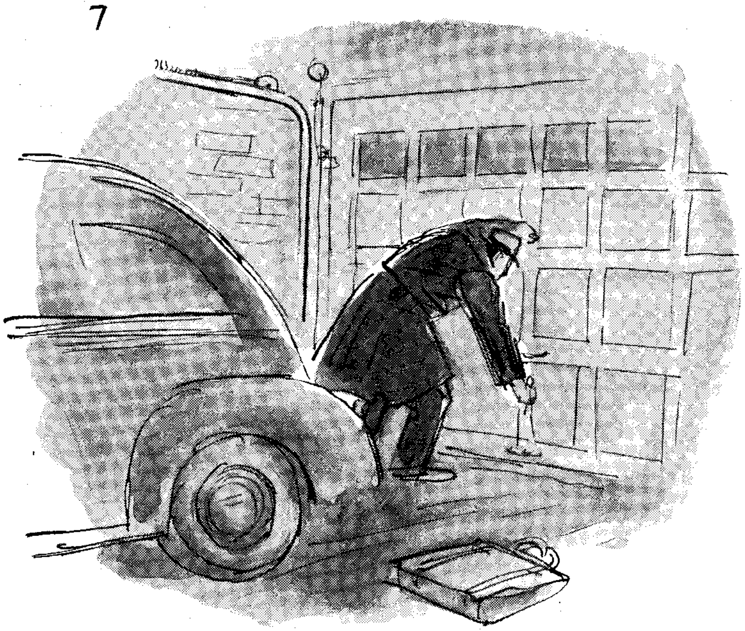

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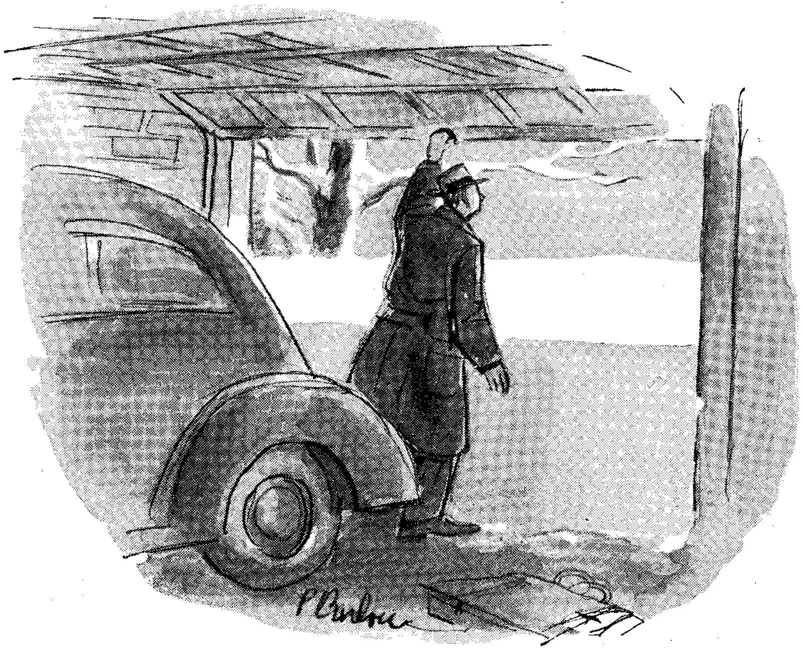
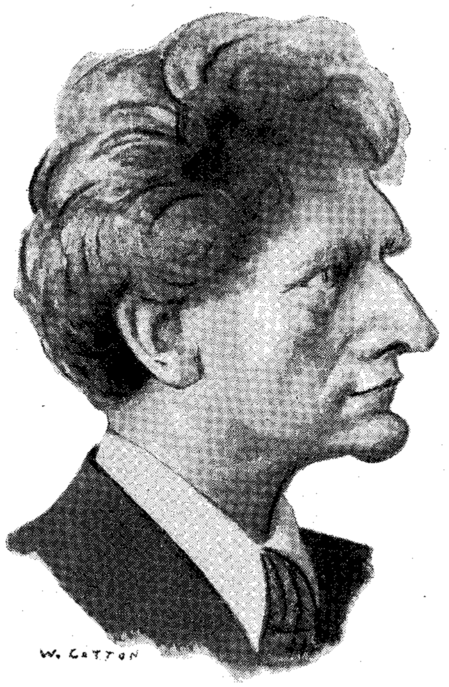




# PROFILES

## MUSICIAN

### II—THE RUNNING PIANIST

PERCY GRAINGER, the Australian-born pianist and composer, and his wife, Ella, live very simply in their modest home on Cromwell Place, in White Plains. The house has not been painted since Grainger bought it, in 1921. Neither he nor his wife, who writes poetry, paints, and occasionally writes songs, is particularly aware of the physical attributes of any place in which they live. They own another house, in Sussex, England, which is even less imposing than the establishment in White Plains. The Graingers built the Sussex residence themselves, carrying, in baskets strapped to their backs, stones and shells for its construction from a nearby beach. Not wishing to give it a manorial look, they equipped it with outdoor, or native-pine, plumbing. The house is at present occupied by Cyril Scott, the English composer and pianist. A much-travelled friend of the Graingers, recently trying to classify the Sussex place architecturally, said, "Well, it doesn't really fit into any of the formal categories. It's not so much a house as a kind of off-center enclosure." Whatever its shape, Scott is reputed to be very happy in it and is, according to Grainger, in the process of finishing some excellent new pieces, which are not likely to have any more shape than the house, since Scott, like Grainger, is a modernist who is out of sympathy with the orthodox musical forms.

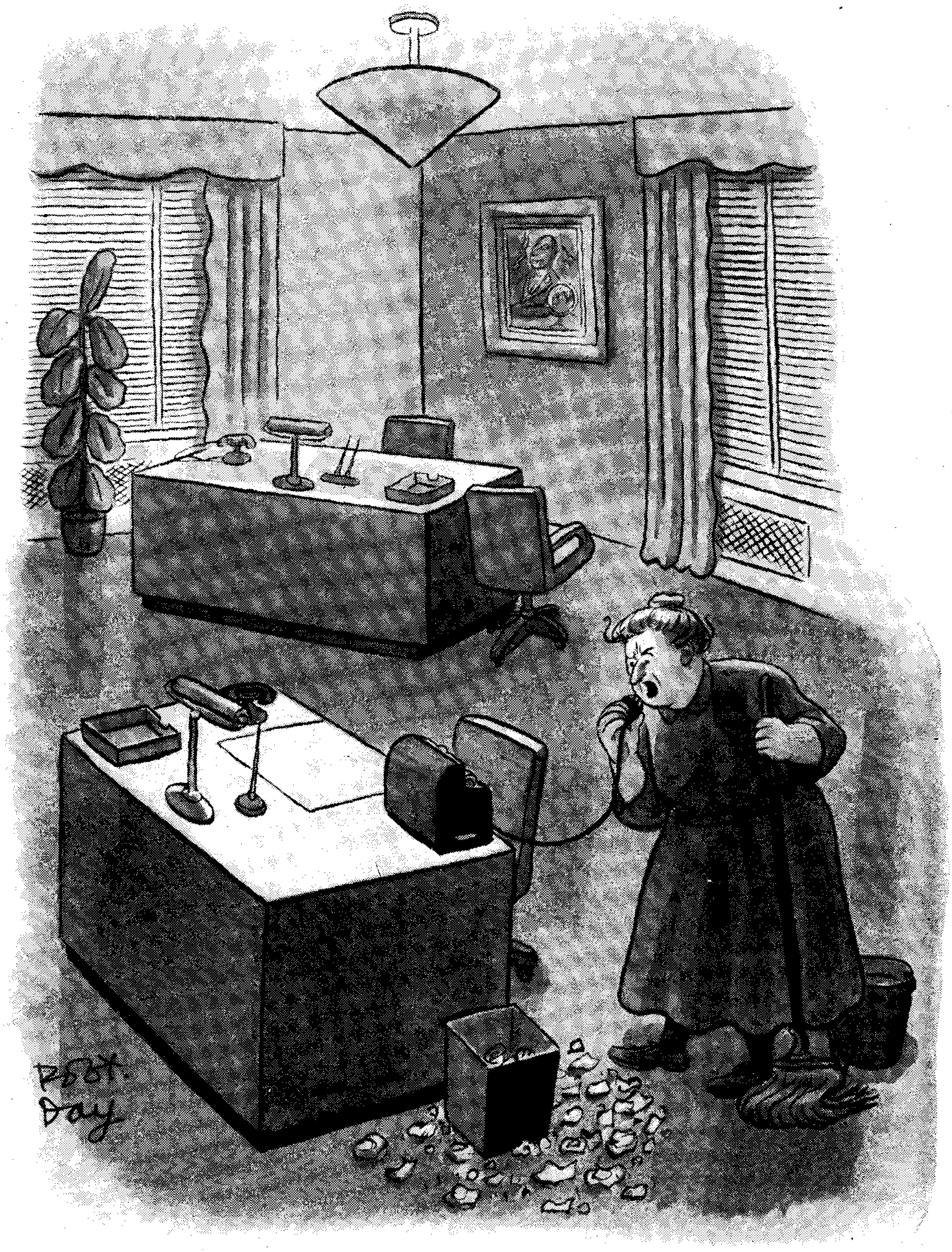
The Graingers' home in White Plains is chiefly a repository for musical instruments. Scattered through the living room, the entrance hall, and a sort of study are half a dozen marimbas, a saxophone, two pipe organs, a viola, a harmonium, three sets of Dutch bells, and an elderly upright piano. Both Grainger and his wife prefer an upright to a grand for the home, he because it provides a capital place to stow used laundry and she because it's handier to put vases and bric-a-brac on. As a rule, the piano has from one to six dead keys, a testimonial to Grainger's forthright style of practicing. He hates to practice—he hates to play the piano at any time—and does it with a look of bored resignation. A couple of months before the start of every concert season, he draws up the programs for all his appearances, submits them to his clients, and then, after they have been approved, begins to practice eight hours a day. "I have to practice more than most pianists, because I have almost no technique," he says. Mrs. Grainger always reads to him as he practices, usually from one of the Icelandic sagas, which he especially likes. "Ever since I can remember," he says, "I have been attracted to violence. Bloodletting in any form is a particular joy to me." People who know Grainger find a sharp contradiction in this sentiment, since he is notoriously gentle and mild, has been an outspoken opponent of war, and cannot even bear to eat meat. Asked to explain his tempered approach to violence, he sometimes says, "I ceased being interested in wars when they grew away from hand-to-hand fighting. I'm against the present-day kind."

Now and then, in a confessional humor, Grainger further clarifies his personal reaction to violence. "Actually, I'm so shy I wouldn't say boo to a goose," he said not long ago. "I'm shy of audiences, too. As I stand in the wings waiting to go on, I'm doing one of two things—wondering if it wouldn't be easier to shoot myself than walk to the piano, or phrasing a speech of apology in case they start to hiss." When Grainger receives an especially fine tribute to his playing, he seems genuinely surprised. Several years ago, after a vacation trip to Europe, during which he played privately for several of his musician friends, he had a letter from Frederick Delius, the English composer, who wrote, "How kind of you to offer to play to me! I will tell you quite frankly that I very seldom have had such pleasure from piano playing as I have from yours. I find it so extremely musical, masterly, and without the slightest affectation or pose. Your delicate nuancing is quite a revelation to me; for years I have heard nothing but thump, thump, thump! I can only say that you cannot play too often for me, and I am only afraid of abusing your kindness. Do come again soon and play me a lot more Grieg, some of which I do not even know, and some more Bach—I got such a thrill over Bach the other night and Jelka [Mrs. Delius] loved it so much, too!" When Grainger read the letter, he was profoundly touched. "What a charitable fellow Delius is!" he exclaimed to a guest in his house. "He has always been one of the most generous of men."

Grainger would like to give up the piano and concertize, as the professional phrase goes, with the viola, an instrument he has been studying lately. He recently bought a second-hand viola in a pawnshop and, after several practice sessions, removed three of the strings and replaced them with violin strings, which are much lighter. His sawing at the viola had been so vicious that he frequently broke the strings, and when they snapped they marked up his face pretty badly. The violin strings, being lighter, are comparatively harmless. His viola sessions, Grainger admits, are going slowly; the instrument is tougher than it looks. In fact, a friend has summed up his progress by saying, "The viola's limitations being what they are, it would be virtually impossible to wring from it noises any more dreadful." Vehement assaults on a musical instrument come easily to Grainger, because, at sixty-five, he is more than ordinarily muscular. Rigged up in his living room is a chinning bar, upon which he works continually, swinging, pulling himself up and down, and skinning the cat. Mrs. Grainger also exercises on the bar, but her repertory is fairly well restricted to hanging and swinging. Grainger feels that his bar work strengthens his hands for piano playing, and he considers chinning an all-around body conditioner. His ideas on exercise, and on piano practicing, are subject to change. "I believe that energy is the cure for most evils," he said in an interview several years ago, "and in most cases the greatest pianists, such as Paderewski and Hofmann, are distinguished from the lesser by their greater energy. In my experience, technique is acquired and preserved by loud, slow practice, using, for the most part, stiff fingers, stiff hands, stiff wrists, and at the slowest practical tempo—generally one-half the speed of the final performance. This kind of work I find invaluable for increasing endurance. My practice is so vigorous that I sweat freely while at work and find that this sustained effort, continued for three to five hours daily, as close to an open window as possible and preferably in a draft, makes other exercise, indoor or out, unnecessary in my case." Grainger now practices more than five hours, and does his other exercises too, but he still enjoys drafts. He also likes to be cold. He has never owned an overcoat, and he starts each winter with the intention of getting by without heat in his house, though he has a workable coal furnace. During an average October, he keeps all the windows open and says he feels wonderful; in November, he closes the windows and wraps up in some sweaters; by the middle of December, nearly frozen and with the heartiest kind of backing from his wife, he descends, a little creakily, to the basement and gets a fire going.

The décor of the Graingers' house is built around several paintings by Mrs. Grainger, two of the largest of them being portraits of herself and her husband wearing clothes they made out of bath towels. Both the Graingers prefer towel clothing to any other kind; they picked up the idea from a woman in New Zealand during a trip there. Whenever they run across any particularly bright-hued towels, they buy a batch and sew up some new clothes, principally shorts, jackets, skirts, and capes. "They're really the only thing for both summer and winter wear," Grainger says. "They're so porous they're cool in summer, and in winter they're as warm as Eskimo clothing." Neither of the Graingers wears towels much on the street. "I would prefer to appear in them at concerts," he says, "but it might cause talk and that would mean injecting my personality into the music. I am against the injection of personality into music of any kind. Furthermore, I have always hated my personality—it's one of the most unfortunate I've ever encountered." The house contains two other pictures that the Graingers prize highly. One is a good-sized charcoal sketch that Sargent did of Grainger when the pianist was in Europe one summer, and the other is a colored photograph of Gustav of Sweden, which the King gave to Mrs. Grainger. The Graingers are very fond of Gustav and speak of him affectionately. "Dear Gustav," Mrs. Grainger often says. "He is such a *nice* king, and he plays such nice tennis!" The Graingers keep most of their valuable possessions in two fireproof rooms in the basement. The majority of his manuscripts, as well as many manuscripts of other composers, are stored there, together with various letters, other documents, and miscellaneous keepsakes. Grainger has been working for fifteen years on his autobiography, at the rate of several thousand pages a year, and he has stacked all this material in his fireproof rooms. He worries about fire, and he has photostatic copies made of everything, to be divided between the two rooms. He even has his wife do copies of all her paintings. Grainger does not think that his autobiography will ever be printed. "Certainly it won't be published during my lifetime," he says. "I would be put into prison immediately." If he is questioned about the nature of this considerable work, he explains only that "there are many disagreeable things to be said about everybody, and they ought to be said."

GRAINGER spends a good deal of time in his fireproof rooms, going through his manuscripts and thinking of all the pieces that, over the years, he might have written if he could have found the time. As a composer, he occupies a unique, lofty, and highly controversial position in the world of music,



*"Where were you brought up—in a stable?"*

but his composing, since his childhood, has been involved in a titanic conflict with his playing. Driven by two powerful creative fires, he has found his life a continuous struggle and something of a nuisance. He was born, George Percy Grainger, in Melbourne, Australia, in 1882. Later on, feeling that there wasn't much to recommend George, he dropped it and adopted, as a middle name, his mother's maiden name of Aldridge. His father, John Harry Grainger, a government architect and engineer, had come to Australia from England, and his mother, Rose, was a native of Adelaide. Grainger's father had a migratory turn of mind and left home for good when Percy was seven, afterward turning up in England. "Father was an interesting fellow," Grainger says, "although a confirmed drunkard." Percy's mother, who was talented in nearly all the arts, began giving piano lessons to support herself and her son. "My life with Mother was an artistic treat," he said recently. "She gave me music lessons, read to me from the classics, and took me to cultural events of every kind. I appreciated it, but I was more concerned with hopping streetcars." Grainger was an intense and sensitive child, but he was also rugged physically, and his mother spent considerable time dragging him off streetcars. Eventually, he struck a bargain with her; he would practice at length six days a week and be permitted to hop cars all day Sunday.

Grainger's formal education was of short duration, even by the Australian standards of that time. He quit school after three months, because the other boys were given to torturing hens. "There was some sort of truancy rule," he said the other day, "but I don't think any official investigation was ever made of my case." His mother's tutelage, he believes, provided him with a better education than he could have got in school. For a while, she bore down pretty heavily on a couple of Icelandic sagas, and Grainger emerged from these sessions with a plan for his life work. "I decided to get hold of some money," he says, "then go to Iceland, establish a kingdom, abolish firearms, and return to murder by hand." His mother, a woman of keen insight, quickly saw the flaws in this plan and stepped up his music lessons. The boy's early work at the keyboard gave positive indications of genius. He was able to improvise endlessly on themes by such musicians as Mozart and Haydn, and he began to compose pieces of his own. By the time he was six, he had become a neighborhood sensation, and when he was eight, his mother took him to play for Louis Pabst, a concert pianist of that period. Pabst predicted a great future for Percy and then played four Bach compositions for him. This incident, Grainger says, marked the real beginning of his love for music. He started to practice without duress, and he even laid off the streetcars for several Sundays in a row. A year later, he played at one of Pabst's concerts, attracting favorable comment from the critics. Grainger gave his first solo recital, in Melbourne, when he was ten. It was a crashing success, although many critics expressed mystification over some of the numbers. The trouble was that by then Grainger had decided to become a composer rather than a pianist, and he was acquiring a resentment of playing that has been with him ever since. Consequently, he gave several of the pieces he played a somewhat cavalier treatment, omitting passages, substituting cadenzas of his own, and forming hybrid compositions, such as a Schubert beginning joined to a Chopin middle and a Beethoven ending. "On the whole," he says today, "the program was amazingly well received."

When Percy was twelve, his mother took him to Germany to study. She made money by giving English lessons, and installed her talented son in Dr. Hoch's Conservatorium of Music, in Frankfurt. "It sounded important, but it wasn't very good," he says. "I learned almost nothing in it." His mother's original plan in going to Germany was to have him study with Clara Schumann, the widow of Robert Schumann, but Mme. Schumann died shortly after they arrived in the country. Despite Grainger's low opinion of his school, he managed to learn a great deal in Frankfurt, which was then one of the chief centers of German music. He fell in with a group of young English music students, including Cyril Scott, Balfour Gardner, and Roger Quilter, who were beginning to influence modern music with advanced ideas about form, harmony, and rhythm. They had a lasting effect on Grainger; primarily, they made him dissatisfied with the accepted musical concepts, but they also gave him a nationalistic feeling about music. "Up to then, I thought music had to be written by Germans," he says. "I began to wonder if Englishmen and Australians couldn't write some, too." One of the happiest incidents of his German period occurred when he was cleaning a bicycle sprocket. Whirling the chain, he stuck his right hand in to stop it and clipped off the end of the index finger. For a time, it appeared that he might have to give up the piano. Unfortunately, in his opinion, he found that he could play without handicap when the wound healed. Grainger and his mother stayed in Germany for nine years, during which period he branched out from Dr. Hoch's and studied with the famous pianist Ferruccio Busoni. He particularly enjoyed his acquaintance with Busoni, though not as much as Busoni did. "It was based on ridicule," Grainger says. Under the influence of his English friends, he was becoming increasingly eager to compose and correspondingly less interested in playing. This irritated Busoni, who began calling in all his students when Grainger arrived for a lesson. "We will now listen to Mr. Percy Grainger, who does not like to practice, play some octave runs," Busoni would announce, then, nodding to Grainger, cry, "So! Lay on!" "My runs were, and still are, quite awful," Grainger says. "Busoni would laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks. I laughed, too. We all enjoyed it thoroughly." Grainger's ragged octaves were, however, often followed by an encore, very different in mood. "Sometimes Percy would then play a slender little piece of Bach's or Mozart's," a musician who knew him in Germany said recently, "playing it with that wonderful feeling that is certainly the essence of his genius, and Busoni's students would spontaneously burst into applause. They used to call Percy the Kreisler of the piano. It made Busoni furious. He was a terribly jealous man."

In 1900, Grainger and his mother made a trip to London, where they visited, briefly, his father. Shortly after they returned to Frankfurt, Mrs. Grainger fell on an icy pavement and injured her back; as a result, Percy was forced to start earning money. He began by filling in as an extra attraction at vocal recitals. It was easy work, and he loathed it. "They liked me," he says, "and it frightened me. I felt an obliga-

SIGNALS SET FOR 25 M.P.H.

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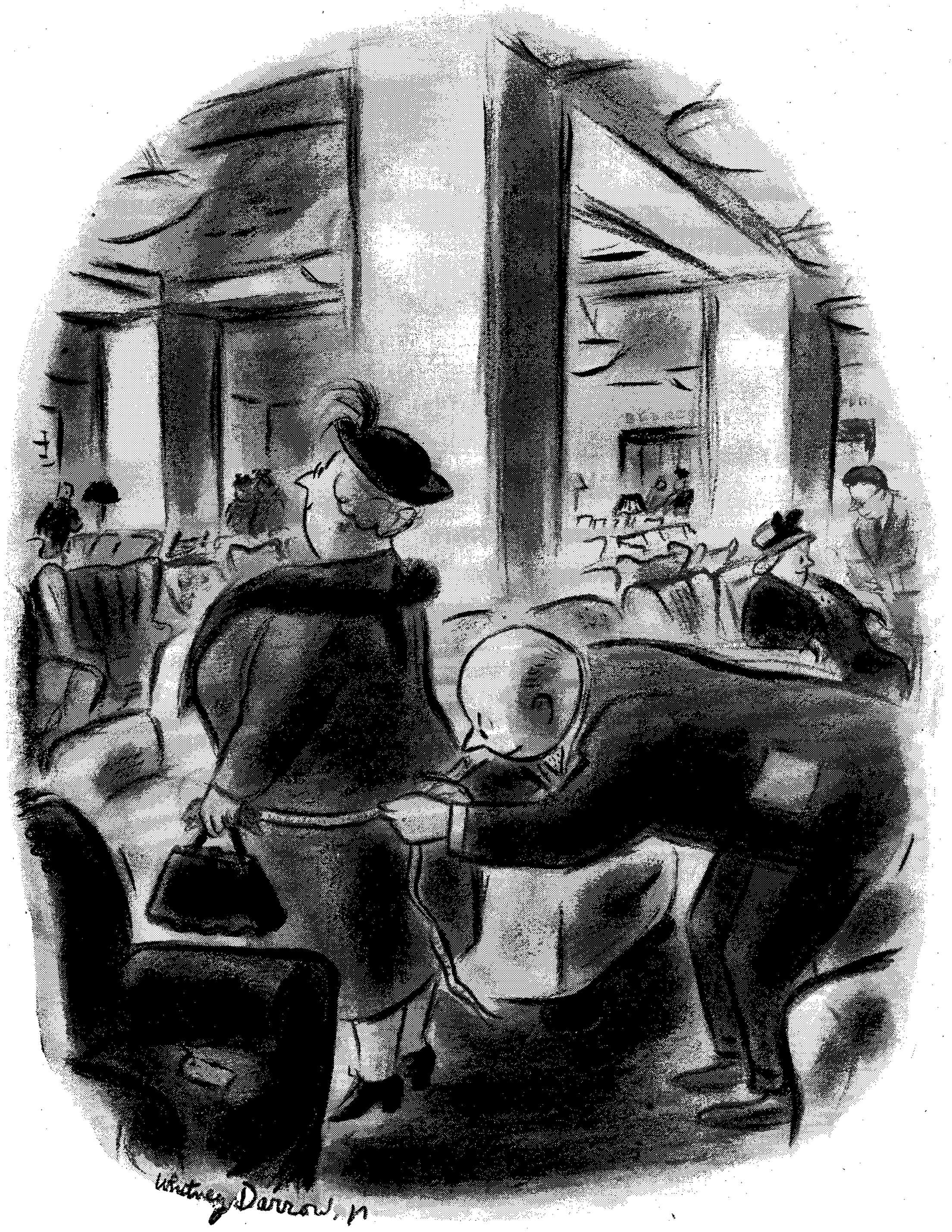
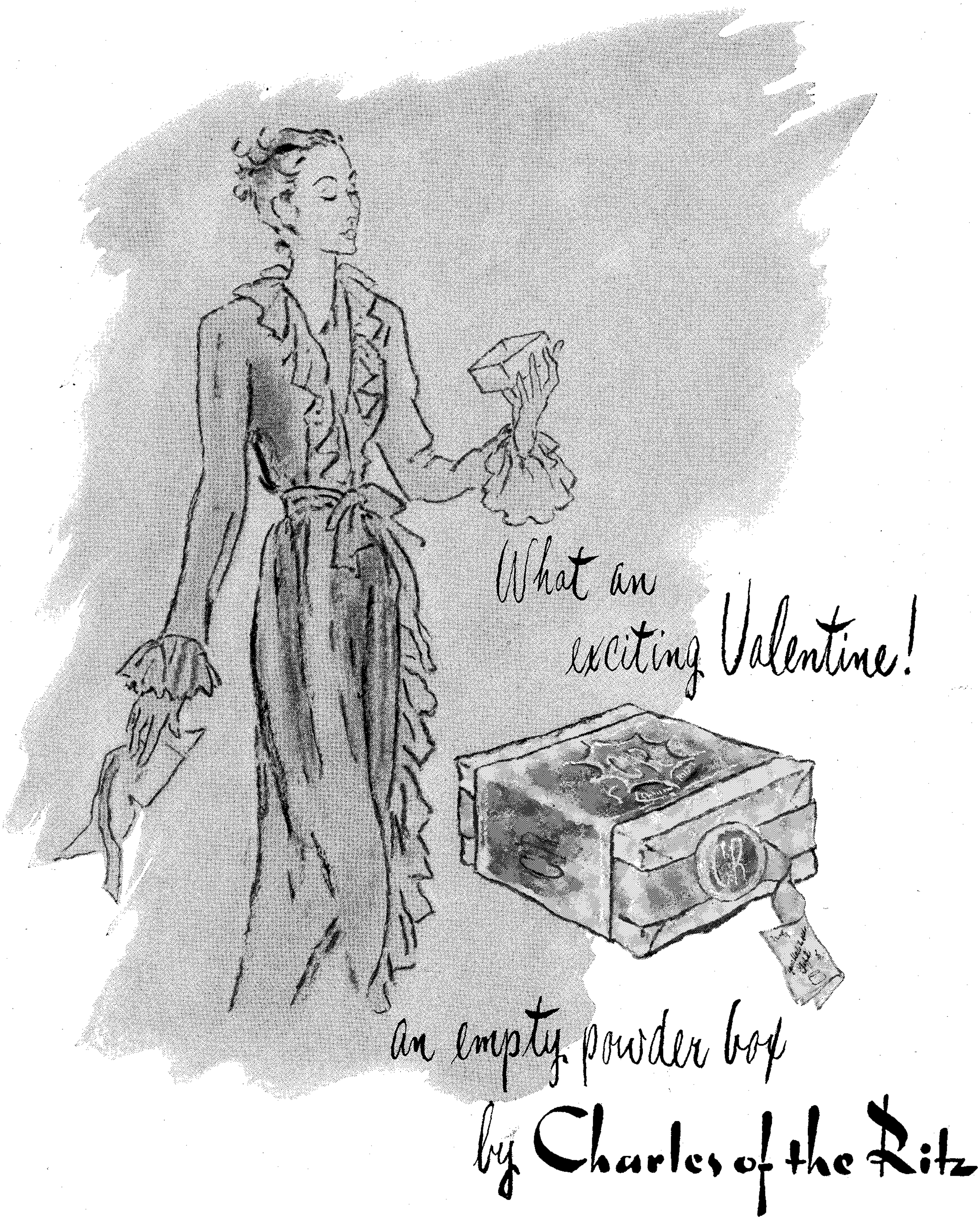
tion to play well." Within a couple of years, he got an engagement in London, and there he and his mother, whose injury had nearly healed, settled for a time. Grainger's first widespread acclaim came in England. Twenty years old, of a remarkable appearance, with a child's face, a tumbled shock of bright-orange hair, the unmistakable expression of a zealot, and a disposition to behave without inhibition, he attracted listeners in large numbers. They came to hear him play, but they also came to admire his offhand manner. From all accounts, he played beautifully, but he took prodigious liberties with even the most sacrosanct compositions. Once, as he was playing the Schumann Concerto in A Minor, his memory, which he has never made any special effort to cultivate, failed him, and for the last two movements he substituted a new work of his own. In this period, too, he started addressing impromptu remarks to the audiences, on any subject that came to mind. Increasingly dismayed by the success he was encountering, he supplemented his art with physical activity. He ran from his house to all his concerts in London, attired in shorts and carrying his evening suit under one arm. The English newspapers began to refer to him as "the running pianist." In 1901 and 1902, in Frankfurt and London, he started in on his first long orchestral compositions, "Hill Song I" and "Hill Song II," which express how he feels about hills. They were not performed immediately, since he had made up his mind to let all his compositions age for fifteen years, a decision he reversed eight years later. Written for groups of wind instruments, the "Hill Songs" are played infrequently today because of their extreme technical demands on the instrumentalists. After a rendition of one of them last spring by Francis Resta and the United States Military Academy Band, Grainger wrote to a friend, "The work is almost prohibitively difficult, and I never expected to hear it so faultlessly played. That Captain Resta was able to do it is a proof of his transcendent genius."

As the English concert audiences continued to hail Grainger's playing, he got fed up. "It was a terrible time of my life," he says. "I found myself beginning to be lionized. I got out by signing on with Ada Crossley, the Australian singer, for a tour through Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa." Grainger had a good time on the tour, which lasted a year and included nearly three hundred concerts. Two days out at sea from Southampton, he requested permission from the skipper to help stoke the ship. He shovelled pretty steadily for three days, and then went to bed with severe whitlows, a fairly painful fingernail malady. For a while, the ship's physician feared that Grainger would have to give up playing indefinitely, and Grainger felt encouraged. The whitlows healed without complications before the ship arrived at Cape Town, however, and he played a concert there, his performance being well up to his usual mark. A couple of mornings later, after appearing in shorts and announcing that he would walk to the next recital, which was quite a distance upcountry, he disappeared into the bush, and the concert people began to think about hiring some beaters. Not long before curtain time that evening, Miss Crossley, who had already arrived by train, was sweeping the horizon with binoculars when she spotted a small party of Zulu tribesmen approaching across the plain. Grainger, scratched up a little, was ankling along behind them. His longest walk in South Africa, which started after a concert on a Friday and ended, just before his next concert, at seven o'clock Saturday evening, was between Pietermaritzburg and Durban, a distance of sixty-five miles. Despite the earlier scratches, he did this stint in shorts too. "Late-comers at the box office," wrote a critic, "were surprised to see the antipodean pianist in this unexpected garb."

When the tour was finished, Grainger went back to London and resumed giving recitals there. He was now obliged to support his father, who had just become an invalid. His engagements in England became more and more successful. "I was about half famous," he says. "It was horrible." To get his mind off his growing success, he developed an interest in folk songs. In 1906, he met Grieg, who was visiting London, and the two men had long discussions about the desirability of preserving folk music. The meetings were important ones for both of them; Grieg thereafter eulogized Grainger's piano playing, and Grainger propagandized for Grieg's folk pieces, which had been under attack. Not long after they met, Grainger pitched into folk music on a large scale. Carrying a portable phonographic recorder, he tramped the British Isles searching for folk singers. It was an interesting time for Grainger, and for England. He went at the collecting with the full strength of his inordinate zeal. Mostly, he walked from hamlet to hamlet, carrying his machinery. Hearing that a man named, say, Gaffer O'Doone, living in Lower Frothingham, was the current repository of several ancient tunes, Grainger would rout him out. When O'Doone, who might be having a cup of broth after a day's haying, answered the door, he would eye his bushy-haired visitor with great suspicion. "You O'Doone?" Grainger would say, getting down to business, and if the man admitted it, he would ask, "You know a song called 'The Tinker's Revenge'?" If the man owned up to this, too, Grainger might cry, "Come on out and sing, O'Doone. I've got three more calls to make tonight." Many of the villagers refused to coöperate, and one or two threatened to call a constable. "They are not always ready to share their knowledge," Grainger told a reporter in this period. "Sometimes one has to coax or to buy, and sometimes they will refuse no matter what the price." He developed a wonderful ingenuity at subterfuge. In one instance, when an old lady balked about giving him an especially coveted tune, he stayed in the neighborhood for several days, courting her daughter. At length, with the daughter's connivance, the old lady sang the song one evening, but she little dreamed that the pesky Grainger was under a nearby bed copying the words down by hand. Some of the villagers were sensationally helpful. One man became so enthusiastic that he wrote the words of an entire song on a wall of his thatched hut while Grainger sat in a corner sipping tea. When the man was finished, he ripped off nine feet of wallpaper, which Grainger tucked under his arm and carried away. He still has it. Besides being a valuable gift per se, it gave the pianist a splendid example to follow. During his later concert tours, Grainger was to write some of his most graceful phrases on the walls of hotels where he stopped overnight.



In the next few years, Grainger continued to develop elaborations of folk tunes, both English and Scandinavian, but, in line with his plan to hold his work for fifteen years, he did not allow any of them to be published. He also made one more concert tour to Australia with Ada Crossley. In 1907, Grieg died, and several memorial concerts were given in Norway and Denmark, with Grainger as soloist. In 1909, at the insistence of Frederick Delius and Edward Elgar, Grainger allowed one of his compositions, "Irish Tune from County Derry" (famous as the "Londonderry Air"), to be performed in public. The occasion was the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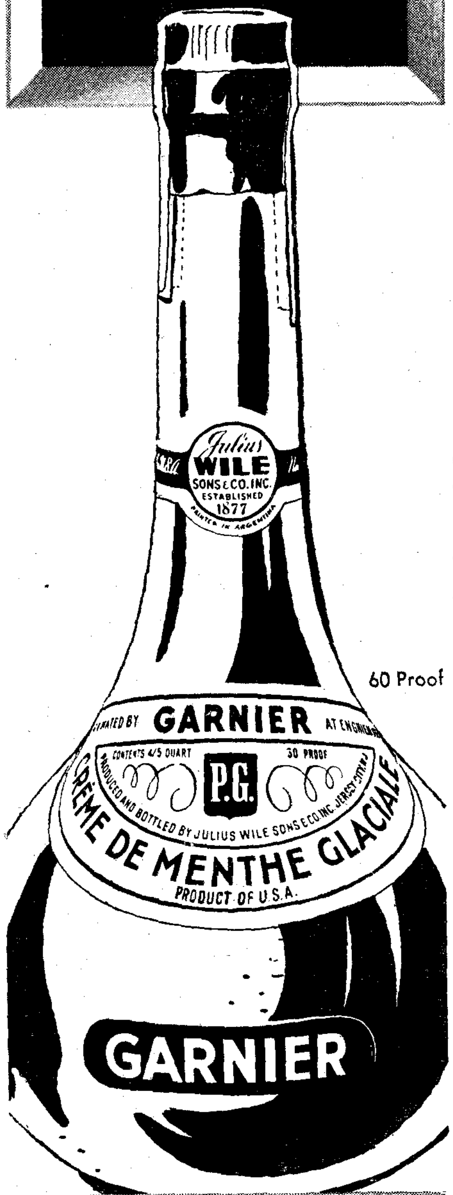

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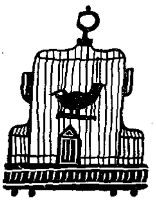
first Festival of British Music, and the number was sung by the Welsh Choral Union Choir. Grainger, inconspicuously seated in the audience, expected the worst. "It was a quiet, dreamy air," he has said, "and I imagined that everybody would hiss loudly." At the conclusion of the number, the audience stood up, applauding wildly, and shouted for the composer. Although, as a reluctant pianist, Grainger was hardened to acclaim, he now was seized with violent stagefright, or buck ague, and, dashing to a nearby circular staircase, he clambered rapidly to the organ loft. The most frenzied importunings of the crowd failed to bring him down. "I was both frightened and outraged," he has explained. "I realized that I could have started publishing my things years before."

FOR some reason, Grainger's success as a composer made him feel a little better about playing the piano. In the next five years, he made annual concert tours through England, Scandinavia, and Holland, and was received everywhere with immense enthusiasm. "The only trouble was," he says, "I was under a constant obligation to improve my technique. I had to practice far into the night to play with any accuracy whatever." His compositions, which were now being published, were selling well in both Europe and America. In 1914, when he was thirty-two and an established European celebrity, he and his mother decided to visit the United States. Upon their arrival, in September, they visited Rudolph Schirmer, whose music-publishing house was finding Grainger's compositions highly salable. Schirmer told Grainger he needed a manager, and suggested Mrs. Antonia Sawyer, a famous contralto, who had begun to handle a few concert artists as her own career waned. In her memoirs, "Songs at Twilight," published in 1939, two years before her death, Mrs. Sawyer wrote, of her introduction to Grainger, "He looked a very young man and seemed quite indifferent to my questions." She made arrangements for his first appearance before the American public, and later noted in her book, "The recital was given in Aeolian Hall before a most distinguished audience; Society was out in full force and every artist in New York was there. James Huneker called him 'the young Siegfried,' adding, 'I wish we had an operatic tenor who looked the part so well.' The *Evening Sun* wrote, 'This young Siegfried, with his tawny mane, is bound to be lionized.' Finck [Henry Finck, of the *Post*] said, 'He makes the contrapuntal web of a Bach fugue as clear to the ear as a piece of lace to the eyes.' " Of all the successful facets of the performance, the one that touched Mrs. Sawyer most was the impressive reticence of Enrico Caruso, who was a far from backward man. "He came to the recital with three other artists," she wrote, "and sat all the afternoon in the rear of the box. Nothing that anyone could say was able to induce him to take a bow or make himself known. His remark was 'This is Grainger's recital.' "



From the beginning, Grainger was a refreshing addition to the American musical scene. For one thing, musical geniuses were traditionally given to frightening outbursts of temperament. Grainger's behavior at a concert, though good-humored, indicated that he felt a little sorry for everybody mixed up in the business. "No artist has ever been more considerate," Mrs. Sawyer wrote, "and I love to see him, after a performance, shake hands with the conductor. He is so cordial and so very sympathetic with the members of the orchestra and is much beloved by them." Thinking this remark over a while ago, Grainger said, "My cordiality was due to the fact that the concert was concluded." The *Evening Sun's* prediction was quickly borne out; Grainger was lionized. All the critics were generous in their praise of his concerts, and both Mrs. Sawyer and his mother saw to it that he had a full social life. Of Grainger's mother, Mrs. Sawyer wrote, "She was a beautiful woman and had great charm. In all the years we were together, she never addressed me as Mrs. Sawyer but always as *dear* Mrs. Sawyer." Grainger recalls that his mounting popularity was painful almost beyond endurance. He approached each performance with moody reluctance, and his mother and manager were never wholly sure that he would turn up. They had to watch him, occasionally calling in help. "One night in particular," Mrs. Sawyer reported in "Songs at Twilight," "when Grainger was playing in a musicale at the White House given by President and Mrs. Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Steinway remained with us until time to go to the train—even went to the door to make sure the car was there—and I can hear his [Steinway's] kindly voice now, 'Your car is ready, Percy. It is better to be on time.' "

In that period, against his better judgment, Grainger was persuaded to ride in Pullmans instead of day coaches and to wear ordinary clothing. At first, he and his mother lived in an apartment in New York, but they moved out when Lionel Barrymore, another tenant, complained about the noise. "I had a portable practice keyboard, with strips of felt on it to muffle the tone," Grainger says. "Barrymore told the manager he loved to hear me play the piano but he couldn't stand that damned dead pounding. We went out to White Plains and bought a house on a large lot." Grainger and his mother liked the United States so well that they took out citizenship papers. A few months after the United States entered the first World War, he decided to enlist. He had several reasons. First, he felt patriotic about the land of his choice; second, he wished to strike a blow at German music; and, third, he thought his enlistment would be a capital way to avoid being lionized. He pondered his military qualifications carefully before he went to the recruiting office. Then he bought a used saxophone and learned to play "The Old Oaken Bucket" on it as he walked to Fort Totten, in Bayside, where he heard that they had a good band. He was stopped by the sentry at the gate, who said, as nearly as Grainger can remember, "What's on your mind, sonny?" "I want to enlist in the United States Army," Grainger told him, jiggling the octave key of his new instrument skillfully. When asked to give his name, he replied, "P. A. Grainger," and tried to look as anonymous as possible. He was led inside, where he signed a few forms, took a physical examination, and was issued a uniform several sizes too large. When he had put on his uniform, he took his saxophone and sat down on a cot to practice. "I felt at peace," he says, "for the first time in years."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

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Klem was the earliest advocate of the "up-and-at-'em" school of umpiring, with balls and strikes called from a crouch position between the catcher and the batter. —*Sport.*

How long did he last?

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### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Love Letters of Mark Twain," in the Atlantic Monthly*]

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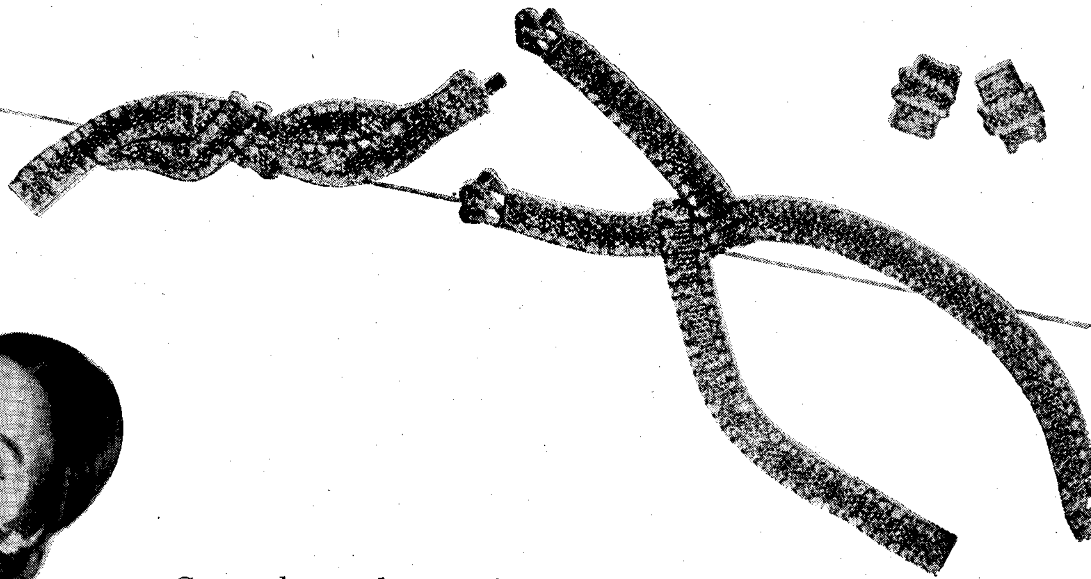

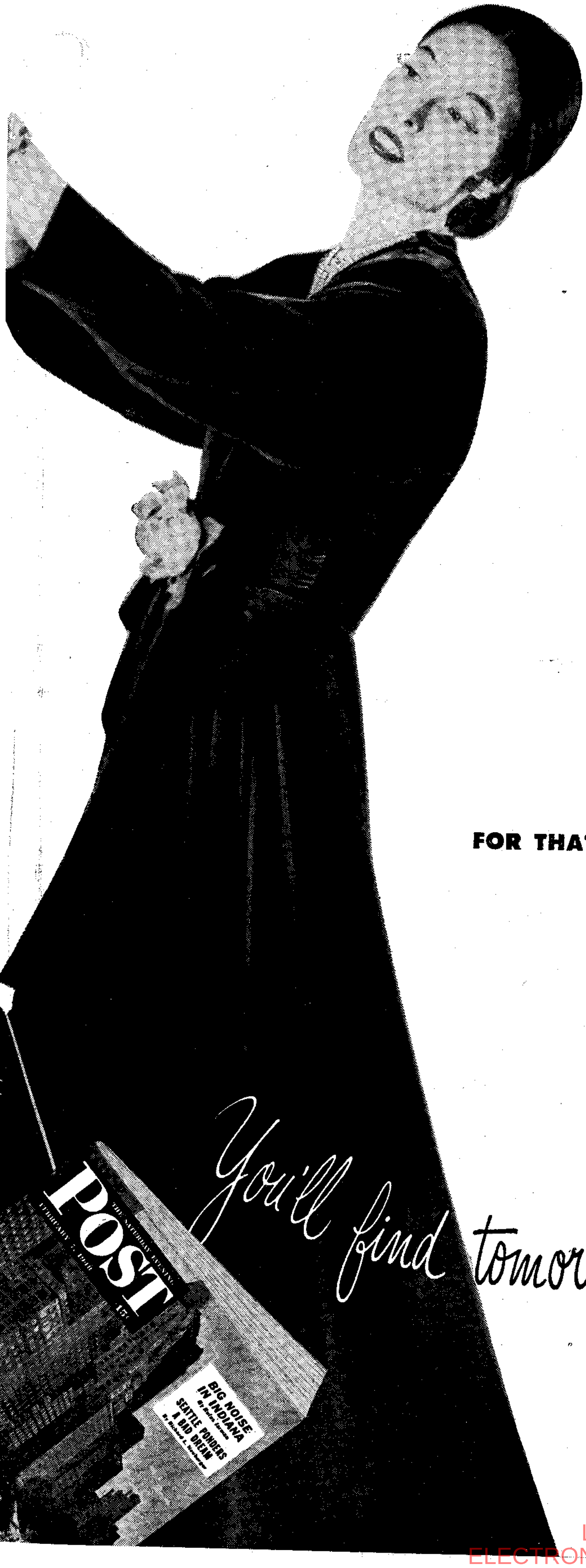
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THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST

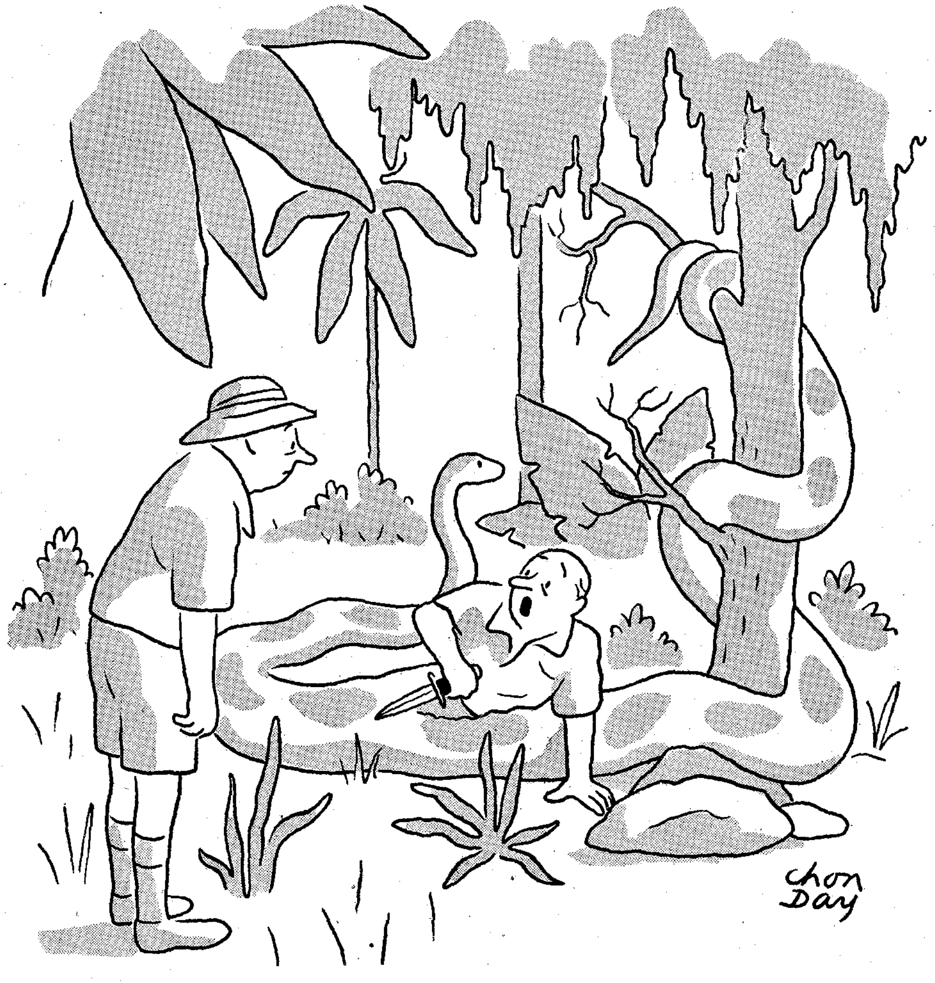
# THE THEATRE

## TOTS ON THEIR TOES

SEVERAL things worked against my enjoyment of "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!," George Abbott's latest youth-with-music festival, at the Adelphi. The first is that it spends most of its time kidding the ballet, and, though personally one of the most graceful of living men, I belong to that backward section of the public that is never quite sure in this form of entertainment where beauty leaves off and humor begins. I know, that is, that Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett burlesque in "High Button Shoes" is a burlesque and a very fine one, and I recognized the same intention, though it didn't altogether work out, in a similar number, called "Mademoiselle Marie," that he has arranged for this show. Beyond that, however, my mind clouds over, and a perfect entrechat is apt to look almost as absurd to me as a parody one. It proved to be quite a handicap in the course of the evening, since the laughter and applause of the initiated around me struck me as having little connection with anything taking place on the stage. The second thing that upset me was that for the most part the dancing tots assembled by Mr. Abbott didn't really seem terribly attractive to me. There is something about the ballet that tends to diminish personality, giving the ladies an earnest, lumpy look and infecting the gentlemen with a delicate vivacity always a little unnerving to the layman, and though the current performers show less evidence of their trade than most, they still spelled Art to me. My third and last complaint is that the book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, is a nuisance, even as such things go. There is a big surprise at the beginning of the second act—a modern ballet that everybody thinks is an awful fiasco turns out to be a spectacular success—and everything else is just about as bright and unexpected as that. It is tiresome and futile, of course, to go on about musical-comedy librettos, but I do think that Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Lee have been a little more perfunctory than seems strictly necessary.

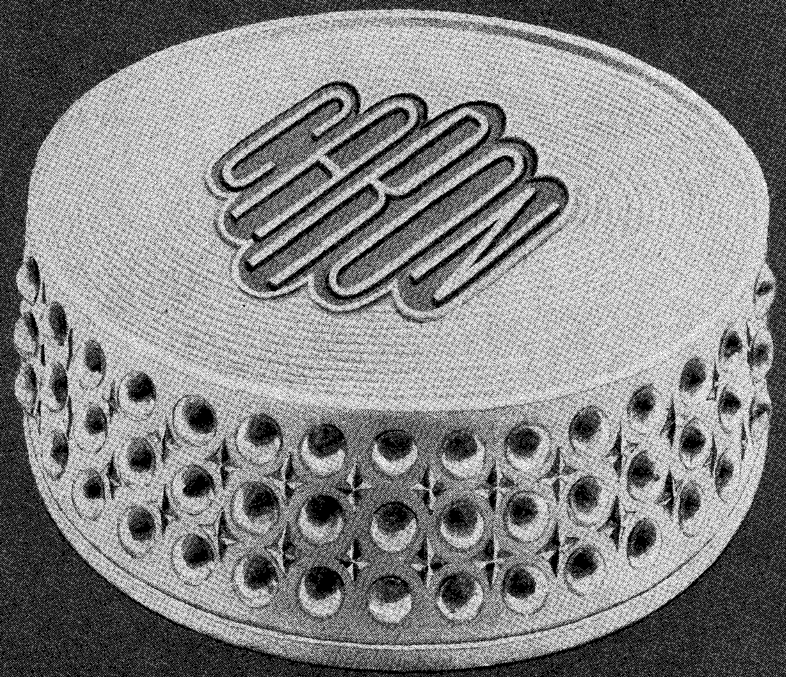
As opposed to all these gloomy notes, I enjoyed Nancy Walker, whose face, as a lady near me said, needs only a cigar to be a very convincing portrait of the tired businessman, and whose dogged attempts to dance like the nymphs and fauns around her are very funny indeed. Miss Walker has a hoarse, indignant comedy all her own, and while it is not quite enough to carry the evening singlehanded, it still helps out a lot. I also admired Harold Lang, who is an accomplished dancer in any medium; Janet Reed, who makes a graceful, appealing heroine; Katharine Sergava, certainly the most ornamental object on the premises; Virginia Gorski, probably the liveliest; and, to some extent, Alice Pearce, a subsidiary comic, who puts up a spirited struggle in the face of some very discouraging material. While I doubt if Mr. Robbins' choreography compares with his work in the past, he has done an excellent opening number—a medley of dance forms—and a sleepwalking ballet later on that has a lot of style and wit. Hugh Martin's lyrics are often very ingenious, especially those in the songs called "I'm Tired of Texas," "Shauny O'Shay," and "I'm the First Girl," and if his music doesn't always come up to them, it is quite cheerful and attractive. On the whole, there's plenty of good stuff at the Adelphi, but, as I said before, the big central joke is just too much for me.

"SKIPPER NEXT TO GOD" was transformed last week from an experimental production to a semi-professional one and installed in the Playhouse. In these chilly commercial surroundings, it doesn't, I'm afraid, look like much of a play, whatever it may have seemed like elsewhere. Jan de Hartog, the author, is considering the ethical dilemma of a young steamship captain who has contracted to bring a boatload of Jewish refugees to the New World. They are denied entrance first in South America and then in the United States. In the end, he adopts an expedient that, if I understood it, struck me as rather frivolous. He decides to scuttle his ship in the path of an international yacht race, so that his passengers, when picked up by the contestants, will technically have



*"Damn! That was a near thing!"*

# CARON
# FACE POWDER



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landed on foreign soil and, more important, will have received a kind of publicity calculated to arouse the conscience of the world. The play is mainly a succession of arguments between the hero, who is little more than a glossary of quotations from the New Testament, and his worldly opponents, who include representatives of the Army and Navy, the diplomatic corps, and the clergy, and even several members of his own crew. Naturally, these debates are heavily weighted on the side of righteousness, but since they are diffuse, repetitious, and untouched by any resemblance to human conversation, I can't believe that they will stir you as much as they should. John Garfield gives an intense but rather monotonous performance in the principal part and most of his associates overact disastrously. It is a long time since so many pieces of paper have been snatched so passionately from nerveless fingers, perused so incredulously, and then crumpled up and thrown away with such terrible petulance. None was chewed and swallowed, but only, I suspect, because the director was napping at his post.

SOME preliminary publicity for "The Last Dance" announced that it would be a "satirical" interpretation of Strindberg's "Dödsdansen," a drama written back in the McKinley administration, probably with a quill pen. "Satirical," of course, seems to imply a joke, but after two and a half hours of intense concentration at the Belasco the other night I'm damned if I know whom it was supposed to be on, since it looked to me as if Strindberg, the actors, and the audience all went down together in one common welter of boredom and perplexity. For two and a half acts, "The Last Dance" appeared to be about a protracted moral struggle between one of the most appalling scoundrels ever put on the stage and his long-suffering but courageous wife. He had a wicked gift for using and then destroying everyone who came into his life, and she was out to thwart him, specifically in the case of a man she had once loved, whom her husband was plotting to rob of his house, his job, his son, and even his last vestiges of human dignity. This struck me as rational enough, though rather wordy and not particularly stimulating dramatically. Then, however, in a remarkably cloudy scene, everything changed, and I got the impression that there had been some strange, corrupt bond between them all along and that actually she was the greater monster of the two. I think the satirical production had a good deal to

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. . . . . "A THEATRICAL EXPERIENCE OF BEAUTY AND EXCITEMENT. 'ALLEGRO' HAS DEFINITELY MADE HISTORY."
—JOHN MARTIN, TIMES
*FIFTEENTH IN A SERIES OF N. Y. DRAMATIC CRITIC'S PRAISE OF "ALLEGRO" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE

"Our advice would be to run, not walk (as Woollcott used to say) to see the Paul and Grace Hartman revue, 'Angel in The Wings', which is one long laugh from beginning to end."
—DANTON WALKER, News
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THE Hartmans
in The Smash Musical Hit
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN" Atkinson, Times
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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY
Man and Superman
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Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30
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Wolcott Gibbs, The New Yorker
FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE presents
Basil RATHBONE • Wendy HILLER
"The Heiress"
by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
with Patricia COLLINGE
Production by JED HARRIS
BILTMORE, W. 47 ST. MATS. WED. & SAT.

KATHARINE CORNELL GODFREY TEARLE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
MARTIN BECK, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mat. Sat. & Feb. 12

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"A DIRECT HIT!"—Walter Winchell
PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with JAY FASSETT PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

do with my difficulty, since it often occurred to me that the actors' expressions and behavior were hopelessly at variance with the apparent sense of the lines, but I doubt if the story would have been altogether clear or terribly interesting no matter how it had been presented. The action, incidentally, is supposed to take place on an unidentified island of unknown nationality, and this presented a problem in orientation that slowed me up some, too.

Oscar Homolka and Jessie Royce Landis, as the malignant principals, gave what you might call indomitable performances, doing their best to disguise the confusion and dullness of the script with character acting of a very accomplished kind. Sometimes they made me laugh by gestures and intonations that seemed like private inspirations of their own rather than anything suggested by the text, but most of the time, I'm afraid, they were just trapped by their depressing surroundings. The three other members of the cast—Philip Bourneuf, Anne Jackson, and Richard Hylton—suffered even more, since they were permitted no recourse to humor. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Then you pivot. Your feet snap clockwise around the turn. Simultaneously you release your wind-up, and your shoulders and hips start into the clockwise rotation. It is the pivot that is turning the skis, but the rotation is gathering power. As a tennis racquet swings through space before it strikes the ball, so does your rotation gather momentum while the skis are pivoting, the body-motion accelerating just enough to bring the rotation to its climax precisely as the jump loses its effect and the skis drop firmly to the snow again. —*Ski Illustrated.*

Never mind about the skis. Where are *we*?

•

### INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
(GUILELESS LOCKS DIVISION)

[*From "Try to Forget," a serial in Collier's, by Allene Corliss*]

Nor had he known that her hair . . . would be such an innocent shade of brown. —*Page 12, November 22nd.*

. . . this small, clear-eyed girl, with her damnably innocent brown hair . . . —*Page 12, November 22nd.*

. . . that girl . . . with her clear gray eyes and innocent brown hair . . . —*Page 47, November 22nd.*

Her hair was that same innocent shade of brown . . . —*Page 32, November 29th.*

. . . those clear gray eyes, that innocent brown hair.—*Page 38, November 29th.*

. . . her hair, cut neither long nor short, would be such an innocent shade of brown. —*Page 86, December 13th.*

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ALAN WEBB
MADGE COMPTON • BETTY SINCLAIR
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VALERIE WHITE
MICHAEL NEWELL • OWEN HOLDER
DOROTHY HAMILTON • LEONARD MICHELL
FRANK ALLENBY
Directed by GLEN BYAM SHAW
Decor by MICHAEL WEIGHT
EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & Broadway
Evgs. at 8:40. MATS Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
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by GARSON KANIN
with JUDY HOLLIDAY • PAUL DOUGLAS
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

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Atkinson, Times
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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Sylvester, News
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CARNEGIE HALL FEB. 13 FRI. EVE. at 8:30
CASADESUS
(Steinway Piano) (Columbia Records)

# MY WIFE AND THE W.M.C.

MY wife, Berry, is calm by nature. She hasn't the belligerence of those women who, in their daily struggle with the forces of commerce, try to stick up for what they consider their rights and prerogatives. I mention this because it makes more notable a victory she won on the domestic front during the war, in a test of strength with the War Manpower Commission. We didn't talk about it at the time, for fear of changing our luck.

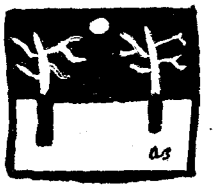
In the spring of 1945, I returned from a brief tour of duty in the Southwest Pacific and was assigned to duty at the Pentagon Building in Washington. Berry managed, somehow, to find us a small, furnished, ground-floor apartment for the summer, but among the several things she could not find was a laundry willing to handle our washing. First she tried the neighborhood laundries, but none of them would take on a new customer. Then she sat down with the classified section of the telephone book and began calling each number in turn in the list of laundries. The answer was always the same—no new customers. Finally, the phone at one place was answered by a man who, plainly, was not experienced in handling such a call, because, instead of being brusque, he was sympathetic and patient. He explained that the laundries themselves were powerless and that it was a matter of the allocation of help, which was in the hands of the War Manpower Commission.

"So don't blame us," he concluded. "Why don't you call up the War Manpower Commission and tell *them* your troubles?"

"Very well, I will," said Berry. "Who shall I ask for?"

"Mr. Lindley is head of the division that covers laundries," the man said.

Berry looked up the War Manpower Commission in the telephone book and called the number. A girl answered and Berry asked for Mr. Lindley. Without saying anything, the girl connected her with another girl, who asked who was calling. Berry said, "This is Mrs. Hough, and I wish to speak to Mr. Lindley."



Would anybody else do, said the girl. No, said Berry, she thought not.

"What was it you wished to speak to Mr. Lindley about?" the girl asked.

"I want my laundry done," Berry said.

"I see," the girl said. She evidently sat back to think it over for a moment. "Who did you say was calling?" she asked again.

"Mrs. Hough," Berry said with a touch of asperity.

"I'll give you his secretary," the girl said.

The next girl said, "Mr. Lindley's office," and Berry asked, "Is he in?"

The secretary hesitated; then she said that Mr. Lindley was in conference and could she take the telephone number and have Mr. Lindley call back. Berry told the girl she was sorry but that this wouldn't do.

"Who did you say was calling?" the girl asked carefully.

"Mrs. Hough," Berry said, and managed a surprised, incredulous tone of voice, clearly implying that anybody who didn't put her through at once would probably be spoken to rather sharply by Mr. Lindley.

In a moment, Mr. Lindley was on the phone.

Berry said, "Mr. Lindley, this is Mrs. Hough speaking. I can't find anybody to take my laundry bundle. We haven't a clean rag to our backs and I've called every laundry in town. I was told to get in touch with you, and, if possible I'd like to have the bundle called for in the morning."

Mr. Lindley didn't speak for a moment. Then he permitted himself a rather extended laugh. He asked for Berry's name and address. After a pause, he said, "Mrs. Hough, your laundry will be called for in the morning. And thanks for phoning."

AN hour later, our telephone rang and Berry answered it. The call was from the largest laundry in Washington. A woman's voice said that one of their men would be at our place in the morning to pick up our bundle of wash and would call weekly thereafter. Berry thanked the woman very much, and asked how it had happened.

"I don't know anything about it, Madam," the woman said. "The president of our company rang me from downtown and instructed me to give you this message."

Berry thanked her again. Then she called Mr. Lindley back. She went through the first two girls in the War Manpower Commission as before, but with more confidence, and when she got to Mr. Lindley's secretary, she was greeted warmly.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Hough!" the secretary said.

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Berry told her that she wanted to thank Mr. Lindley for helping us out, and when the girl said that Mr. Lindley was on the other phone, Berry suggested that the secretary give him her message of thanks.

"Oh, no!" Mr. Lindley's secretary said. "I know Mr. Lindley will want to talk with you personally. I hope you can wait—I'm sure he'll be through in just a minute."

Berry agreed to hold the wire, and in a few moments Mr. Lindley got on the phone and Berry told him that everything was under control, everything was wonderful, and thanked him. He told her not to mention it. He said he'd been glad to be of service and that the laundry in question was a good one and would do satisfactory work. Berry said she was sure of it.

Mr. Lindley cleared his throat. "You phoned at quite an opportune time," he said. "I was meeting in my office with some laundry people. They were trying to prove to me their need for more workers."

"How did they come out?" Berry asked.

Mr. Lindley laughed once more. "All right," he said.

The conversation ended pleasantly.

At seven the next morning, our buzzer sounded, and Berry opened the door. A man stood in the hallway. He announced himself as the laundryman. He was very polite when he came in, taking his hat off at once and putting it down on a little table in our entry. He asked Berry what would be the most convenient hour for him to call each week, and wanted to know exactly how our clothes were to be finished—starch or no starch in my shirts, and so on. Then he took our laundry and went out. An instant later, Berry noticed that he had left his hat. She ran to the living-room window, knocked on it just as he was crossing the sidewalk to get into his truck, and held up the hat for him to see. He turned back, and she opened the window and handed him the hat. He thanked her warmly.

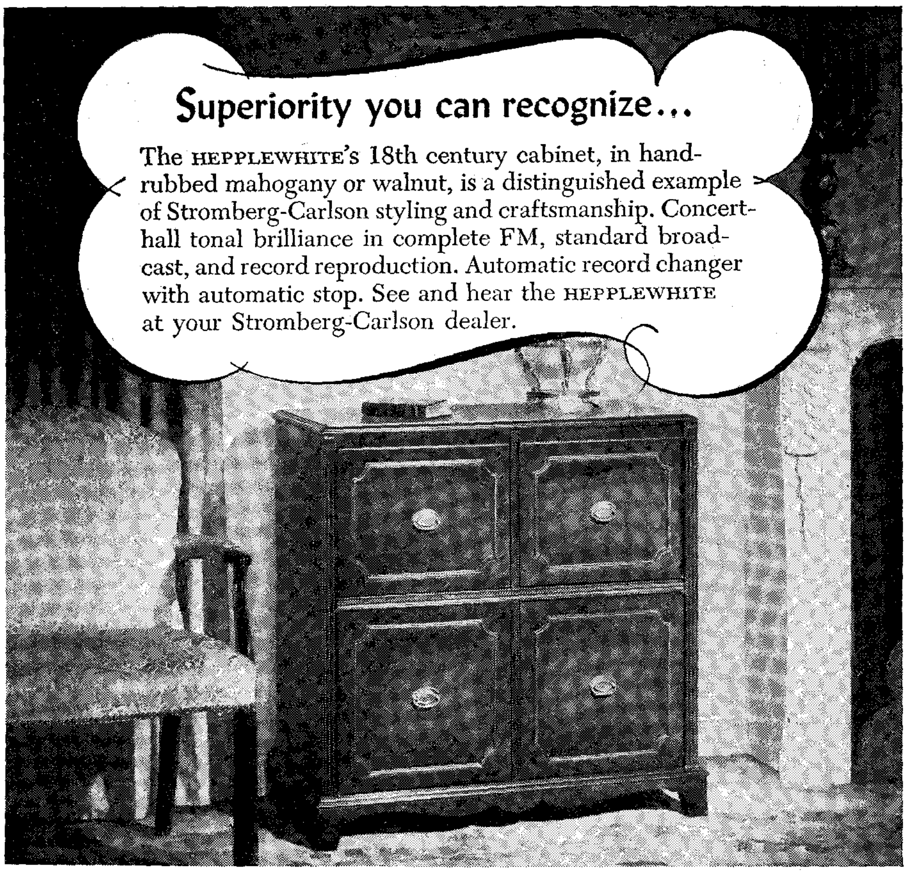
Berry later figured it was not surprising that he'd forgotten it. She felt sure it was the first time since the start of the war that he had taken it off during business hours.

—Donald Hough

•

Princess Elizabeth and her husband, Prince Philip, have leased a rumbling country home in Surrey County.—*New Orleans Item.*

The royal plumbing, perhaps?



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# OUT OF TOWN

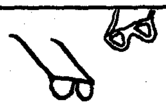
## *Down Mexico Way*

THERE'S no reason to hesitate over a vacation in Mexico or Central America because of a suspicion that there may already be too many tourists there; everything is under control. Transportation, both by plane and train, is better than it was a year ago, and hotel accommodations are considerably more plentiful, especially in Mexico, where the government recently granted a large tax reduction to any hotel that would add to or improve its facilities. The result is that there is scarcely a guest *casa* in the country that hasn't been diligently slapping on annexes or installing swimming pools or restaurants. Mexican highways are better, too, and hiring cars, with or without chauffeurs, has never been easier. (It's far wiser to get a car with a chauffeur unless your Spanish is faultless and your nature disputatious; the complications arising from any kind of accident are enormous.) Another cheering piece of intelligence is that the Mexican government has ordered large price reductions in hotel and restaurant charges, automobile rentals, and what-not, in the hope of attracting more dollars. In fact, the government itself will have an interest in the hotel business when its fantastic Del Prado, in Mexico City, opens, probably in May. There is nothing in the United States to be compared to the Del Prado. It will be possible, for instance, to drive up almost to within arm's reach of the hotel's registration desk, and when the guest alights, his car will be whisked by elevator to an overhead garage. The lobby, four stories high, will have murals by Covarrubias. Among the hotel's other features will be a bank that stays open twenty-four hours a day, a movie theatre, four major dining rooms, quantities of bars and night clubs, and air-conditioning from basement to roof garden. The minimum price for a room and bath in this giddy paradise will be twenty-five pesos, or five dollars, a day, European plan, and a hundred and sixty pesos will get the most luxurious suite in the place—a living room, two bedrooms, two baths, and a terrace. As for more earthbound hotels in Mexico City, which have the advantage of being open right now, there are scores of them, of all types, sizes, and degrees of elegance.

Any number of entertaining drives can be taken from Mexico City. One of the most satisfying is eastward, to Puebla, Tehuacán, Fortín de las Flores, Córdoba, and, if you wish, all the way to Veracruz, on the Gulf of Mexico. Setting out at a reasonable hour in the morning on National Highway 2, one can stop at Rio Frio to admire Mt. Popocatépetl and Mt. Ixtaccíhuatl, and at Cholula, a town composed entirely of churches (three hundred and sixty-five of them, including one built on top of a pyramid), and still be in time for lunch at Puebla. The Hotel Lastra there has a good dining room, but for better than average Mexican food there is the Café Cristal. The Lastra offers a cocktail called a Nevado, one of those secret-recipe affairs and a strong argument in favor of the siesta. In the mountains, about seventy-five miles beyond Puebla, is Garci-Crespo, one of the pleasantest inland resorts in Mexico, where everyone urges visitors to drink, and bathe in, large quantities of the town's mineral waters. The Hotel Garci-Crespo is fine and comfortable, and exceedingly proud of its Blue Room, a cardroom done entirely in royal-blue tiles, including the floor and ceiling. There is a big swimming pool and artificial beach nearby, and tennis and fair golf are available. A pleasant room with a bath is about seven dollars a day, American plan. On the drive down the mountains from Garci-Crespo through Tehuacán to Córdoba, a capable chauffeur is a handy fellow to have around; the descent is quite steep in places and there are lots of hairpin turns. Much of the highway runs through deep forest, in which orchids and gardenias grow almost as thickly as wheat does in Kansas. A pool in the dining room of the Ruiz Galindo Hotel, in Fortín de las Flores, a few miles short of Córdoba, is covered with fresh gardenias every day, and the flower girls in the town give visitors leis of gardenias when they arrive. (The gesture is not entirely openhanded; the girls figure that it stimulates the sale of orchids.) In Córdoba, a handsome lure is a botanical establishment called the Jardin Verdin, which has, possibly, the most complete collection of species of living orchids anywhere. It also has an odd sideline—the sale of an astonishing selection of *eaux de vie*, at a dollar and a half a quart. Veracruz is perhaps best left to those interested in the fishing. There's an excellent hotel, the Mocambo, about five miles south of the city, and a grand beach, but the weather gets desperately hot at times.

Mexico's best fishing spots, as you probably know, are on the Pacific side. Acapulco and Guaymas are the most celebrated and elaborate, but if simpler accommodations and less ornamental charter boats are acceptable, the sport is just about as good at Mazatlán and Manzanillo. The Playa de Cortes, at Guaymas, has been acquired by Ernest Byfield, who runs the Hotel Ambassador in Chicago, and is reported to be very fine indeed, with a big fleet of new fishing boats and *cordon-bleu* cooking. Rates are around fourteen dollars a day, American plan, for a single room with bath. The newest addition to the Acapulco assortment of palaces is A. C. Blumenthal's Reforma Casablanca, a garish mausoleum with a roof garden and a Ritz Bar, whatever that is. There are five daily flights to Acapulco from Mexico City by Aeronaves de Mexico, as well as an eight-hour limousine-bus trip twice daily. Guaymas, if one is going there direct, is best approached from Tucson, by Arizona Airways, or from Nogales, by Aeronaves.

GUATEMALA is somewhat more familiar to *norteamericanos* now than it was before the war, but it's still far from crowded, in spite of the great improvement in airline schedules during the past two years. Guatemala City, where Pan American Airways lands passengers from New Orleans, Miami, and Mexico City, is much the most convenient point to start a trip. An excellent place to put up for a night or two is the Pension Betty Shaw. Mrs. Shaw provides not only big, comfortable rooms and breakfasts that make you eat too much (she doesn't serve other meals), but vast amounts of information about the country and how best to see it. Room, breakfast, and all the information that can be absorbed come to four dollars—or, in other words, a bargain. If Mrs. Shaw can't take care of you, there is the San Carlos Gran Hotel, which is quite gran and cool, with scrubbed tile floors and plenty of serene and helpful Mayan servants. Competent chauffeur-guides, with good cars, are easily come by, either for a short drive to, say, Lake Amatitlán for lunch and a swim, or for a trip of a week or more through the mountains to Chichicastenango, Lake Atitlán, Quezaltenango, Sacapulos, and Huehuetenango. Those who feel that a little tripping goes a long way can arrange to be driven out and left at whatever hotel strikes their fancy. One that has struck many fancies is the Casa Contenta, on the northern edge of Lake Atitlán, in



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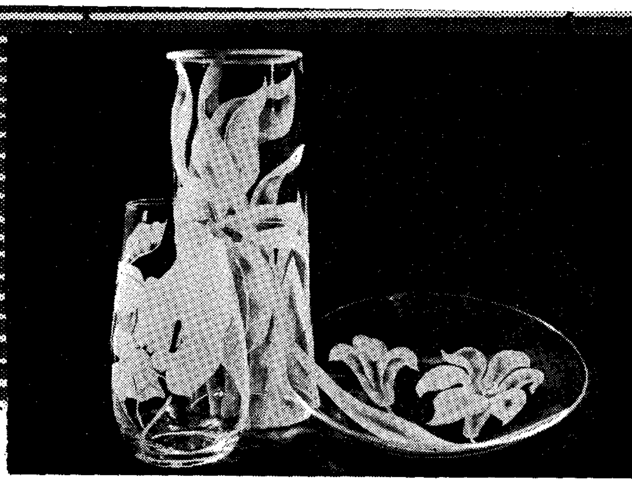

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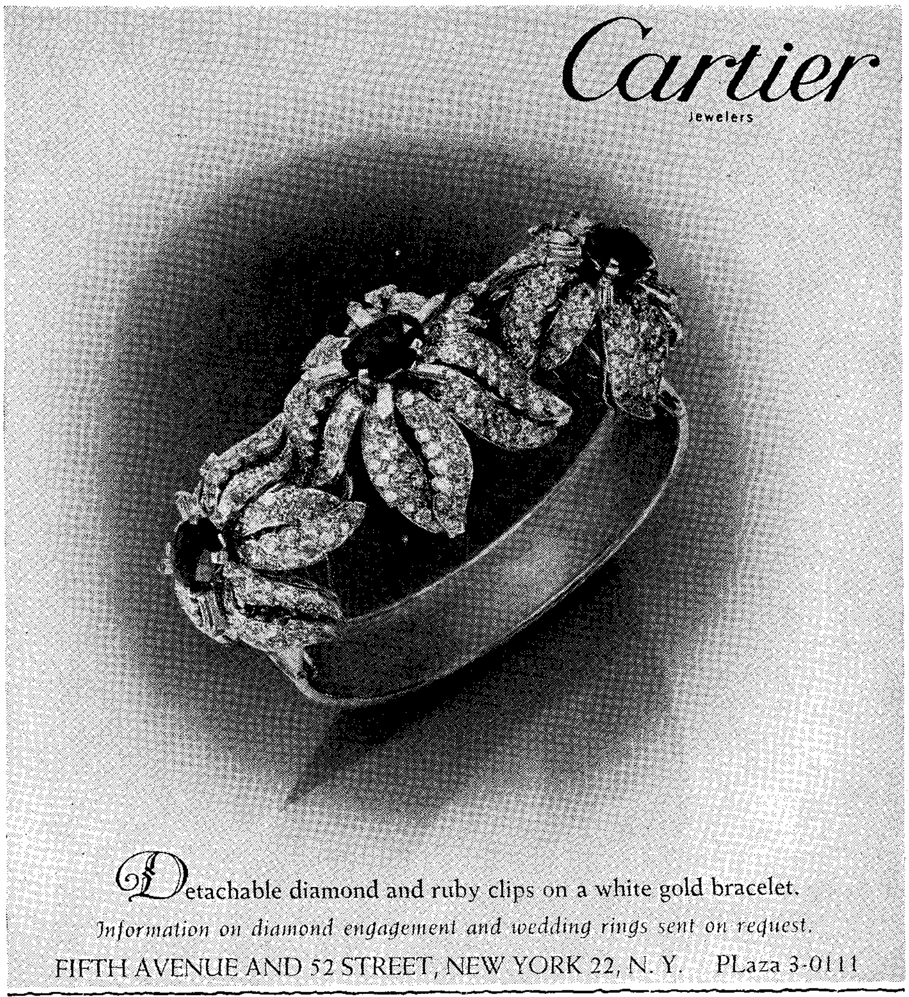

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the lee of three soaring volcanic peaks. You can have a single room, for twelve dollars a day, with meals, in the main building—a large, one-story affair—or you can take one of the small cottages built around three sides of a patio (about eighteen dollars a day for a double-room suite), or you can try the Contenta Chalet, right on the lake shore, at the same tariff. Mrs. de Morales, the proprietress, will be happy to arrange horseback rides along the mountain trails or boat rides to the twelve Indian villages (named for the Twelve Apostles) around the lake. Inevitably, since every Guatemalan learns to play the marimba soon after birth, there is a marimba band at dinner and for dancing.

As for Chichicastenango, there's a lot of relaxing to be done there, too. The Mayan Inn and the Caravansary are both efficient about guides, cars, and service, if you should want to take trips, and they'll let you alone if all you want is to loaf and visit the native markets on Thursdays and Sundays.

By the way, it's nice to know that a tourist card, obtainable at the Mexican and Guatemalan consulates, is all that is needed for entry into these countries.

A GOOD source of information about any of these areas is the Clara Laughlin Travel Services, at 38 East 57th Street. Miss Laughlin, you perhaps remember, was the author of that invaluable "So You're Going to . . ." series, revised versions of which are scheduled to begin appearing in April. —R. S. P.

•

He still has the dark little Dewey mustache, the front teeth which part slightly in the middle when he grins, the wavy dark brown hair which is never out of place (and which he is constantly smoothing down with one hand), and the bold brown eyes which pop unexpectedly from their sockets when he is making a strong point in conversation or a speech.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Get ready to duck!

•

### MALAPROP ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*Extension of remarks of Representative Edwin Arthur Hall, Jr., of New York, in the Congressional Record*]

To my way of thinking, 1948 will be a year of great issues and conquests on the domestic front, which, if won, will mean a grand, exotic life for the people of the United States. . . . I dread a continuance of the ruthlessness and selfish decorum I have seen all around me.

# THE WAYWARD PRESS

## GOODBYE, M.B.I.

A FEW weeks ago, I described at considerable length in this department how the daily press handled—or, with few exceptions, didn't handle—the story of some laws recently enacted at a special session of the Mississippi legislature primarily as a means of maintaining order during a strike against a bus company in that state. These laws, which were passed at the instigation of Fielding L. Wright, the Governor of Mississippi, made it a capital crime to leave a bomb in a bus terminal, among other places; made possession of explosives, unless for legal purposes, prima-facie evidence of felonious intent (such possession carried a maximum five-year jail sentence); fixed a penalty of up to five years' imprisonment for throwing stones at a bus; and provided for a force of secret agents, known and responsible only to the governor of the state, to see to it that the new laws accomplished their purpose. The force of secret agents, to be called the Mississippi Bureau of Investigation, was given the power to search and arrest without warrant in anonymously carrying out its duties. I was interested less in the nature of these laws—although I must say that they struck me as rather sinister—than in the fact that newspapers outside the immediate region had printed almost no stories about them. I happened on the yarn only because I was browsing through some November issues of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, which *had* printed stories about the laws and had considered them first-page stuff. The whole affair seemed to me to indicate how imperfectly the great press associations serve a country dependent on them for nearly all its news.

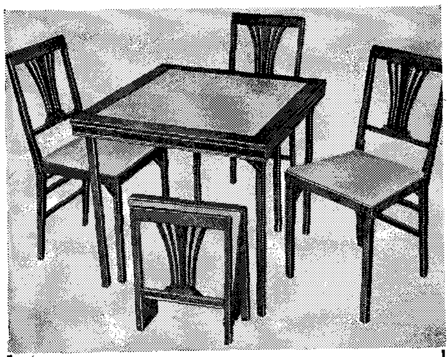
A letter I received from a man named Talbot Patrick a couple of days after the publication of my piece nicely supported my point. Mr. Patrick, who is editor and publisher of the *Evening Herald* of Rock Hill, South Carolina (population 15,009), wrote:

> Your report on this case should jolt wire-service staff members out of a sort of hypnosis in which, while handling masses of words in a routine way, they lose alertness for everything except surface accuracy and a chance for speed. A jolt like this forces an appreciation of the meaning to human lives of ideas behind the words they handle—and what makes up human life is the important part of the medium- and smaller-size American daily newspapers.
>
> The press associations are miracles of modern mechanics. No wonder that sometimes the servants of the machine fail to think through, beyond, past the machine and the radio stations and the newspapers, to the men and women who work and eat and worry and try to go forward.

From Mr. Patrick's letter, I assumed that the *Evening Herald*, although a member of the Associated Press, had not received much, if any, coverage on the Mississippi Bureau of Investigation, or, as it has since come to be known, the M.B.I.

A day later, a letter reached me from Miss Rita Livingston, who publishes the *Courier-Democrat* in Russellville, Arkansas (population 5,927), together with a copy of the front page of that paper for November 15th. The news on this page included an Associated Press story of about a hundred and fifty words giving a synopsis of the legislation that had just been passed in Mississippi. "I hang my head in shame for printing but not emphasizing the ridiculous portent of such a news dispatch," Miss Livingston wrote. She added, a bit irrelevantly, I thought, that "as long as an alert Northerner points out its idiosyncrasies, the South merely puts another hypothetical chip on its shoulder." I hope that in this instance no Southerner will put a hypothetical chip on his shoulder, because my object was not to criticize the South. I was simply trying to find out how the press had all but kept the story a secret, and I have since dug up most of the answer.

BOTH the Associated Press, which is a coöperative organization of 2,398 member newspapers and radio stations, with, in addition, 1,490 subscribers, and the United Press, its chief rival, which is a privately owned enterprise selling news to 2,947 customers, have permanent bureaus at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. Before the appearance of my piece on the Mississippi Bureau of Investigation, an Associated Press editor here in New York told me that he could not remember having seen anything come over the wires about those laws. Apparently, though, something did. Paul Mickelson, the A.P.'s general news editor, has since informed me that the A.P. man in Jackson sent out a pretty fair three-hundred-and-forty-word story on the night of November 13th, immediately following the passage of the legislation in question. This, the crucial story of the session, went out to Southern morning papers. (If Patrick, in South Carolina, did not receive it, that would be because his paper is an evening one.) The press-association empires are divided into regional satrapies, and to reach New York, for wider distribu-



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tion, copy out of Jackson must be passed upon successively by bureaus in New Orleans and Atlanta. The New Orleans and Atlanta men waved the November 13th story on, and it came into the Associated Press main office, in New York, that night. Here, however, nobody thought much of it, and it was cut down to two hundred words, losing its moderate punch in the process. It was then, for some mysterious reason, sent out on a subsidiary circuit serving only newspapers west of New York City. It was not sent to newspapers here or in several other large Eastern cities at all.

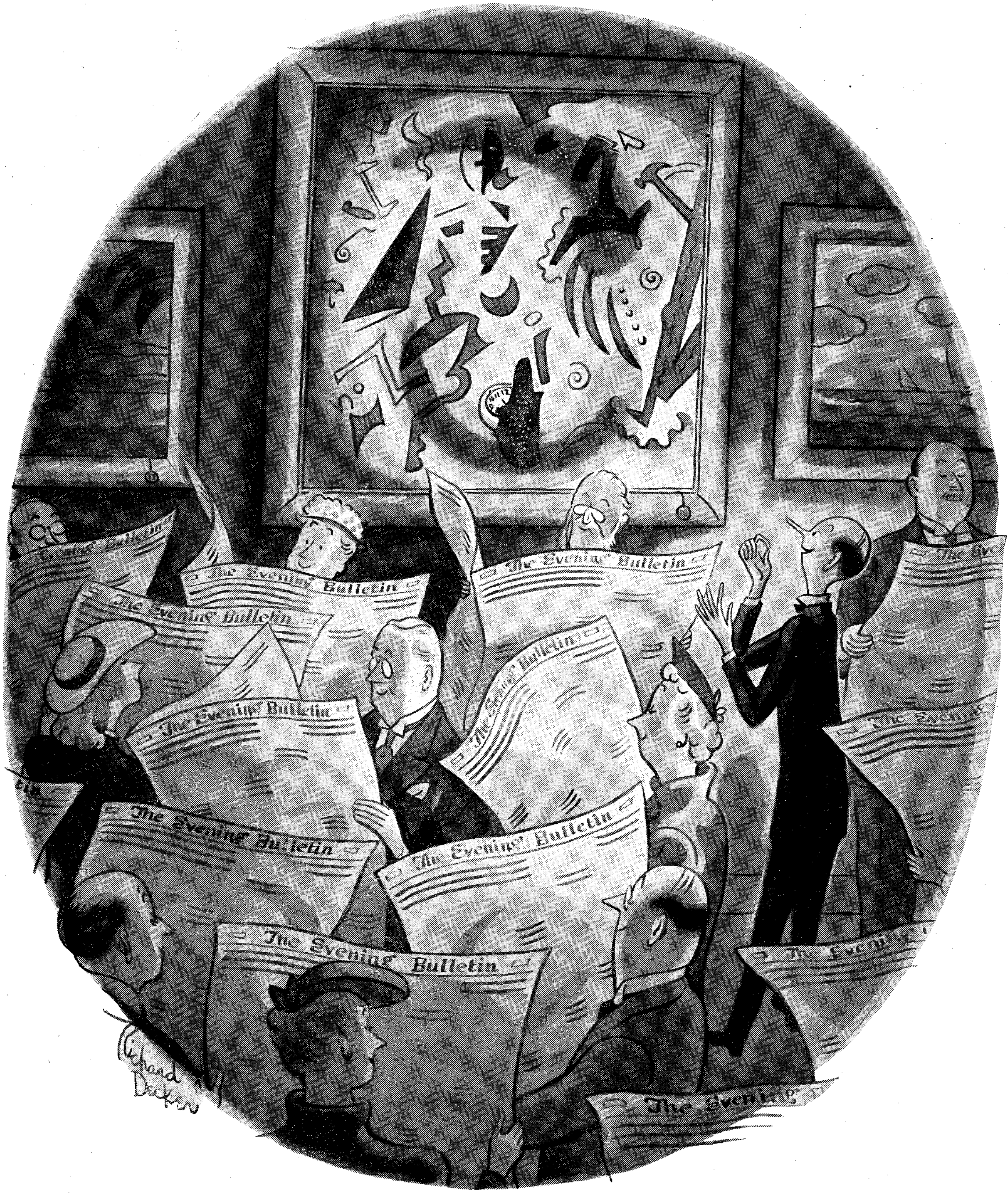
After the appearance in this department of my somewhat bewildered speculations, the Baltimore *Sun*, an important member of the A.P., wired the association's New York office asking why it hadn't received a full account of the Mississippi situation and requesting that it be supplied with one. The New York office, endeavoring to comply, got after the Atlanta, New Orleans, and Jackson A.P. men, who must have been astonished at the sudden flareup of interest in the story after a month and a half of apparent unconcern. Jackson sent out a quite good six-hundred-word story on January 3rd, telling about the M.B.I. and adding that the legislature would meet in regular session on January 6th and that Governor Wright was now saying that he didn't want his secret-police force any more and was willing to swap it for some other kind of police department. I was unable to find this story in any New York City paper, but a scout sent me a clipping of it from the Milwaukee *Journal*, and it seems reasonable to assume that the Baltimore *Sun* used it, too. On January 9th, both the A.P. and the U.P. bureaus in Jackson sent out accounts of an interview with Governor Wright in which he said that the idea of a secret-police force had been the legislature's, not his. Moreover, the Governor said, the M.B.I. had accomplished its purpose. (So far as is known, it had neither received a single complaint nor made a single arrest since its inception.) What he really wanted, Wright said, was a permanent uniformed police force to help county authorities enforce the state's prohibition law. (I haven't come across anything anywhere yet, though, about the Governor's asking for repeal of the death penalty for those who leave bombs on bus-company property or of the other special strike laws the M.B.I. was created to enforce.) In New York, the A.P.'s version of the Wright interview made the *Herald Tribune*, under a two-column head, the following day, and a much-condensed, warmed-over version of it, also by the A.P., appeared in the *Times* a day later.

National interest in the Mississippi legislation was growing. Soon after Wright's talk with the press, I received from an agent on the Pacific Coast a clipping of an A.P. story that had appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* under a Jackson dateline of January 11th. It was by far the longest and most comprehensive story about the M.B.I. that I had seen in any newspaper except the *Times-Picayune*. My agent also enclosed a long piece by a columnist, Royce Brier, pointing up the moral aspects of the issue, that had been printed on the first and second pages of the *Chronicle* the day after the long dispatch from Jackson.

The whole incident was recently reviewed, from the A.P. point of view, in a report to the publisher-members of the organization. A copy of this document, passed along to me by one of my more adept operatives, is here quoted, entirely without permission:

> The fact is we booted general service delivery of a significant news story, last Nov. 13, reporting actions by the Mississippi state legislature, featuring establishment of a secret police force.
>
> The legislature's action was a climax of developments in Mississippi connected with a protracted and violent strike of bus drivers. From Jackson, Miss., in the night report of Nov. 13, we did transmit a comprehensive news story, but it was (a) transmitted in full only on the south regional (GGG) wire, and (b) cut so sharply on the west wire (BBB) relay that the really significant news details were lost. On top of these misjudgments, we slipped up entirely on relay to New York City members, and failed to discover the actual facts of this foulup in time to tell *The New Yorker*, which quizzed us.
>
> All of this is the subject of intensive staff review, for object lesson purposes. . . . It is particularly a lesson to control bureaus (in this case, New Orleans, Atlanta, and New York) not to permit even the crush of an extraordinarily big news day (which Nov. 13 was) to sidetrack or overlook the national significance of news having its roots in a regional situation.

THE United Press was less contrite about its handling of the M.B.I. story. I was told by U.P. editors in New York that their man in Jackson had sent out five-hundred-word stories to Southern clients every day of the legislature's special session, but they were, regrettably, unable to show me copies of any of them. They did, however, produce the parts of them that had been sent along by the Atlanta bureau for their Round Robin, or main trunk wires. These amounted to a couple of hundred words a day, sent in scrappy,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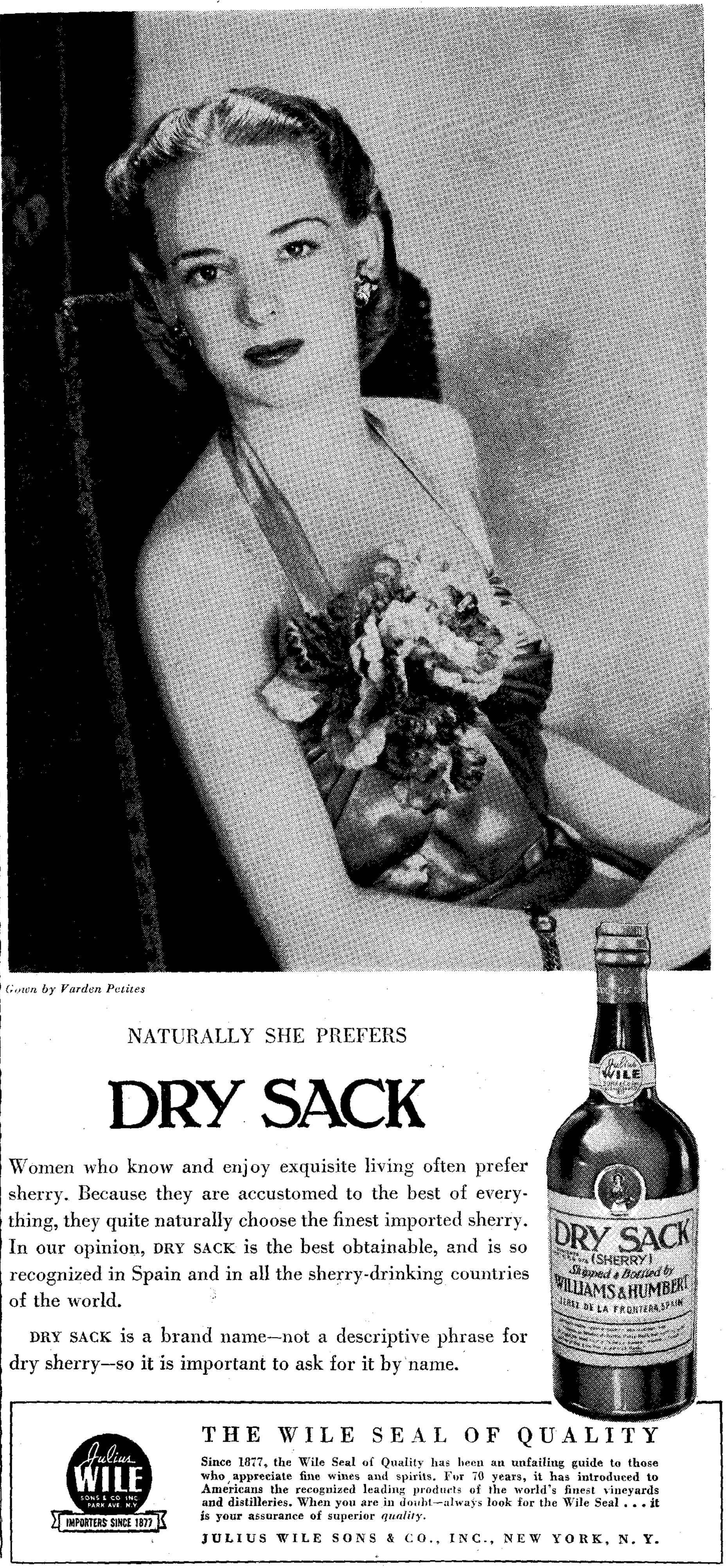
fragmentary form—“first leads,” “second leads,” and “adds” of a few words each, none of which could have given an editor who was not familiar with the situation much idea of what was happening. There was no mention, for instance, of the peculiarly anonymous character of the M.B.I. A woman who acts as a news editor of a New England radio station that receives U.P. service has written me that she “used several stories but finally gave up as they became more complicated and bizarre. You can't do as much explaining on radio news as in a newspaper . . . so the Mississippi-type stories are just a headache.” After I looked over the U.P. stuff out of Atlanta, I saw the lady's point. The lead on one bit read, “Efforts to modify or expand a bill which would give the Governor special investigators with police powers were defeated in the Senate. . . .” The impact of this sort of thing, with a Jackson, Mississippi, dateline, on an editor in another part of the country would obviously be fairly feeble. The news and telegraph editors of the *Herald Tribune*, to whom I spoke before writing my first story on the case, could not remember having seen any of the U.P. material. It even made no impression at *PM*, always on the alert for the liberty-in-peril type of story.

UNFORTUNATELY, most of the belated interest in the M.B.I. story, while gratifying, has nothing to do with the point I originally wanted to make. The newspapers have by now given considerable publicity to the threat implicit in an organization like the Mississippi Bureau of Investigation; they probably have bolstered, if they did not inspire, Governor Wright's decision that he can get along without it. Furthermore, they have added some interesting information about criminal law in Mississippi. It appears that there were already three capital offenses in that state—murder, rape, and armed robbery—before the legislature added bomb-leaving. (Incidentally, I have received some correspondence about capital offenses elsewhere. A fairly new one—federal—is the handing over of atomic secrets to “any individual or person . . . with intent to injure the United States or with intent to secure an advantage to any foreign nation,” even in time of peace. Another is first-degree burglary—in North Carolina. Entering a home by night with intent to rape constitutes first-degree burglary in that state, which means that judges and juries must be skilled at reading a man's mind.) What impresses, and depresses, me, though, is that by looking through a few old newspapers I was able to find a pretty big story that the main organs of news distribution had completely muffed. I can't help wondering how often stories of general importance appear in full solely in local papers and get out to the rest of the country only after they have been compressed into insignificance. This reflection leads me to another, still more depressing: I wonder how many important stories never get into the newspapers at all. The American press makes me think of a gigantic, super-modern fish cannery, a hundred floors high, capitalized at eleven billion dollars, and with tens of thousands of workers standing ready at the canning machines, but relying for its raw material on an inadequate number of hand-line fishermen in leaky rowboats. At the point of contact with the news, the vast newsgathering organizations are usually represented either by a couple of their own harried reporters, averaging, perhaps, twenty-two years and eleven months old, or by a not too perceptive reporter on a small-town paper whose version of an event, written up for his employer, may or may not be passed on to the wire services by someone in the office. Not all the newspaper owners' towers of masonry, with their ingenious insides, like the Daily News Building, or all the tons of newsprint covered with red and black ink and pictures of women jumping out of windows can add anything to the quality of what these reporters regard as significant.

Press-association reporters are warned when they start in of the necessity for keeping down the volume of news and sending only what a fairly large number of newspapers are likely to use. This sometimes seems to mean a story about a dog that refuses to leave its dead master's newsstand or a child who has swallowed a whistling teakettle. I do not doubt that November 13th was an extraordinarily big news day, as the A.P. report to its members says it was, but I could not help noting that the Chicago *Sun* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of November 14th both carried a two-hundred-word A.P. story datelined College Park, Georgia, about a woman who, upon being fined seven dollars for driving past a stop sign, insisted on serving seven days in jail instead of paying, and made such a nuisance of herself that they finally let her go. This must have been part of the news that so crowded the A.P.'s wires that the M.B.I. story had to be cut down to two hundred words and incoherence. —A. J. LIEBLING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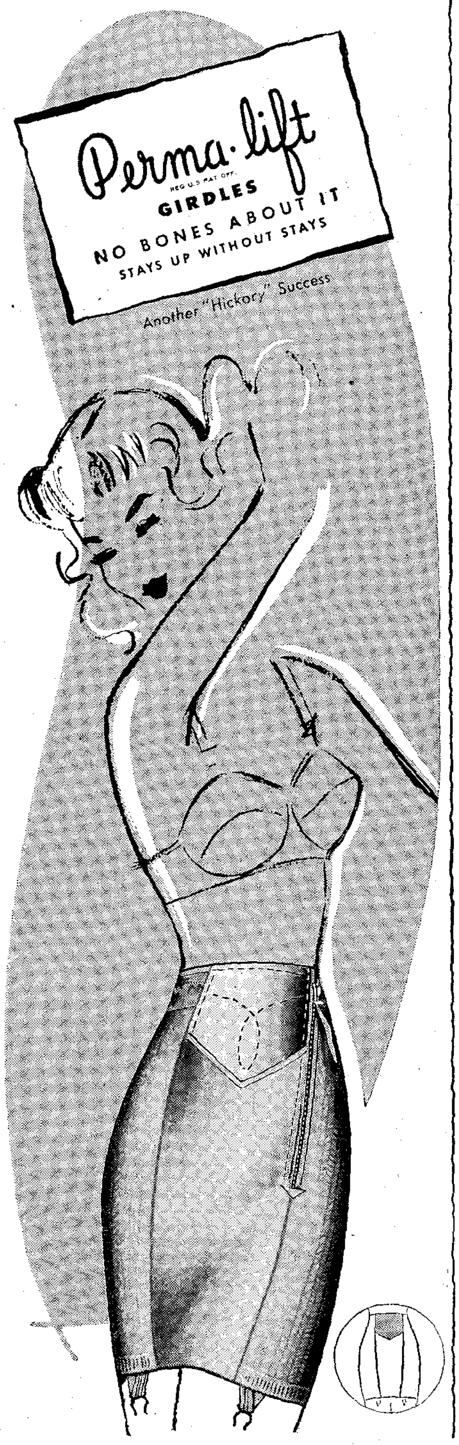


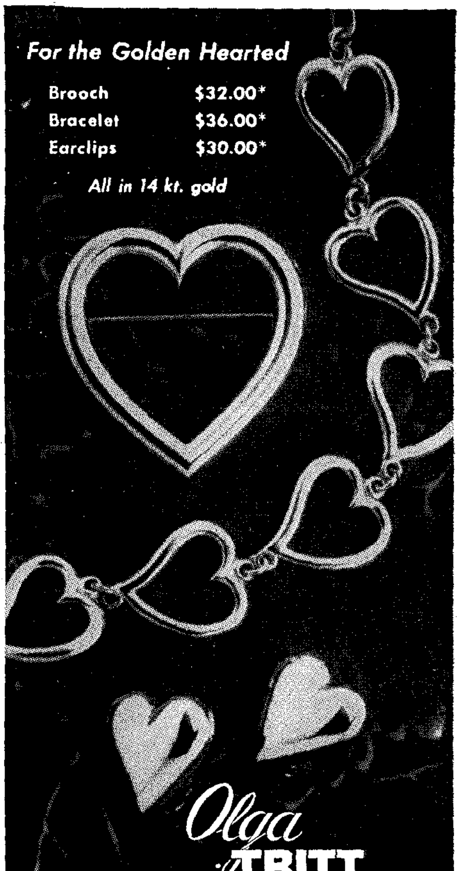
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Myshkin's Woes*

TWO authors of substance have provided the basic ingredients of a pair of screen plays this week. One of them, Dostoevski, being long since dead, has had nothing to say about the way the French have put his "The Idiot" together; the other, Aldous Huxley, had a hand in preparing his short story "The Gioconda Smile" for Hollywood. The Russian comes out ahead all along the line. In telling the story of Prince Myshkin, the epileptic hero of "The Idiot," the producers have stripped away a good deal of Dostoevski's complexity, but enough of his ideas remain to make the piece bold and often exciting. There has been, in previous French movie adaptations of Russian stories, a tendency to forget the nationality of the characters and to make them peculiarly Gallic. In "The Idiot," the Russians all act like Slavs, or, at any rate, the way I think Slavs act. If there is a certain meagreness about the presentation of the novel's cloudier ideas, I guess we can attribute it to the limitations of the movies as a medium for expressing abstract notions.

If you haven't read "The Idiot" recently, I'll try to refresh your mind with a brisk, if inadequate, summary. You'll remember that a prince of Christlike impulses is plunged into the brackish stream of St. Petersburg life in the middle of the nineteenth century, where he becomes simultaneously involved with Nastasia, a lady of recklessly easy virtue, and Aglaia, the daughter of a general who has reared her carefully so that her hand in marriage will bring a good price. Pitying Nastasia, loving Aglaia, the prince is presently torn to pieces emotionally, and becomes in reality the idiot that everybody has unjustly accused him of being. The cast, led by Gérard Philipe, Edwige Feuillère, and Lucien Coedel, is altogether satisfactory, and there are many fine reproductions of St. Petersburg and its environs as they must have been in the good—or bad—old days.

"A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE," which is what "The Gioconda Smile" is called on the screen, has, as I say, not been as fortunate as "The Idiot" in its conversion. The Huxley story, concerning a spinster who sends a man to



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his death for a murder she has committed, has been reworked, at great length and to no purpose, by Mr. Huxley himself. His dialogue, it is true, is a lot better than the ordinary stuff, but he has overlooked the fragility of his idea and runs on and on about a subject that could be neatly done up in twenty minutes. Jessica Tandy and Mildred Natwick, as the murderous spinster and an embittered nurse, respectively, are excellent, but the usually reliable Charles Boyer is stiff as a stick as the gentleman.

"A Miracle Can Happen" is supposed to be a romp, but it is continually handicapped by a spavined script. To begin with, we have Burgess Meredith pretending that he's a newspaper reporter to impress his wife (Paulette Goddard). Actually, he's a want-ad taker, who, through a series of unlikely and not too entertaining events, manages to conduct a few interviews. The picture has a series of flashbacks that show the difference between what people tell him and what really happened. One, written by John O'Hara, is a fairly lively sequence about a pair of chiselling musicians, played quite adequately by James Stewart and Henry Fonda, but the rest of the film, in spite of the labors of Victor Moore, Fred MacMurray, and William Demarest, is more tedious than diverting.

In "A Lover's Return," the French kick around the foolishness of bourgeois adoration of property and good form. The lover of the title is Louis Jouvet, who returns to see, and scoff at, a sweetheart whose family had given him the gate years before. I'm afraid that this one isn't up to what the French have been able to do before with similar ideas. Nevertheless, Jouvet is as expert as ever, and he gets nice support from Gaby Morlay.

"You Were Meant for Me" deals with the flapper era, and offers Jeanne Crain and Oscar Levant. Never did the late twenties seem as trying. . . . "Night Song" is about a blind pianist and a wealthy and beautiful lady who loves him. Though the year is young, I would nominate it as the worst film of 1948 if it weren't for the fact that Artur Rubinstein plays the piano in it. Come to think of it, Mr. Rubinstein is interrupted so much that I *will* nominate it as the worst. Dana Andrews, Merle Oberon, Ethel Barrymore, and Hoagy Carmichael are the leading players. Lord help them. —John McCarten

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 27

THE most striking thing about the momentous House of Commons debate on foreign affairs was the extraordinary calm with which it was received. Considering all the sombre possibilities that the debate took for granted, Londoners, along with the rest of the world, might have been excused for feeling worried. The word "war" has recently been flung around in Parliament, the press, and ordinary conversation more than at any other time since the start of this peace. Clement Davies, a Liberal Party leader, has compared the immediate future with the dangerous months of August and September, 1939. Any shock, however, that people may have had on realizing that the situation has got worse so fast has been less marked than their relief over the fact that something is being done to dispel the nightmare of drifting along and doing absolutely nothing. The public's placid acceptance of last week's plain and appalling speaking is a proof of how far everyone has already shifted mentally. The special emotion that so many in this country have had for Russia would appear to have gone from exaggerated passion to disillusionment.

Except for the utterances of a nostalgic few who, naturally enough, find it difficult to forget the happier understanding that in other days existed between the British Labour Party and Moscow, the debate was notable for the sturdy, non-party unanimity of the speeches. Lots of English think that since the Government has travelled so far along Mr. Churchill's path, it is only quibbling when it continues to refuse to support the United Europe movement he launched last year. Though the Government has come out for something like the social and economic United Europe that Mr. Churchill advocated in his speech at Zurich, it still cannot swallow the militaristic proposals he offered in his speech at Fulton, Missouri, which, indeed, scared the pants off most of his listeners at the time. The atmosphere inside the House and out the other day certainly made the country seem, for the first time during the frequently quarrelsome peace, like a United England.

THE most important new film concerns Russia, but in this case it is the Russia of the czars. Sir Alexander Korda's long-awaited production of "Anna Karenina" was given a slap-up first night, attended by the usual crowd of Cabinet Ministers, film stars, service chiefs, and members of the diplomatic corps, including the Russians. Next morning, none of the critics denied that the picture's trimmings are remarkably handsome and correct. What it lacks is creature warmth—a queer shortcoming, in view of all the intelligence employed on it. Julien Duvivier directed it, Henri Alekan (the fine French cameraman who made the documentary "Bataille du Rail") filmed it, Constant Lambert wrote the music, and Cecil Beaton dressed it up in such a multitude of magnificent costumes that the eye has some difficulty in penetrating to the human beings inside them. Some of the scenes are superb—especially a snowy one outside the St. Petersburg station and a really brilliant bit at the races—but the piece sadly fails in its attempt to suggest the grand and overwhelming passion between Anna and Vronsky. All the critics who saw Greta Garbo and Fredric March in the old picture have been comparing them with Vivien Leigh and Kieron Moore in this one, and the latter two come off badly. The casting of Moore, a young Irish discovery, who won much praise recently for his performance in the picture "A Man About the House" and who plays Vronsky with an uneasy brogue, was not happy. The balance of the picture is so disturbed that the audience's sympathy often slinks off to Anna's cold fish of a husband, who should be detestable but who, as played by Sir Ralph Richardson in a faintly Oriental makeup, easily runs off with all the pathos.

This picture is certain to raise again the question of whether these immensely elaborate and expensive "prestige" films, which take so long to make, are really worth their problematical return in American dollars, especially when cinema houses here are going to be short of anything at all to show. Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet," for instance, has just been finished after nine laborious months in the mills of Mr. Rank. The Cinematograph Films Bill, which passed its second reading last week, will reduce Mr. Rank's grip on the British film industry, since it limits holdings of cinema circuits and studio space. The bill is intended to help the industry grab the big chance offered by the current disappearance of American films. Many exhibitors, however, say gloomily that the home output won't be anything like enough to keep British screens filled. In London, the drought is already noticeable; the principal cinemas are showing only three American pictures, as against four English ones, three French, one Italian, and one elderly German revival (the old Dietrich-and-Jannings "The Blue Angel").

Last week, the funniest stage show in town was at the extremely bright little Lyric Theatre, at Hammersmith, which often sends winners on to the less courageous West End. The play, Sir John Vanbrugh's Restoration comedy "The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger," is not as hefty a structure as the tremendous palace the playwright-architect constructed for Queen Anne at Blenheim, but Londoners are enjoying themselves escaping from the Crippsian present into a bawdy, wildly comic skit that tweaks everything within reach, from rustic country squires to the good old British love of a lord. Cyril Ritchard, buried under an enormous periwig, plays Lord Foppington as screaming farce. In the absence of any outstanding new dramatist, such a revival is often the best thing that turns up on the London stage today.

THE future of the public schools and, incidentally, the educational outlook of the hard-pressed middle classes have recently drawn much attention because of a fiercely controversial scholastic appointment. Rugby, the home of "Tom Brown's School Days" and of more than one famous headmaster, including the great Dr. Arnold, has just fluttered the teaching profession by announcing that its new head will be a well-known London solicitor, Sir Arthur fforde (who spells his name with two small "f"s, as in the abbreviation of "fortissimo"). The reception of the news has been neither pianissimo nor, on the whole, simpatico. Present headmasters have angrily complained in the newspapers, and the Headmasters' Conference has boomed its disapproval of the innovation, which, if followed up, will mean that the plums of the profession may be shaken down into the laps of outsiders who have not qualified for them the hard way. Sir Arthur, an Old Rugbeian, who is forty-seven and was knighted for his service in the Treasury and Ministry of Supply during the war, might truthfully say that his acceptance of Dr. Arnold's mantle has also meant the acceptance of a severe financial sacrifice.

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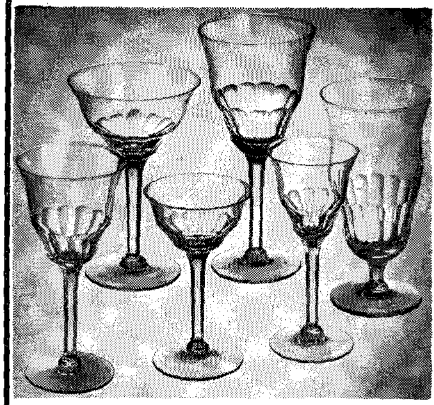

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esting to more than a special circle is the Rugby governing body's assertion that a headmaster's problems today are increasingly economic and social. They argue that a man of Sir Arthur fforde's business capacities will be better equipped to grapple with these problems than would a purely academic headmaster. This contention has been hotly disputed, but it is undeniable that the public schools are in for a testing time. They will be packed for several years to come, but the number of parents who will be able to go on forking out steadily rising fees is questionable. Rugby has just whacked up its charges from seventy-seven pounds a year to ninety, and most of the other big schools are being forced to do the same by the rise in staff wages and general costs. This means that the sons of many doctors, clergymen, and other professional men of modest income, who normally would have followed their fathers to the old school, will find themselves outside, which, if it does not empty the schools, will blow in an entirely new set of pupils or ideas, or both. It's a problem that never came up in "Tom Brown's School Days," but it may have a great effect on the school days of all the Tom Browns who are being born now.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Ray T. Miller, a Democratic candidate for governor, said he was proud to be a Democrat, because the Democratic party supported God.

"The 45,000,000 immigrants who came to the United States between the adoption of the Constitution and 1921 did so because the Democratic party supported God," he said. "Canada and Australia have as much opportunity, as many natural resources and as much land, but your mothers and fathers and mine came here because this country supports God, and because of the Democratic party, which has always supported God."

Miller also condemned communism.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Sounds to us like a thoroughly sound position.

•

## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Goldsboro (N. C.) News-Argus*]

A man was walking in front of the Bank of Wayne when the wind was blowing so hard and as he passed the bank his hat blew off. As he turned to retrieve it the hat blew into the revolving door at the bank and the man went in after it. Both man and hat went round and round and as he recovered his hat he was heard to comment.

Kathleen Lee

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

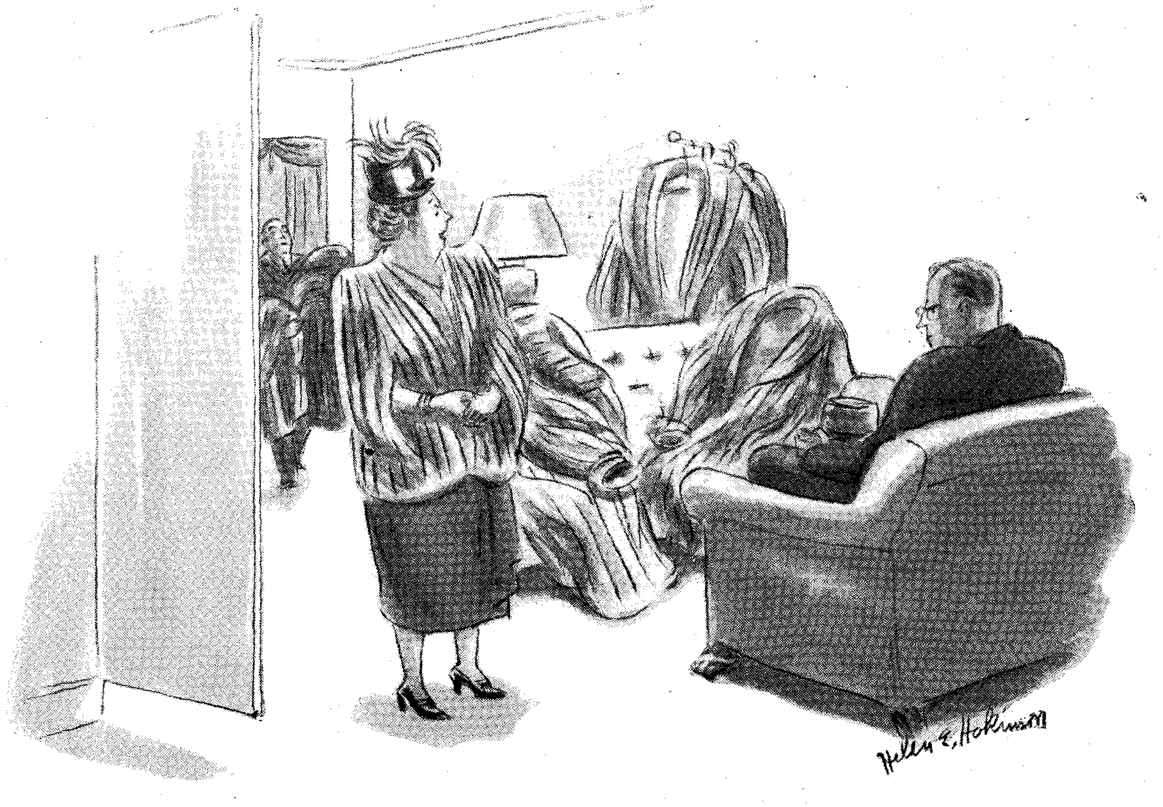
IF you are losing heart in the eternal battle against the encroachment of city dirt, you may want to know of some items that will make keeping a house tidy as painless as possible. There is, to get under way at once, a thin liquid polish, called Silvo and sold by Lewis & Conger and Hammacher Schlemmer, that imparts a highly gratifying dazzle to silverware and does it so easily that it is held in esteem even by maids with a notable disinterest in cleaning silver. The polish contains a minimum of solid matter, so the rubbing-off process takes practically no time. The result is the sort of shine rarely seen outside silversmiths' show-cases. Another aid in the struggle against unpleasantly dimmed silver is the Silvena Polishing Cloth, sold in housefurnishing stores. This one will not do away with really heavy tarnish, but it will handle most minor jobs and is very handy for taking care of that breakfast-egg spoon or giving a hasty lick to the living-room cigarette boxes. A new and remarkably effective brass polisher, called Nevr-Dull (fortunately, the performance of these cleansers is a lot better than their names), is a chemically treated cotton wadding that requires very little effort. It has the advantage of not leaving a deposit in the crevices of the metal, and a small piece of the wadding may be used several times. Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis & Conger, and Patterson Brothers (15 Park Row) carry it.

If you have inherited beefsteak or other knives of the era before stainless steel, you must either know about the English Wellington Knife Powder polish already or have put your knives away in a bottom drawer. Nothing, as far as I know, has ever successfully competed with this product, on which British domestic life was once built as firmly as on custard powders and Pears Soap. The polish, which contains extremely fine emery and performs well on any kind of stained cutlery, would probably freshen up a suit of armor, if you have one that needs attention. Don't think, though, that it is one of those magic timesavers; it was originally intended for the strong arms of the little slaveys who used to rise at dawn to polish stair rods, black boots, and shine knives. Hammacher Schlemmer have it.

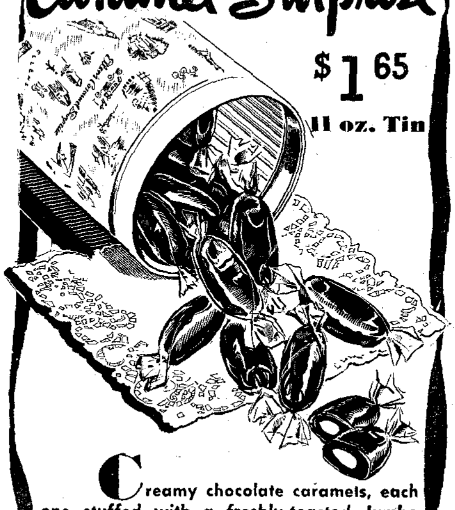
Householders moving into apartments evacuated by people who have left rust stains in the kitchen sink, corroded bathroom fixtures, and other vexations for which departing tenants are notorious will probably be glad to hear of a dependable scouring powder called Zud, which can be had at Macy. This is not a general household cleanser, but for stubborn rust spots, dingy faucets, and surface burns on the enamel of gas ranges it is invaluable. And if you are interested in getting yourself cleaned up after a job of painting, or even after changing your typewriter ribbon, Lewis & Conger, Devoe & Reynolds (60 East 42nd Street), and some of the Woolworth stores have a remarkable cream, called Quickie (there they go again), that removes all traces of ink, paint, and other stains. It has a slight smell of benzine, but it is otherwise agreeable and, because of its lanolin content, leaves the hands quite soft and does not disturb nail polish.

Of course, the easiest way to avoid strenuous bouts of cleaning is to keep things from getting dirty in the first place, and to that end there is a new waterproof plastic material called Protect-O-Wall—to be had at Bloomingdale, and, no doubt, elsewhere—that will preserve the neatness of wall spaces exposed to more than ordinary smudging. A package of two sheets of the stuff, twenty-five by forty inches, costs a dollar. The sheets can be cut to any dimensions and applied, by means of Scotch tape, to areas around stoves and sinks or to other vulnerable spots. The only trouble, if it is a trouble, is that although the plastic is completely transparent and almost invisible, Scotch tape, as you know, in time becomes neither. If that bothers you, you had better forget about Protect-O-Wall and tack up one of the more substantial asbestos-backed chromium pads called Aristo-Mats, which Lewis & Conger sell. These come in various sizes, ranging from a nine-by-nineteen-inch sheet, at $1.85, which would catch the spatter made by an electric mixer, to a seventeen-by-thirty-six-inch mat, at $5.95, suitable for putting up behind a stove.

Brooding over the inevitable chore



*"Now, don't worry, dear. I'm hoping I won't see anything I like."*



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of washing the roasting pan is no state of mind in which to approach the cooking of a pheasant or a leg of lamb, so when something comes along to do away with the drudgery, it is hard not to be beguiled by it. This labor-saver is aluminum foil, which costs a dollar for a seventy-five-foot roll and can be found at Lewis & Conger, Hammacher Schlemmer, and other housewares stores. A piece can be cut off to line any roasting pan or broiler; when the fat has done its messy work, the foil is thrown away. The aluminum does not affect the flavor of the food, fat and juices can be salvaged without trouble, and the utensil requires only the most perfunctory washing afterward. If you are strong-minded enough to face up to dishwashing as the natural and certain result of cooking, you may be interested in a plastic-hose contraption that Macy has to offer, at $8.98. Just above the nozzle is a small chamber into which a pellet of a very effective detergent is placed. When a button is pressed, the cleanser emerges in a fine lather; cease pressing, and the water flows clear. The nozzle can be fitted with one of three brushes—nylon for china, soft cotton for glasses, and a metal scouring brush—that come with the set.

I don't know how one refrigerator deodorant that uses charcoal as an absorber can be more efficient than another, but I have found that a brand called Absorb-O-Dor, sold at Hammacher Schlemmer, for $3.85, does a surprisingly satisfactory job of keeping an icebox smelling fresh. Whether it stays effective for three years, as the blurb on the package claims, remains to be seen, but for three weeks the Absorb-O-Dor in my possession has been doing fine.

If you happened to drop in at that prefabricated cottage that sprang up overnight on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 48th Street, you may have been struck, in the otherwise not notable interior, by the comfortable temperature of rooms that are without visible heating apparatus. The reason for this agreeable condition, as we mentioned elsewhere in this magazine a couple of weeks ago, is a system of rubber heating panels called Uskon and made by the United States Rubber Company. Last week, I called at the company's offices, at 1230 Sixth Avenue, where I was treated to an informative lecture on the new heating method. Enough of the more easily grasped facts remain with me to give you, I hope, an idea of what it's all about. The heating is done by electrified ceiling panels that look like Sheetrock or a similar material, in which there is a thin layer of conductive rubber. (Up till now, I thought that the major characteristic of rubber was that it would *not* conduct electricity.) Current is brought to the edge of these panels by copper wires, but there are no wires in the heating area. The panels are installed only in the ceiling, since the greatest degree of radiant heat is obtained when the source is overhead. The entire ceiling is not, however, covered with Uskon; the panels are arranged in a pattern that varies with the heating requirements of each room to avoid the usual cold spots. When the weather outside is 20°, the surface temperature of the ceiling is slightly over 100°. Since there is a thermostat in each room, bedroom temperatures may be reduced while other parts of the house are kept warm. The hitch in this apparently foolproof heating system (the snapping of a switch at the beginning and end of winter is all the attention required) is the operating cost. The company figures that around New York the cost will be nearly twenty-five per cent higher than oil or coal. In areas where electricity rates are high, the company advises use of the panels only in country cottages that have no cellars for furnaces, or as a supplementary heating system in town. Even if you haven't any use for Uskon and are quite comfortable with your old-fashioned banging radiator, you must admit that it's nice to know that the postwar world, about which we used to hear so much, is coming along. —S. H.

●

That claim is expressed in the legend seen on post office buildings. It says: "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift competition of their appointed rounds."
—*Hartford Courant.*

It's the old free-enterprise system.

●

We were surprised when our visas came through, and we held a mild celebration with Willy behind the bar when they did. At that point, I had an accident and broke my leg, and was laid up for two months.
—*John Steinbeck in the Herald Tribune.*

You said a *mild* celebration?

●

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*John McNulty in PM*]

Getting the shirt on, and the tie tied, without fingermarks, was a nervous procedure. My mother had to stand behind me to tie the bow tie, because that is the way she had got used to tying a bow around her own neck when she was a little girl.

# OF ALL THINGS

Congressional expense-cutters seem to have decided that nothing much can be subtracted from the military part of the Truman budget. Evidently, reductions will have to be made in funds for such luxury items as social welfare, education, research work, and reclamation.

•

Reports indicate that there is plenty of enthusiasm in California for the candidacy of Governor Earl Warren. Like the heat wave that state has been having, this is apparently a local, rather than a national, phenomenon.

•

The plan to decrease the production of gasoline in favor of fuel oil may result in a gas shortage next summer. If people expect to stay warm in February, they may have to stay home in July.

•

The official devaluation of the franc has caused unhappiness in Great Britain, but there are no signs of distress in the United States. What Americans are worrying about is the unofficial devaluation of the dollar.

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West Coast Republicans are shocked by the news that Philadelphia hotels plan to raise their rates fifty per cent during the G.O.P. Convention. Some hotheads have gone so far as to utter the ugly words "price control."

•

Lady Astor declared, after her recent arrival here, that Germany must be strengthened as a bulwark against Russia. If we remember correctly, somebody said something like that once before.

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Miami sadly reports that its lush-money days are over. We are given to understand that there is no longer the likelihood of Florida horses' being choked by big rolls of banknotes.

•

British authorities refuse to reduce the seventy-five-per-cent tax on American films, because the amount of food imported would have to be greatly cut down to pay for these pictures. The Government has made the possibly hasty decision that true Englishmen would rather eat than see a Hollywood glamour girl.

—Howard Brubaker

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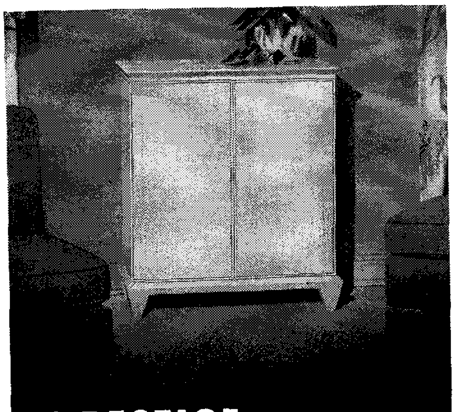

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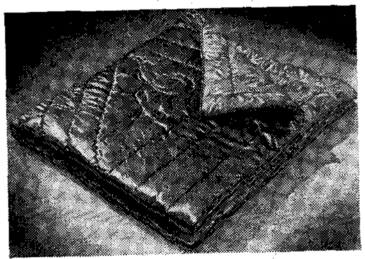

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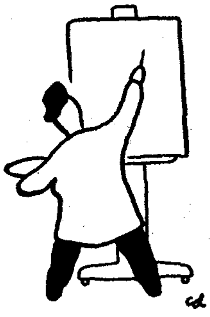
# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Two Old Hands at the Trade*



TWO of the real titans of the modern-art movement in France are having exhibitions—Matisse, at the Bignou, and Picasso, at the Kootz Gallery—both of them interesting showings.

The significance of Matisse as a pioneer, it occurs to me, is frequently forgotten because of his later accomplishments, and his current collection, which is a truncated retrospective, running from 1906 to 1928, should be an excellent reminder of this. Matisse was, of course, one of the leaders of the Fauves, the French group that afterward was responsible for Expressionism, and the coloristic experiments he undertook at the time, as well as his experiments in the loosening up of design, certainly have a place of considerable importance in the complex progression of events that has produced modern art as we know it today. The show, though it begins when he was still in his post-Impressionist phase (see "The Tree," of 1906) and skips rather rapidly to his Tunisian period, has a few canvases that may fairly be classed as Fauve, among them "Boy with Butterfly Net" and "Collioure," dated 1907 and 1908, respectively. In several of the later pieces, moreover, such as the "Carnival at Nice," of 1922, one still sees traces of the Fauvist tradition in the ebullience of his color and the freedom of his drawing.

"Carnival at Nice," incidentally, shows where Raoul Dufy, for one, got some of his ideas, but Matisse has had few ardent followers. His style is too elusive and uninsistent—above all, too personal—for that. Yet it can hardly be denied that he has been, in his quiet way, a consistent innovator, and one has only to look at the big "The Artist's Studio," done in 1911, to see how daring, stylistically, he has been. Even by contemporary standards, the painting, with its bold, brick-red background and delicately outlined details, is an amazing mingling of the abstract and the representational, the flat-patterned and the three-dimensional, of tonal exuberance and formal restraint. At the time it was done, only a few years after Cubism had made the first break with traditional concepts of painting, it must have seemed sensational.

"The Artist's Studio" is the best picture in the exhibit, and it shows the artist at his most inventive. Roughly half of the collection, however, is made up of paintings of the nineteen-twenties, during which Matisse spent a good deal of time in Tunis and Nice and came under the influence of Moroccan and Eastern art. This phase, though it may not have been his most adventurous, was perhaps his most engaging. All his sensuousness, which had been conveyed only in his flowing design, found a more literal expression then, and, romantic as they are, his paintings of harem interiors, slave girls, and the like have an astonishing conviction. The show doesn't contain his top pieces of this genre, but it has several that are well above the average. Two of them—the pale, exquisitely tender "Seated Nude" and the more richly colored semi-nude called "The Red Pantaloons"—are especially charming, and the whole group reveals the man in his most winning and emotionally persuasive period.

THE Picasso exhibition, though its main interest is the nine new paintings just arrived from France, also has a retrospective note, for it contains five others, dating from 1945 back to 1941. The new canvases, all completed in 1947, are generally blonder in color, simpler in design, and gayer in spirit than the few other recent pictures of his we've seen since the war. Otherwise, the style is the same. Picasso, for the past ten years or so, has been trying to perfect what one might call a rounder kind of abstraction, to achieve a species of representation that, while still respecting the single plane of the canvas, can portray several aspects of the subject simultaneously. Hence his double-visage portraits, seen at once in profile and full face; hence the side views, worked unobtrusively into the delineation of a figure depicted frontally; and hence the constant feeling (a baffling one it is, too, occasionally) that the artist is working around and around his subjects, like a spider spinning a web, instead of attacking them head on.

The show has several of these confusing moments, but it has more than enough rewards in recompense. "La Fille du Concierge avec Poupée," staring solemnly from her little yellow-backed chair, is as explosively sunny as anything van Gogh ever painted, and so is the adroitly simplified small still life called "Le Miroir." "Nature Morte avec Cafetière" is more sombre in coloration, and "Femme," a figure study, is so severely stylized in composition that it takes on the quality of Persian ornamental design. All these that I've mentioned are from last year's crop of paintings. Among the earlier examples, I'd recommend "Nature Morte avec Crâne," with its sonorous red-and-black plaid background; "Femme Assise;" and the remarkably authoritative "Mère et Enfant."

AT Paul Rosenberg, there is a showing of recent paintings by Abraham Rattner. Rattner's coloring, too, has been growing blonder and sunnier, and his exhibition has a couple of pictures, both called "Hands Upreaching," and another, called "Conflagration," whose play of reds, whites, and yellows is almost blinding. High in key though they are, they are handled skillfully, and, as in all Rattner's work, there is an evangelical intensity that adds considerable power. I also liked "Nebraska Landscape," with its wavelike pattern, and "Landscape and Girl with Flowers," which is so bright with color that the canvas is almost incandescent.

HENRY KOERNER, who is having his first one-man show at the Midtown, has unquestionably been influenced by Grünewald and the other Gothic painters. He has likewise, I should say, studied such moderns as Peter Blume, Ben Shahn, and the photographer Walker Evans, for he shows much of their tendency to create poetic fantasy out of the careful juxtaposition of apparently unrelated symbols. I've rarely, though, seen a first solo of greater promise. Koerner, who is only thirty-two, reveals an astonishing technical dexterity, and his ability to project mood is truly masterly. His great fault is that his paint surface is too metallic; otherwise, such pieces as "My Parents," "Monkey Bars," "The Prophet," and the really compendious "Vanity Fair" are achievements of a thoroughly mature strength and imagination.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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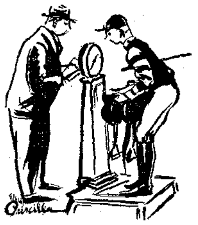
# THE RACE TRACK

*Class C Surprise*



LAST Saturday, On Trust seemed so certain to win the Maturity Stakes, Santa Anita's new hundred-thousand-dollar kickshaw for four-year-olds, that I was tempted to make him a one-best-bet, or something close to it. It never occurred to me that a Class C animal, like Flashco, could beat him, but that's what happened. A furlong from home, according to all accounts and the charts, On Trust looked as though he'd win. Then he slowed up. Longden, On Trust's jockey, said after the race that the animal had loafed. Some horses do when they're in front. As a matter of fact, On Trust did in the Preakness, and he lost that race, too. Flashco, lightly weighted, and energetically ridden by Westrope, beat On Trust by a neck, with Double Jay third, a length behind. The last time Flashco won was at Belmont, in October, when he beat Blue Border, which I'd hardly call an achievement. Winning the Maturity unquestionably was one; Flashco's share of the purse was $83,500, and, in addition, Frank Frankel, the Texas oilman who owns him, now has a new gold cup. In spite of everything, I expect that On Trust will have a big following for the Santa Anita Handicap, on the twenty-eighth of this month.

Another horse who has better than an outside chance in the Santa Anita is Shannon, that Australian fellow there's been such a pother over. Last summer, W. J. Smith, managing director of Australian Consolidated Industries, Ltd., gave twenty-six thousand Australian guineas, or $87,360, for him—a record for Australia. That's understandable; for some time Shannon had been considered the best horse out there in years. Three thousand Sydney aficionados paid to see the sale, only four bids were made, and the whole show lasted a minute and fifteen seconds—hardly longer than a selling-plater takes to run six furlongs on a muddy track at Jamaica.

In October, Shannon was shipped to San Francisco. While he was en route, Harry Curland, a caterer at the California tracks, arranged to buy him, sight unseen, for more than $100,000. Later, Curland called the deal off, be-

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cause it was discovered that Shannon might not be accepted as a thoroughbred by the Jockey Club. His pedigree, it turned out, couldn't be traced in all branches in the English "General Stud Book," the *Social Register* of racers foaled abroad. The flaw was a mare called Spaewife, eleven generations back—1/2048 of Shannon's ancestry. Shannon, to cut a long lineage short, is by Midstream out of Idle Words, who was by Magpie out of Peptamint, who was by Finland. Spaewife was the great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother of Finland. It appears that there was a mixup about the identity of Spaewife, who was shipped from England to New South Wales in 1826. Last week, the stewards of the Jockey Club, after considerable pondering, decided to permit the registration of Shannon II. (The reason for the numeral behind his name is that another Shannon once raced in this country.) So everybody is happy again, especially Neil McCarthy, a Los Angeles attorney, who, in the meantime, had taken a chance and purchased Shannon II privately.

Shannon II ran well in his first start at Santa Anita, coming in third to Windfields and Endeavor II, the huge Argentine you may have seen in the Empire Gold Cup last summer. Apparently, dirt tracks and American riding methods haven't put the Australian animal off form as much as they do most newly arrived foreigners. On the record, he is fast (he once ran a mile in 1:34½ in Australia), good at any distance, and accustomed to carrying higher weight than he will in the Handicap. He has one bad fault—he is fractious at the barrier, and has often been left in important races. However, he's formidable in the stretch; his finishes remind you of Stymie's, Australians say, but are even better.

MEMORANDUM ON THE DECLINE OF HUNCH-PLAYING: Several weeks ago, California was so arid that on a recent Sunday prayers for rain were offered in the churches. Five days later, Dry Year won the fourth race at Santa Anita, paying $77.60, $31.20, and $10. His odds were the next to longest in a field of ten runners.—AUDAX MINOR

•

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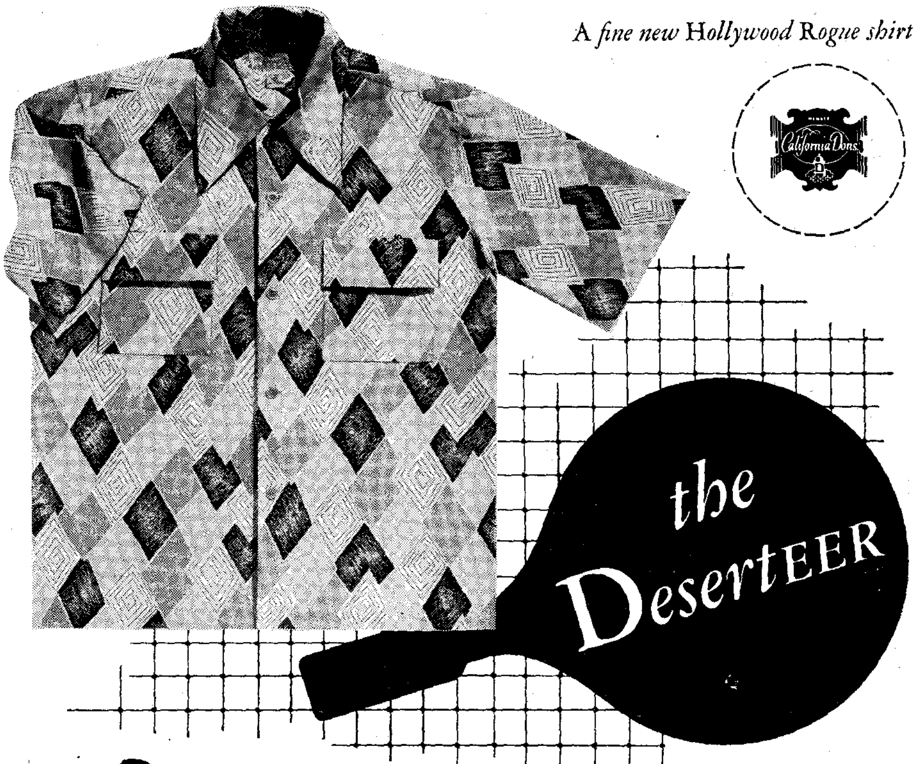

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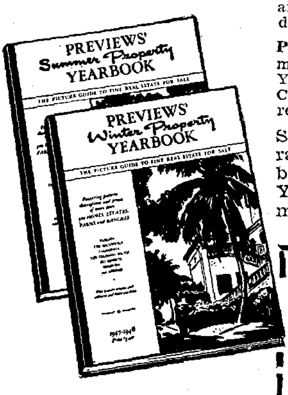
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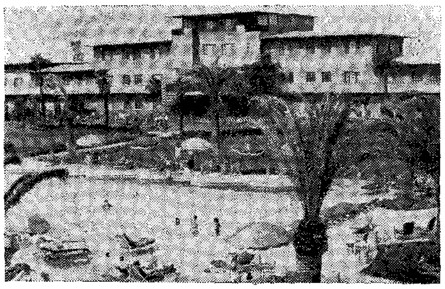

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# BLOW IN BERMUDA

THE Scotch-and-sodas at the American Consul's home in Tucker's Town had been pleasant that afternoon, and life in Bermuda seemed to be meandering along in its usual pattern of serenity when I climbed into my car and started home.

My driver always kept strictly within the speed laws of the island—fifteen miles an hour in towns and villages, twenty in the open country. He was middle-aged and I am even beyond that; we had no liking for speed.

"Any news?" I asked him.

"No, not much."

"How's the weather going to be this week?"

"Guess all right. But storm blowing up."

"Yes?"

"Guess tomorrow, maybe morning. Much wind."

"Much wind? You mean a hurricane?" I have been conditioned by New York weather reports.

"Well, suh, it could be."

We lapsed into silence, and then talked desultorily of other things. What might or might not be coming up in the near future, perhaps tomorrow, seemed of such unimportance to my driver that I never thought of the weather again until we had reached the house I was occupying, which sat on a bluff on the south shore of Paget. The wind was obviously rising. I decided to walk down the road and consult my friend George, a native Bermudian of my own age. I found him sitting on a rock in front of his place, his gray hair tousled by the wind.

"How does it look, George?" I asked.

"Oh, just a blow," he said.

"You listened to the radio?"

"Yes. Rather entertaining program."

"Did it say anything about a hurricane?"

"Oh, that. Well, it said about closing shutters and such if it comes. There is plenty of time. All those hurricane hunters up at the airplane field. Probably get five or six days' notice on a hurricane. It's just a blow."

I bade George good night, went home, had dinner, and went to bed. Around five in the morning, I awoke. There was a low hum in the air, ominous and strange. I got up, and stayed up. By eight o'clock, the waves were rolling in majestically at the foot of the bluff.

My cook, a brown Bermudian, appeared and asked sleepily if I was ready for breakfast. He said he thought a little fire in the fireplace would be nice, just for the cheerfulness. I agreed. As I ate my breakfast before the gently crackling fire, the humming turned into a roar, and my little house on the bluff seemed to be straining, in a polite way, against some strong and unfamiliar force. Breakfast over, I went to a window. Spray was flying up over the edge of the bluff. The waves coming in looked like mountains. When I saw my fence start creeping toward me, I decided to go out and look up George again and see what he thought.

I found him working in his garden.

"Hey, George! How hard do you think it will blow?"

He gave the horizon a look out of the corners of his eyes.

"Might be worse," he said.

"Look, George! Look at that tree and those bushes!"

"Hmm. That tree does seem to be nodding." He went on working, and then looked at the horizon again.

"Guess we're getting a little storm," he said after a while. "Not much. Guess I'll get into Hamilton. Get the groceries and come on back. Want to go along?"

"A tree's fallen across the driveway, George."

"I'll find my axe. No trouble. Let's jump into the truck and go along into Hamilton. Pretty good wind."

"Look how it's blowing, George! Look! I'm leaning against it, and it holds me up."

I leaned, and, as George watched me patiently, my Bermuda shorts blew off. I ran after them, caught them, and put them back on.

"Let's get in the truck and go into Hamilton," said George.

"I don't know, George. Mightn't the truck blow over?"

"Thought of that. Filled her with coral blocks last night to keep her steady."

"Oh, so you knew it was coming, eh?"

"Just a blow."

George got his axe and chopped a piece out of the tree in the driveway, and we started off in the truck. Down the road a piece, George looked disapprovingly at a field of flattened vegetation. "Banana trees," he said. "Banana trees are not very strong."

"What about those royal palms, George?"

"Just bent a bit."

As he said this, he jammed on the brakes. A royal palm had fallen across

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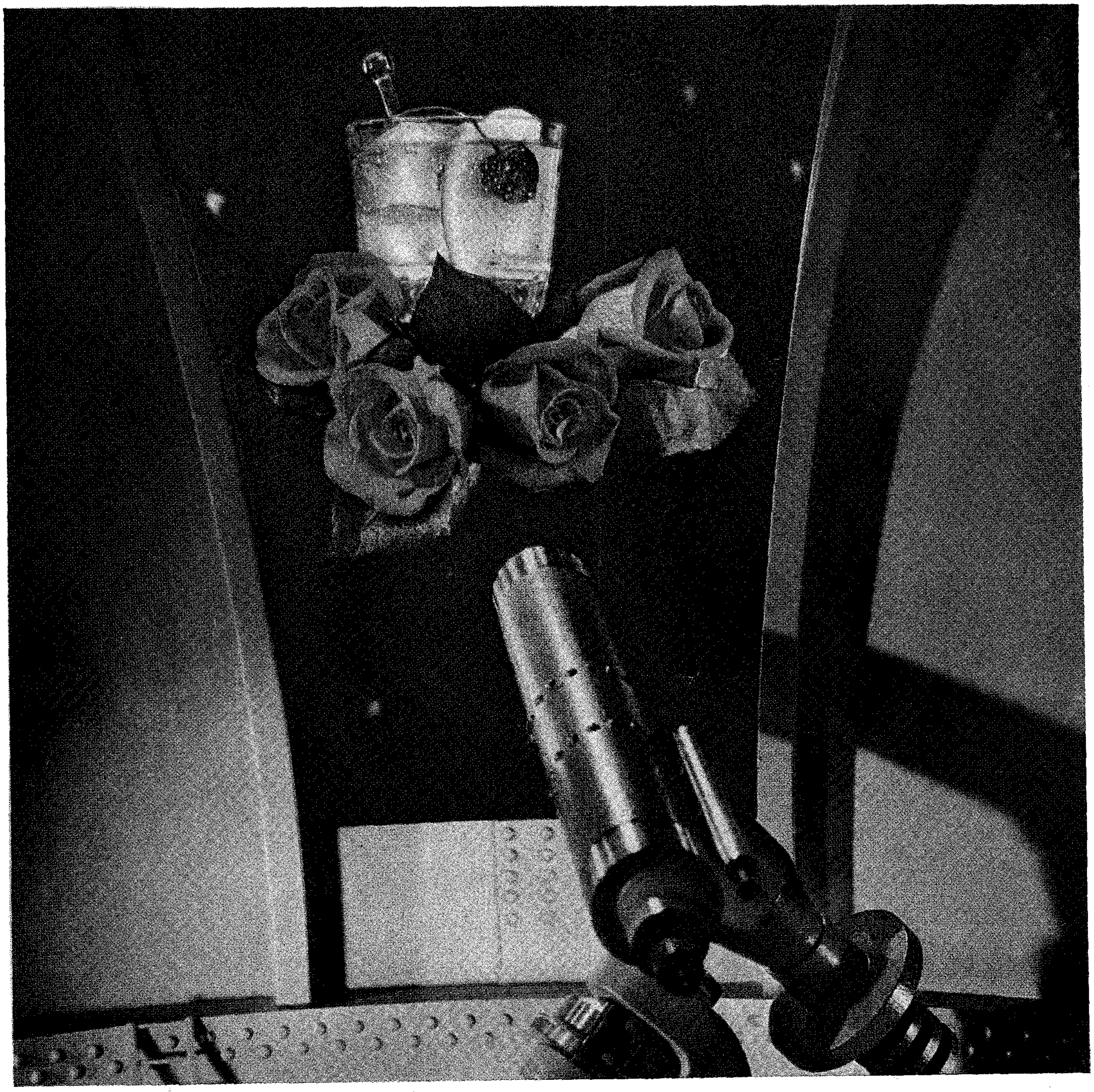

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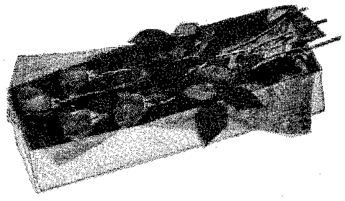

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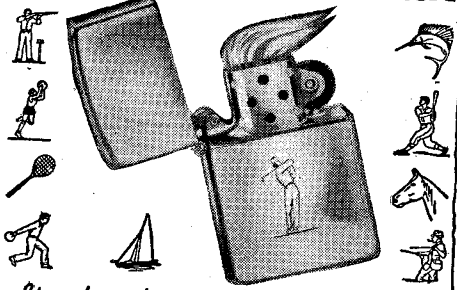

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the road right in front of us. "Chop that up, I guess," said George, producing his axe from among the coral blocks and getting out.

Two more royal palms fell, behind us.

"Guess we better go through that brush there," George said, pointing to the side of the road. "Too many trees on this road. Get to the South Shore Road through that brush. Wind's changing."

We started through the brush, chopping our way, moving the truck along after us a rod at a time. In a few minutes, we came upon an old Bermudian black lady holding up a bicycle, the handle-bar basket loaded with vegetables she was delivering to the market for sale. Like us, she'd started to take the short cut through the brush.

"Come on," George said. "Let's drag her out. But, say! Look at those calabashes! Just blew off. Wait a minute, old lady."

George gathered some calabashes and put them in the truck. Then we untangled the old lady and got her to the South Shore Road, passing the bicycle from hand to hand. She thanked us and rode off.

We went back to the truck, got it to the South Shore Road, and moved on toward Hamilton. Along the way, trees, shrubbery, gardens were all the same—flat.

"Think it will be bad, George?"

"Well, it might, if the wind gets round to the west. Harbor might get it a little."

In Hamilton, the store windows were boarded up, and the harbor looked like a mass of turbulent soapsuds. George stopped the truck. "Boat's riding all right," he said, pointing.

"Whose boat?"

"My boat," he said, nodding toward a ketch moored in the harbor. He started the truck again.

"What's that one sinking there?" I asked, nudging him and pointing.

"Ferryboat. Not much good anyhow."

"And that one?"

"That's the old pilot boat. Antiquated."

"Look! Look, George! All those little ones piling up on the beach."

"Not many good moorings in this harbor."

Chunks of the roof of the Washington House were fluttering up and away as we passed it. "That roof never was on right," said George.

The large steamships tied up to the docks seemed to be straining their

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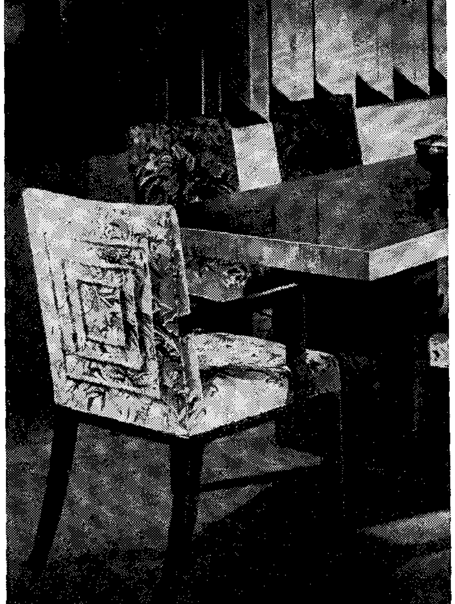

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hawsers, and the men peering out of the portholes looked anxious. There was hardly a mast to be seen on the smaller boats that were still at their moorings in the harbor. The flags flying from Parliament House were in shreds. Leaves, branches, brush, trees had drifted into piles everywhere.

"Let's go up the other side of town and get the groceries," said George.

As we started off, a large tree fell over, just missing us. We found one store open on the other side of town. A dim light was showing from its windows. George drew up before it.

"George, you'd better not park so near that cedar tree."

"Guess that tree *is* bobbing around."

George looked critically at the tree and moved the truck along the curb a few yards.

Inside the store, he bought his groceries. Two candles were burning on the counter. One of them blew out. I held a match while the clerk added up George's bill.

Outside the store again, I noted that the cedar tree had fallen, missing the truck by about three feet. George looked at it and nodded. "I knew I didn't have to move that truck very far," he said.

"Well, let's get back home."

"Yes. Ought to be a good day tomorrow."

It was, and the Bermuda newspapers, probably influenced by the American press, called the blow a hurricane, jumping to a conclusion, which George had refrained from doing. The wind had reached a velocity of only seventy-five miles an hour. Bermuda had had merely a severe gale. To my astonishment, I found before I left the island that it was the first severe gale it had had in twenty-one years. I never was able to figure out George's attitude toward it.

—CLEON THROCKMORTON

•

### WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The symbolic cross that eluded four divers on Sunday when it was tossed into the Hudson River off Pier A in the traditional ritual of the blessing of the waters to mark the Greek Orthodox Church celebration of the Feast of the Epiphany was recovered late yesterday by the police.

—*The Times, January 27th.*

Constantino Kotteakos, thirty-nine, demonstrated yesterday that he just can't accept defeat. He failed Sunday for the first time in nine years to retrieve the gilt cross tossed into the Hudson River at the Battery by the Greek Archbishop Arsenios Saltas in the annual Feast of the Epiphany ceremony. . . . He returned to the scene yesterday, dived several times in the ice-filled water—and came up with the cross.—*The Herald Tribune, same day.*

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *The "Ring" by Daylight*

THE Metropolitan Opera Company's afternoon series of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which ended last week with a performance of "Götterdämmerung," was marked by, more than anything else, its lucidity and consistency. Credit for the excellence of this enterprise should go, largely, to the conductor, Fritz Stiedry, who set about his work in an exceptionally understanding manner. He controlled the orchestral volume so that not only the voices but also the words of the singers came across plainly and forcefully, and so that the important orchestral themes were sufficiently emphasized without being blown wildly at the audience. Altogether, these four matinées constituted a provocative version of the "Ring," and, in common with many other listeners, I am looking forward to the evening performances of Wagner's tetralogy, which are to be heard this month.

The individual showings in the daytime series were generally good, and often a great deal more than that. A number of the singers were new to their roles, at least at the Metropolitan; among these, Polyna Stoska, as Gutrune, and Dezso Ernster, as Hagen and as the dragon, were particularly effective. Turning to the veterans, I might point out that some of the more familiar impersonations—especially that of Helen Traubel, as Brünnhilde, in three of the operas, and those of Lauritz Melchior, as Siegfried (in "Götterdämmerung") and as Siegmund—were distinguished by an added richness this season. The ensemble singing of the artists who appeared as the Rhine Maidens (the personnel of the group differed slightly in the two operas in which they appear) was very pretty indeed. Incidentally, anybody interested in German light conversation would find a rewarding field for research in the colloquial repartee of the Maidens in "Das Rheingold" and "Götterdämmerung."

There has been a spot of controversy here and there about Lee Simonson's new "Ring" scenery, which, as you know, was created with an eye toward easy cross-country shipment for road performances of the operas. I think that

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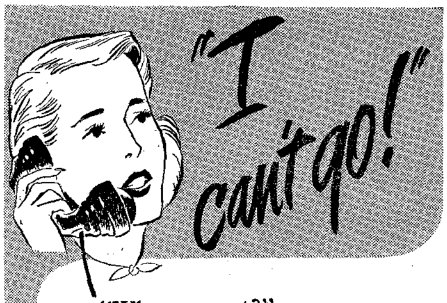

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many of the sets, especially in "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung," are impressive or attractive, or both. A few—notably the Valkyrie rock, which turns up in three of the operas—seem unnecessarily artificial. Some of the details of the lighting, which, on the whole, was well executed, might also be reconsidered, now that all of the décor has been tested in performance.

Herbert Graf's staging was unostentatious and splendidly suited to the music, which, perhaps, is too mild a way of saying that he handled a difficult job wisely and efficiently. Mr. Graf, faced with the old and formidable problem of which of Wagner's stage directions to take literally and which to forget, knew precisely how to solve it.

ON the evening of the "Götterdämmerung" matinée, the Metropolitan put on "The Barber of Seville," in which Carmen Gracia made her Met début as Rosina. Miss Gracia, a thoroughly fetching Rosina, has a neat way of putting over the bright recitative. Her voice has a pleasant quality, and she can reach some compelling high notes, but her singing of the celebrated "Una voce poco fa" was inconclusive, apparently because she was nervous. She sang Julius Benedict's brilliant "Carnival of Venice" variations, which were inserted, as they sometimes are, in the lesson scene, and did extremely well by these entertaining bits of floridity.

The Met's production of the Rossini comedy was a lighthearted romp, with plenty of good singing in both its more and less jovial passages.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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### THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the North China Daily News*]

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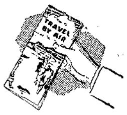

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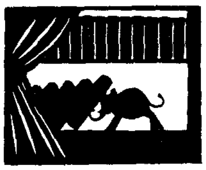
# BOOKS

## *Briefly Noted*

### FICTION

THE GILDED HEARSE, by Charles O. Gorham (Creative Age). A first novel devoted to lacerating the book-publishing business. The hero is a successful young publishing executive who considers his employer's commercial attitude toward literature shameful and humiliating, and who attempts, during the twenty-four hours that the story covers, to numb his conscience with alcohol. The chief moral result of his effort, which involves a barroom fight and a temporary dislocation of his family life, is his decision to stay home from work for a day. Brisk and frequently amusing but resoundingly anticlimactic.



MESSAGE FROM A STRANGER, by Marya Mannes (Viking). The narrator of this novel is a departed lady poet who spends the first year after her death hovering about the earth observing the activities of her recent friends and enemies. She finds them behaving just about as she had thought they would—her first husband, an opportunistic radical, justifying his defection from the Communist Party; her second husband blundering into another marriage; her son developing into the ideal modern young American; her publisher, who was also her lover, busy with plans for a volume of her collected works. Pedestrian, in spite of the uncommon technique.

NOT QUITE A DREAM, by Kathleen Hughes (Doubleday). A first novel built on one of the more recurrent themes of recent fiction, a love affair between a Jew and a Gentile. The pair in this story are from the Midwest, and the Jewish suitor is fifteen years older than the girl he hopes to marry. Otherwise, the account of their relationship, which culminates in marriage, is the familiar tale of determined love versus savage family opposition. Competently written, however.

THE PATH OF THUNDER, by Peter Abrahams (Harper). A novel, by a native of South Africa, about racial violence on the veldt. The major character is a young Negro who, after being educated in Capetown, returns to his village as a schoolteacher, brimming with ideas on social equality. When he begins to pass his city notions on to the other villagers, he falls into disfavor with the white aristocracy of the area, and when he incautiously demonstrates an interest in a white girl, his case is handled according to the rough mores of the region. Hardly first-rate fiction, but valuable as a tract.

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY, by Alan Paton (Scribner). A less heated examination of the Negro problem, also by a resident South African. The author is just as displeased with the South African race situation as Mr. Abrahams, but his story, which is concerned with a Negro from the backlands who drifts into the Johannesburg underworld and ends up by murdering a white man, is a more effective thrust at color prejudice because it is more carefully put together. This is especially true of the second part, which has to do with the relations between the father of the murderer and the wealthy white man whose son was killed.

IN MY FATHER'S PASTURES, by Soma Morganstern (Jewish Publication Society). This novel, the second of Mr. Morganstern's to appear in English, is the story of a young Austrian Jew's discovery, in the nineteen-twenties, of his cultural heritage. His sudden grasp of the meaning of Judaism is arrived at while he is visiting his uncle's estates in Polish Galicia, where his admiration for the Jewish-peasant way of life causes him to abandon the dispirited world outlook that he had picked up in the Viennese salons. The book is heavily marked with sombre political overtones hinting at the approach of the second World War, but it also contains a large amount of excellent gay, or at least less serious, writing, reminiscent of Sholom Aleichem's. Translated from the German by Ludwig Lewisohn.

THE CRY OF DOLORES, by Herbert Gorman (Rinehart). A highly spiced costume piece about the Mexican Indians' uprising, in 1810, against their Spanish rulers. Mr. Gorman hardly improves on or broadens the technique of the historical novel; in an effort to create atmosphere and background, he is given to excessive use of foreign terms when English would

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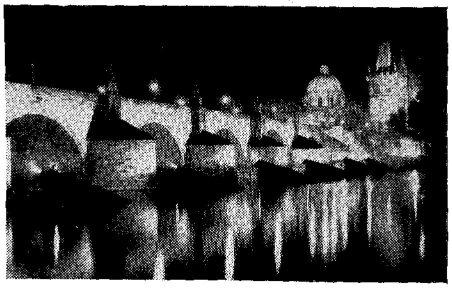

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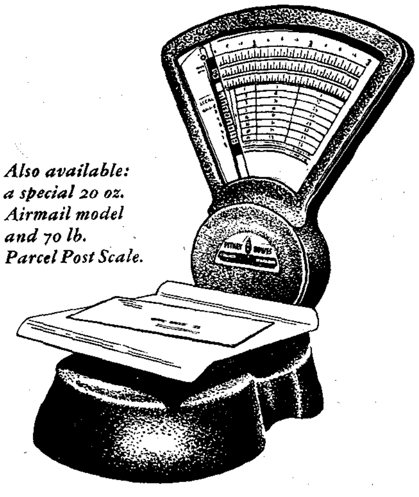

easily suffice, and his obvious talent as a storyteller is offset by an overabundance of incident and drapery. The novel is so devoid of even superficial analysis of character and motives that it is hard to believe it was written by a man who has produced serious studies of Hawthorne and Joyce.

## GENERAL

The Question of German Guilt, by Karl Jaspers (Dial). The principal lecture of a series delivered to a group of German students at Heidelberg University, shortly after the Nazi surrender, by a noted German psychiatrist and philosopher. Professor Jaspers asks for an unemotional consideration of his subject. German war guilt, he says, is a fact all Germans must face, no matter how blameworthy other nations may have been in bringing about the political situation that resulted in war. He then outlines his conception of the degrees of guilt, starting with forthright criminality and ending with "metaphysical guilt," the responsibility shared by all Germans for not having acted against the Nazis when action was possible, if dangerous. It is only through understanding of their guilt, the author claims, that Germans can purify themselves and arrive at a way of thinking that will not involve militarism and Fascism. A hopeful indication that there can be a straightforward German philosophy unencumbered by the pagan mysticism that so easily turns into Teutonic savagery.

The Abuse of Learning, by Frederic Lilge (Macmillan). A long historical inquiry into the failure of German universities to resist Nazism and its particular kind of science and learning. Mr. Lilge concedes that the breakdown of humanism in the nineteenth century was peculiar to the Germans, who went on to accept the Fascist mythology, but he does not believe that the collapse of twentieth-century culture and academic conscience was restricted to Germany; the germ that destroys cultural integrity, he intimates, is present today in many countries, including our own.

England, a History of the Homeland, by Henry Hamilton (Norton). An agreeable and informal social and economic history of the English people. Professor Hamilton avoids abstract politics and tells his story, which is, in a way, a chronicle of the origin and development of

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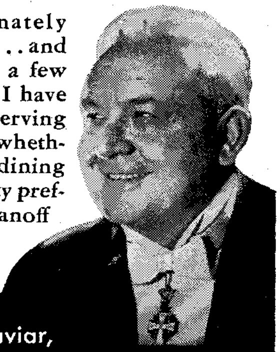

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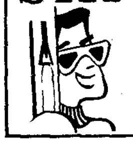

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capitalism, in terms of what Englishmen have liked to eat, how they have dressed, how they have farmed, how they have fought for social reforms, and what they have talked about.

DONALD OF CHINA, by Earl Albert Selle (Harper). The remarkable story of the late William Henry Donald, who left his native Australia early in this century to be a newspaperman and soldier of fortune in China, and remained there to become an intimate of Sun Yat-sen, the Young Marshal, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his wife. Later, he was made unofficial Foreign Minister of the first Chinese revolutionary government and, finally, was put in charge of China's economic warfare against the Japanese. Mr. Selle got his facts from Donald as he lay dying in an American hospital in Hawaii from the effects of having spent four anonymous years in the Santo Tomás University prison in Manila, while the Japs were scouring all East Asia for him.

WORLD COMMUNISM TODAY, by Martin Ebon (Whittlesey House). A survey of Communism in every country in which it is an important political factor. Mr. Ebon gives, briefly, the history of each national Communist Party, together with an appraisal of its strength, actual and potential. He says that the contradictory nature of the various national party groups—which results, for example, in the Dutch Communists' upholding of royalty, and the quarrelling between the local parties of other countries over purely national issues—demonstrates the new international strategy of adaptability, which strengthens the Party without jeopardizing Soviet policy.

FROM MY JOURNAL, by André Maurois (Harper). Selections from a diary kept by the author during 1946, when he taught and lectured at various American colleges before returning to France after six years of self-imposed exile. The author's observations on life in the United States are unusually benign but, unfortunately, too often flat and superficial. It is rather astonishing, for instance, to read an admiring comment on the wit of Calvin Coolidge by a member of the French Academy. The latter part of the journal, which deals with postwar France, has more sting and point, but not much.

FORM AND FUNCTION, by Horatio Greenough, edited by Harold A. Small (University of California). A

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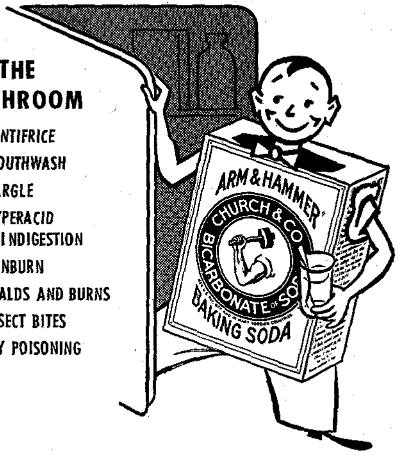

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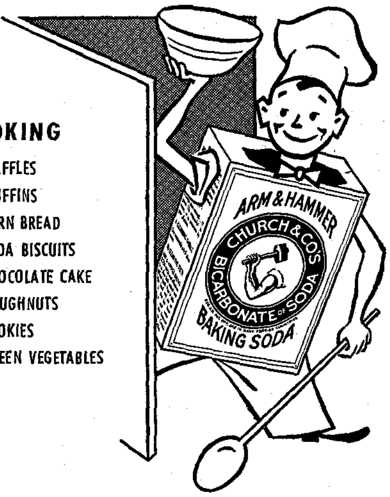

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collection of essays by a now almost forgotten nineteenth-century American sculptor of monuments, whose works caused some contemporaneous stir because of their unconventionality. These writings show that he was even more advanced in his thinking than his sculpture indicated, and despite a certain old-fashioned elaborateness of style, the ideas he expresses on the relations between function, beauty, and form seem as modern as if they had been written yesterday.

INTRODUCTION TO CARTOONING, by Richard Taylor (Watson-Guptill). A highly intelligent illustrated textbook on the art of drawing funny pictures. Mr. Taylor does not claim that drawing, especially humorous drawing, is easy, and offers no short cuts or formulas. He makes many practical suggestions, however, based on his long experience, and what he has to say should be a valuable guide to the student.

NOTE: "Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief," a collection of Profiles, stories, and casual essays by Robert Lewis Taylor, has been published by Doubleday. Nearly all the selections originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

CALL FOR THE SAINT, by Leslie Charteris (Doubleday). Two more episodes in the career of that sadistic and middle-aged pixy, Simon Templar. In the first, Templar—who is, of course, widely known as the Saint—tangles with a master mind who is victimizing all the beggars in Chicago; in the second, and far less satisfactory, one, he figures out just how a broken-down pugilist is able to walk all over a champion. Both will probably please Templar admirers, who seem to be an insatiable bunch.

•

The Weather Bureau, the people's strategic arm in the defense against Old Man Winter's ravages, reported that more snow had fallen so far this winter than in any full winter for the last eight years. The Weather Bureau considers as a full winter season those months between and including May.—*The Post.*

A damn sound view, too.

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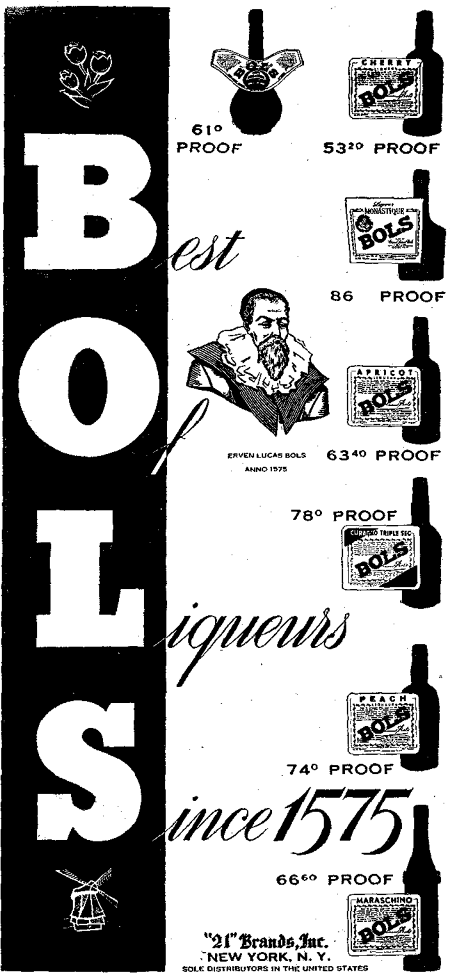
### LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
### (ADAPTABILITY DIVISION)

[*From the Times*]

The story deals with post-war divorce, but it is expected that the screen adaptation will avoid the divorce question.



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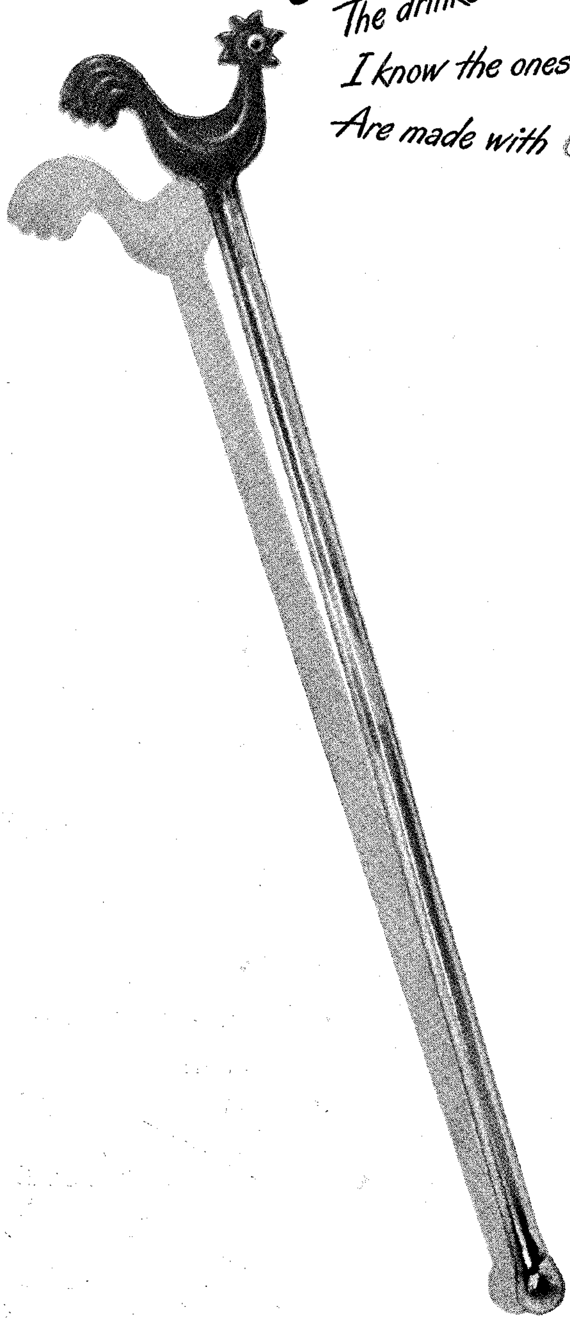

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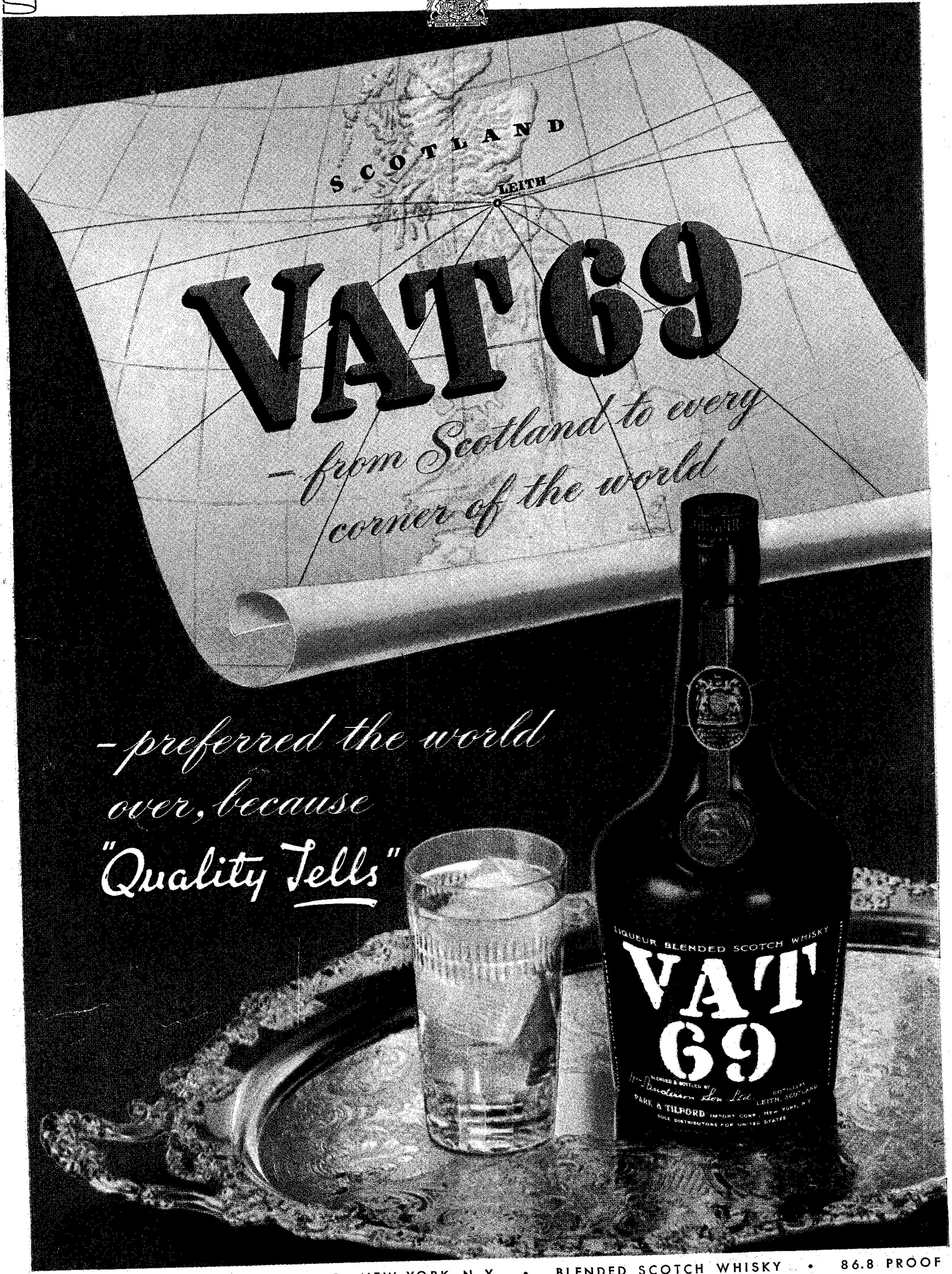
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